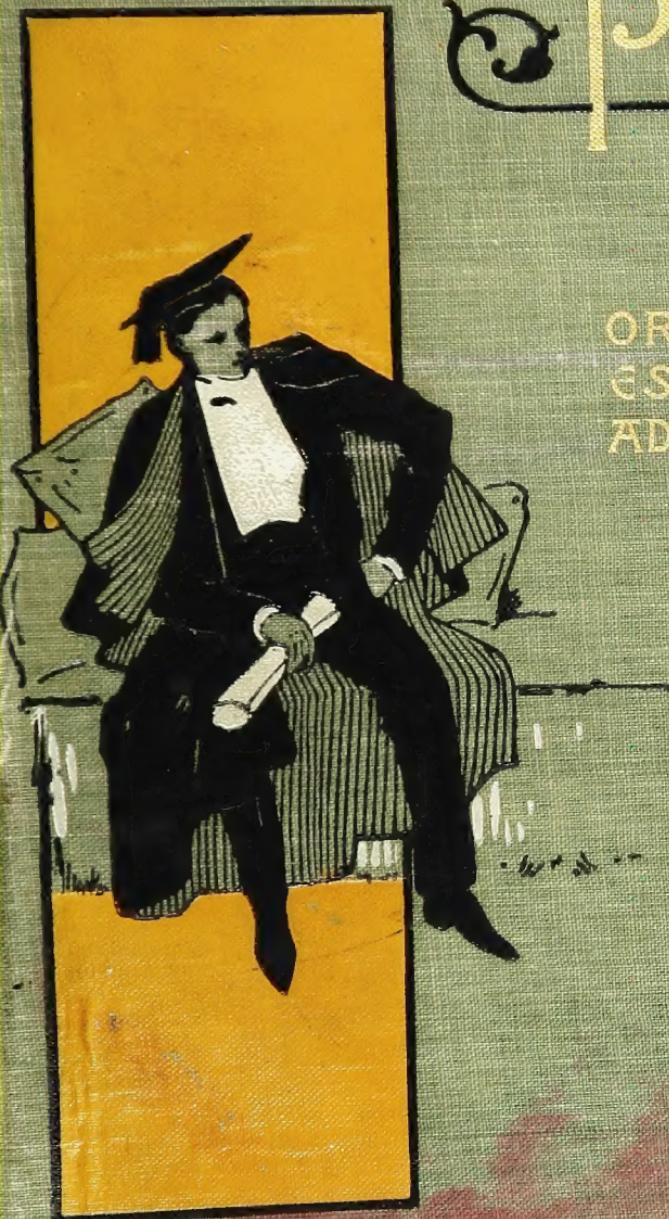


COMMENCEMENT PARTS

ORATIONS.
ESSAYS . . .
ADDRESSES



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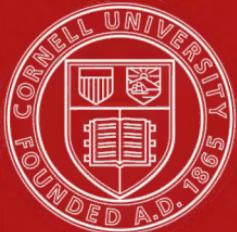
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COMMENCEMENT PARTS

VALEDICTORIES, SALUTATORIES
ORATIONS, ESSAYS, CLASS POEMS
IVY ORATIONS, TOASTS

*Also Original Speeches and Addresses for the
National Holidays and other occasions*

COMPILED BY

HARRY CASSELL DAVIS, A.M., PH.D.

*Compiler of Three-Minute Declamations for College Men; and Three-Minute
Readings for College Girls*

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PREFACE.

SEVERAL objects have been kept in mind in the preparation of this book:

(1) to preserve in a permanent form the interesting records of the commencement season, so that the student who may have been given such duty to perform himself may have the work of others in the same line before him. What has been done on special occasions is of value to him who is called to serve on a similar occasion in a like capacity: not for slavish imitation, but to note how minds dwelling upon the same thoughts have expressed their conclusions.

(2) to give suggestive help in the preparation of the various parts by discussing their purpose, method of arrangement, and effective use.

(3) to give a large number of subjects by which the student will be materially aided in that preliminary and difficult task, the choice of a subject.

(4) to give a more or less complete picture of the college world of letters by adding orations, addresses, poems and other literary matter delivered by college men on many interesting occasions, such as the banquet, the class reunion, the inauguration of a president, the Memorial Day, the Phi Beta Kappa anniversary, and at the many other times when the college man because of his training and experience is called upon to act in a public capacity.

(5) to promote interest in the mother-tongue by giving specimens of essays and compositions which have won prizes at school and college, which selections students may strive to emulate and even improve upon. It is hoped that the suggestions offered in the different divisions of the book will be valuable.

(6) to stimulate careful preparation of all public utterance by giving model addresses

which have stood the test of practical use on varied occasions.

It is believed that this book will be helpful and encouraging to the student, and of distinctive value to the busy man of affairs.

Although for many reasons the names of the authors of the selections are not given, yet their courtesy, kindly interest and valuable assistance will be ever gratefully remembered by the author.

WILKES-BARRE, PA.,
Nov. 1898.

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ORATIONS, ESSAYS, ADDRESSES FOR SCHOOL, COLLEGE AND SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

INTRODUCTION.

THE time-honored custom of closing the academic year in our colleges and schools with Class Day and Commencement Exercises will probably never be done away with. It is true that some of our institutions have grown to university dimensions, and in them there is something of a tendency to restrict the Commencement Exercises to the functions of a university rather than to a college. But the ratio of students in the American college has not greatly changed in the last few decades, for although there are many more college students, there are also many more colleges in which they are distributed. With the exception of a very few, the average yearly attendance

of students in our colleges does not much exceed three hundred. The interesting literary exercises at the commencement season will, therefore, endure not only because it is a venerable custom, not only because the colleges are conservative, but because the American community is a speech-making and speech-loving one, and the college alumni and friends and the public generally look to this one day in the year when the students appear publicly in a literary capacity as affording an opportunity to judge of what the college is doing for its students.

An agreeable innovation in some of our institutions is the commencement address delivered by some well-known littérateur or distinguished alumnus. This adds to the literary and historic interest of the day, and enables the graduate to perceive the results of the literary spirit in the mature and practical man of affairs. Several examples of this form of address are given.

One of the objects aimed at in this book is to place before the student such models as will prompt to special effort in the preparation and delivery of his own speeches. The wise instructor counsels his students, gives suggestive

help, and above all endeavors to infuse in the seeker after knowledge that fine spirit that cries, "Excelsior." So also it is the aim of every college man who loves his Alma Mater, and desires a worthy share in her honored history, to give her the benefit of his best effort. There can be no valid objection to giving him the results of previous successful effort. "We are what we are by reason of all that has preceded us." "What man has done, man can do," may therefore serve as the motto of him who is called to serve on commencement occasions.

The specimen commencement and class-day parts have been obtained from the school and college publications, from the authors themselves, and from a great variety of other sources. Institutions in all sections of the country are represented in the book.

The important parts delivered on Commencement Day by the student are the Latin Salutatory, the Latin Valedictory, and the English orations.

To high-grade members of a graduating class are assigned the writing of essays vari-

ously known as colloquies, disputations, themes, etc. During the last two years of a college course there are also many occasions on which special papers are prepared and prizes offered, such as the Junior Orator's Exhibition and the Prize Debating Contest. This collection includes specimens of all the parts named.

THE ORATOR AND THE ORATION.

WHAT follows in this chapter on the subject of the orator and his oration will apply generally to all the Commencement Parts, but a few preliminary words may be said about the Latin orations and the English valedictory.

In the Latin parts not only must there be excellent Latinity, but brevity. The subject-matter may be varied by reference to the most interesting events of the day not only in the college world, but also in the industrial and political realms. Since many of the hearers cannot follow the thought, special effort should be made by the orator to please an audience by the grace of his delivery, and by the elegance and exactness of his pronunciation and by appropriate modulation of voice. The English valedictory may be considered the gem of Commencement. The valedictorian need not confine himself to trite words of farewell, but may take a theme for elucidation, such

as "Catholicity," and weave the thread of his theme into his closing words of farewell.

THE ORATOR.

It is clearly to the advantage of the orator to seek information about his probable audience. In all probability the commencement orator will never again find a more trying audience: college faculty, friends and perhaps some great literary personage will be there; and yet he will rarely find another so kind, appreciative and attentive.

It is well to imagine such an audience present when the oration is being composed. The orator's aim is to convince, to change opposition to approval, and to rouse to action. In other words, the orator must have a purpose in view as well as a subject to discuss.

Not every one has the orator's gift. Effective delivery is harder to gain than well-expressed thought. It is a gift of nature. And yet, though one does not possess the power, "the applause of listening Senates to command," the educated speaker can learn to state clearly his thoughts, be deeply impressed with

his subject and allow his face, eye and manner to speak for him in unmistakable language.

Many great speakers have begun their course with a creditable commencement oration.

To become an effective orator, one must make notes of reading, distribute material in an orderly way, make clear distinctions, separate points in the mind, make a plan and learn to fill it in, write a draft of the whole, revise, condense and omit.

“E'en copious Dryden, wanted or forgot
The last and greatest art, the art to blot.”

Lincoln never attempted to speak in public before getting the clearest understanding of his subject in his own mind. The result was concise and simple language as in the “Gettysburg Address,” or the “Cooper Union Speech.”

THE ORATION.

The most difficult thing for the orator is the selection of a theme. Creation may be ransacked or, what is a far better course, he may take some topic suggested by college reading or discussion in some of the numerous college

societies or some topic of every-day interest; not the "Comparative Advantages of the Civilized and Savage State" or "The Superiority of Agriculture to Other Arts," but "The Negro and the South," "The Public Duty of Educated Men," or a similar topic.

Too much time cannot be given to suitably wording the topic. It should be brief and striking in its expression as Seward's, "The Irrepressible Conflict," or Sumner's, "True Grandeur of Nations." Subjects which permit inspiring thoughts about persons, not too well known, are often attractive. Even the names only of such characters form excellent topics, and permit abstract truths and ethical and metaphysical principles to be attractively clothed and rendered interesting by association with personal characteristics. The "Marc Antony" and the "Abraham Lincoln," in this collection, will serve for illustration.

The chief elements of style to be used in writing the oration, are clearness and force. Nothing mean or trivial is in place. The language must be elevated and refined. Descriptive and dramatic illustrations are effective, and the imagination should be allowed freedom of action.

THE PARTS OF THE ORATION.

The typical oration consists of six parts, namely:

1. The exordium or introduction designed to gain the attention and good-will of the hearers, and render them open to persuasion.
2. A statement of the orator's subject, what he designs to prove or refute, etc.
3. Facts or opinions connected with the subject.
4. Reasoning or argument.
5. An appeal to the feelings or the emotional part.
6. The conclusion in which a brief review may be given and inferences drawn from argument. Not all of these need appear prominently in every oration, but the essentials are that the mind shall be informed, and the reasoning powers exercised, the imagination aroused and the literary taste of the hearer pleased. There is in every oration opportunity for description, for historical and classical allusion and for noble sentiment.

COMMENCEMENT PARTS.

LATIN SALUTATORY.

De Nostro Cum Aliis Civitatibus Agendi Modo.

SALVETE, omnes, qui ad nostra sollempnia celebranda huc convenistis. Te primum, praeses ornatissime, salutare decet, cum sociis fidelissimis, qui per tot annos semper prosperiores res nostras administratis. Vos deinde, inspectores optimi, et vos, professores magistrique omnes, ex animo salvere jubeo. Vobis quoque, rerum divinarum pastores, qui pro moribus nostris vigilatis, vobis salutem plurimam dico. Salve tu quoque, promagistratus praestantisime, viri merito amati atque honorati successor aptissime. Omnibus postremo, patribus, matronis, puellisque pulchris, salutem.

Post annum insignem huc convenimus, nec alia re insigniorem quam ob multas conten-

tiones quae inter nos et exteris civitatis sunt
ortae . . .

Quid igitur de his multis variisque rebus
fecimus? Quo modo cum eis populis egimus?
Ottomanos monuimus solum ne cui Americano
manus inicerent; Hispaniensibus nullam ope-
ram dedimus, minus autem manifeste senatores
oratoresque nostri Cubanis favere cooperunt,
nec nisi privatim adjuvare; Anglis contra non
nos permissuros esse diximus civitatem Ameri-
canam parvam magna a civitate Europaea terra
sua spoliari.

Quae omnia, mea quidem sententia, bene
digneque sunt facta. Non enim nos decet ex-
tra hujus Americanae terrae fines aliarum civi-
tatum rebus nos immiscere; flagitium sane
est, si illi Asiatici barbari provinciales suos im-
pune occidunt, sed nisi cives Americanos male
tractant, nil nostra publice interest. Hic autem
in America, ubi quasi duces et principes ab om-
nibus jure habemur, non solum nostris civibus
consulere debemus, sed etiam omnibus civita-
tum minorum incolis.

. . . Volumus sane omnes Americanos liberos
esse, sed priusquam ipsi libertatem consequen-
tur, nos cum eis publice agere non possumus.

Bene igitur, ut dixi, omnia externa adminis-

trata sunt. E quibus facile est videndum quo pacto cum aliis civitatibus agendum sit nobis. Nam extra hanc mundi partem nos in alienas res (nisi ad cives nostros tutandos) non interponere debemus, hic autem ab omni imperio externo civitates jam stabilitas defendere. Haec vero ratio, valde honesta atque moderata, a quoque oratore et magistratu nostro sapientissimo comprobata est. Quorum, ne longum faciam, duos solos commemorabo, quos in his sedibus institutos, ambo in hac civitate summis honoribus perfunctos immo unum cum mortuus est, quasi clavum civitatis tenentem, nuper omnes lugebamus. Illi clarissimi magistratus nostri semper eam moderatam rationem quam commemoravi diligebant, quippe cum nos neque nimium bellandi cupidos esse vellent nec injuriarum nimium patientes, sed in hac re, sicut in aliis, illam tutam mediocritatem tenere, quae ab illo poeta clarissimo aurea nominata est: semper enim recordanda esse illa ejusdem poetae verba:

Rectius vives, Licini, neque altum
Semper urguendo, neque dum procellas
Cautus horrescis, nimium premendo
Litus iniquum.

ORATIONS.

American Ideals.

History is a great romance. Fancy and reality are blended in almost imperceptible gradations. The true and the false play through such mystical lights that the one seems scarcely distinguished from the other. But with all its varying accidents, the record of nations is a story of the triumph of substance over mere shadow; its one great lesson is that the right must ultimately prevail. Babylon, in her glory, vaunted a lavishness of grandeur of which Athens never dreamed. But while the Oriental power passed away almost to oblivion, the queen city of Greece sprang anew from its ashes, to live throughout all time. A state is true and permanent only as its institutions and outward development are the expression of an inner spirit answering to the highest principles of the soul. If a nation lack this deeper life, if it be animated by no nobler sentiments than mere material ambitions, its glories are as transient as the golden tints of sunset.

And this is the verdict rendered against American civilization. In it, the critics tell us,

materialism has conquered. Our life is one of outward enjoyment, and our desires are of the factory and the counting-house. "Great, avaricious, sensuous," America has written her fate with that of Babylon. Her sky already glows with the "mene, mene" of impending ruin; her doom is sealed. And no one will gainsay the material greatness of America. Indian dreams have no place in her life. Her history is a miracle of practical progress. The treasures of commerce and industry have been bestowed with lavish hand. Prosperity abounds in riches and luxury such as no other people ever knew. But does this mean only a second Nineveh? Is there nothing deeper than the gilded surface? Do the eternal principles of love of beauty, and of truth have no part in this civilization? Let history answer. Was it love of gold that stirred the hearts of the colonists to shake off the shackles of tyranny and stand forth in the glory of their free manhood? Was it desire for comfort that caused the nation to rise against the curse of slavery, and proclaim all men, by divine right, free and equal? Is it deification of wealth that has made it possible for poverty to claim the highest honors of the land, and for every man to

stand by no other criterion than that of individual worth? Is it love of luxury that has founded crusades for temperance and conceived schemes for worldly evangelization? Is it thoughts of gold that have established free education and freedom in religion; that have emancipated woman; that have formed visions of eternal peace? There are principles in this nation's life deeper than any avarice. And in these we find the true soul, the real groundwork of American civilization. Glimmering bubbles they appear, but eternity has stamped them for her own. They will endure

“When seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust and mountains melt away.”

The battle-cry of the Revolution was “Liberty.” From the old rock of the Pilgrims its full, clear note had sounded long before, and independence was but its necessary outcome. With this nation's birth the individual was first enabled to claim his sovereignty, the principle of freedom found adequate expression. In these governmental institutions, in the whole natural development it found utterance, by peace fostered and war strengthened. As it reached maturity, its influence grew more silent,

though not less intense. With ringing eloquence it spoke in the great civil strife. But with advancing years the love of liberty had blossomed and borne a love of native land, till patriotism and loyalty to law were made first principles of the nation's life. One century alone lends its inspiration to its sons, but from many a thrilling battle scene, from many a noble heart there comes to them the cry "Love thou thy land."

But, say our opponents, America has lost the soul of beauty, has banished the glories of art. Commerce has solved the mystery of the sea, science has transformed the twinkling orbs of night into planets rolling through infinity, and robbed the heavens of their glory. All dreams of beauty have been swallowed up in the practical realities of modern life. Strange phantasy! Grandeur untold has burst upon man's vision; God's majesty and the dignity of his own being unfold before his eyes. The wondrous beauty of nature and the soul's true harmony are the deep wells of his poetic inspiration. Never were themes so sublime — surpassing in holiness the conceptions of the Hebrew, in grandeur dwarfing the splendors of Egypt, in beauty excelling the divine ideals of the Greek. True,

for a time, Puritan austerity did check the progress of art, but it has arisen purer and nobler for the refining fire. Already in that old New England home an illustrious school of poets and novelists has appeared and passed away: Longfellow, Emerson, Hawthorne, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes,—what more glorious earnest of a bright future for American art and literature?

Nor has this land reached its highest development in the production of the patriot and the poet. Faithful to their task, the forefathers planted the germs of true religion, and this is the one sure bulwark against the forces of decay. Greece fell when she lost her trust in the humanistic deities of Olympus. Rome fell with her faith, blind superstition though it may have been. The strength of American civilization is in the high ideals of Christianity. In the principles of the Nazarene the world had its first complete vision of truth. Within the full sunshine of their glory this nation has developed, and while in the house of worship, in legislative hall, in the life of its people, these eternal verities find utterance it may defy the powers of ruin and stand impregnable.

America may well boast of her material

glories, of the success that has crowned her industry, and the prosperity of her people. But it is not in this that her mission lies. Like the fire in the opal's heart, there burns in man an inner soul. This fashions his realities. The piles of gold and marble palaces, the jewels and lands and banquets, are all but shadows of his real life. In ideals, pure, lofty, divine, he finds his true being. These must ever be the soul of American civilization. Imperfect now they may be, but slowly they will develop, and with them the nation's life will broaden and deepen, realizing a greatness still more lofty, a grandeur more enduring. Yonder clouds are yet but lined with silver; another hour will reveal them, scarlet and yellow and gold, mountains of heavenly glory banked up against the sky.

Culture and Service.

For four years our little fleet has been riding in harbor; to-day the anchors are weighed and slowly we drop together down the tide. A few hours more and these clustering sails will be scattered and fading specks each in its own horizon, straining or drifting toward its goal. And now as we still linger in the narrows side

by side, the purely secular grows foreign, and we turn from specific ills and fallacies to the thought of some worthy life-principle, the vision of some high and comprehensive ideal which may reawaken, as we part, our finest purpose and devotion.

Let us then for a little consider the law of service, its peculiar claims upon culture, its penalties and its rewards.

The world has ever been slow to recognize the beauty and the power of love. Ancient paganism bowing first to force of arm and then of brain has enthroned its successive ideals in warring Saturn and intriguing Jupiter; humanity progressed indeed beneath its sway; they fought and built and sang; but selfishness was at its heart; along the streets of cultured Athens and barbaric Babylon alike, no hospital or asylum ever rose. That genius might philosophize at midnight feasts, the slaves of Greece perished uncounted in her mines. The worth of man as man was unknown; individuals were lost in the moving mass, and if they fell the procession never paused. But paganism was spent, its mission achieved, and at last, heralded by the song of "Peace" and "Good-will," the revelation of love was flashed upon

the world; supplementing the independent spirit of the Teuton, Christianity has invested the individual with transcendent worth. For centuries the light grown dim at times in unworthy keeping has been gaining slowly on the darkness; hate has slain, but mercy has soothed; cruel bigotry has been relieved by heroic sacrifice. Catherine de Medici stabs sleeping Protestantism and Vincent de Paul, he who sat in galley-chains that another might go free, founds the order of the Sisters of Charity. At length John Howard gives his life to the imprisoned wretches of Europe, and a century of unparalleled philanthropy begins. It was in 1791 that men carved upon that hero's tomb, "he who devotes his life to the good of mankind treads an open but unfrequented path to immortality."

A century has passed and it is an unfrequented path no longer; a century of national reforms hardly hoped before, of wide, organized charities, and innumerable private benefactions. Benevolent institutions have been sown broadcast throughout Christendom, races freed and civilization carried to the remotest seas. A remarkable past, and in this as in other lines our age has thoroughly celebrated its achieve-

ments; it glories in its philanthropy. Altruism has become popular and on all hands, in fiction if not in life we encounter heroines brought Romola-like through suffering to service.

But to a sober mind, the past is only an earnest of the possible; there is little room for idle gratulation. Modern philanthropy itself has invited many criticisms; we are told with much justice that she seldom makes great sacrifices; is often ostentatious; often injudicious, defeating her own ends by a false humanity; and were the instrument not defective, there is call enough for effort in the magnitude of the remaining work.

It is a personal, practical appeal that comes to us, involving no impossible rosy era of good-feeling, threatening no stoppage of the wheels of commerce. And yet what a common type is Stephenson's Mr. Utterson: "I incline," said he, "to Cain's heresy. I let my brother go to the devil in his own way." Everywhere we find this spirit, from the market-place where greed or hunger jostle, to the banquet-hall of the voluptuary, or the cushioned retreat of the dilettante. Brute instinct, calculating ambition, proud self-sufficiency, flabby self-indulgence, all are crying "Am I my

brother's keeper?" But nowhere is the query so despicable as on the lips of the man of culture.

Too often he to whom much has been given has spent his time in offering thanks, that he was not as other men. The enemies of "culture," as the term has been appropriated by its modern disciples, have brought against it many serious charges. "Perhaps the very silliest cant of the day," says Mr. Frederick Harrison, "is the cant about culture. Culture is a desirable quality in a critic of new books and sits well on a possessor of belles-lettres, but as applied to politics, it means simply a turn for small fault-finding, love of selfish ease, indecision in action."

A criticism too sweeping and severe, but certainly not unprovoked. If, as Mr. Matthew Arnold contends, culture is possessed not only by the "scientific passion," but by the passion as well of "doing good," the latter has been little enough emphasized, and time and again lost sight of, in the self-absorption of conceited or impractical thinking; there is this unmistakable tendency of culture to pass by on the other side, a tendency as culpable, as it is common.

Think you that we, members of the partnership of man, who have been permitted to withdraw during unproductive years for sequestered study, to appropriate the best heart and brain of the centuries, to interpret the autobiography of the earth and the message of the stars, to read the present in the light of the past and to forecast the morrow from the trend of to-day, we who have become in the words of Emerson "the favorites of heaven and earth, the excellency of our country, the happiest of men," think you we may clutch these gifts without a debt to yonder pallid clerk or grimy dust-choked miner? Has the accident of station dissolved the bond of brotherhood or sealed the fountains of sympathy and gratitude within us? Aye, were there no questions of duty, from sheerest gratitude our life should shower into service. But this is not a matter of sentiment; scholarship is a trust and woe to that steward who turns a miser. There are those to whom their college course is a mere handicap in a race of self-advancement; its gifts of mental grasp and insight of social influence and prestige, but so much capital whose investment concern themselves alone. A narrow, blighting thought! Such have entered through

these years into no higher realm of hope and action, and at the close they have but a finer incense to offer to their former idols. They have never caught the meaning of a liberal education; like their brethren of the "short cut" they have become infected with the spirit of an age of hurrying men, an age to which one might almost fancy the touch of Midas had been granted and that its soul was starving amidst the gold. If our life here has not taught us that the unseen is more than the seen, the spiritual than the material, it has been of little worth.

But our privileges here summon us as well to breadth in every calling; it is an odd appeal, but always pertinent; we are never to suffer our humanity to be smothered beneath bonds or briefs or diagnoses or homiletical reviews. If the aspirations be the highest, the sympathy will be broad. The proper pursuit of place or fortune is most laudable; it is the end in view that gives character to the man and to his work; if place and fortune do not sway him, if they are made the means of wider service, they themselves become holy things.

Such is the call to service, but mingled in it is the voice of our highest manhood. Here as

everywhere in divine law there is perfect harmony. The good of the many is the good of the one; selfishness is the direst curse to self. It is needless here to denounce that type of selfish culture which the names of Goethe and Byron at once recall; were any of us headed on a similar career, the end has pointed too many a moral, to require my indication. But there is a certain proneness of culture to an assertive independence and unlovely self-sufficiency, which is peculiarly prevalent in the college world and against which we cannot too strenuously guard; peculiarly prevalent, I say, for to the pride of intellect is added the pride of youth.

Our earliest ideal is that of strength; acquisition seems greater than self-denial, and strife than love. For a time this is well; we are in the chrysalis state. As one has said, "Egoism is the armor of our growth"; but alas for him to whom the protecting shell becomes a prison. It must be shattered! To every strong spirit there comes a time when it must burst from the thraldom of self, must rise into the realm of devotion; it is the evolution of true greatness, the passing from death unto life, and from that moment conquest shrivels into noth-

ingness before the towering grandeur of sacrifice.

Nor is service a matter of glad retrospect alone. Its highest reward is here in the living present. I have said that every worthy ambition was sanctified by a generous purpose; it is more—it is heightened and intensified.

Mr. Ruskin tells us that the feeling that pervades all the pictures of Turner is “the greatest of all feelings—an utter forgetfulness of self.” Self-forgetfulness—it is that same sublime losing of self in the higher which we find in all lofty efforts whether of art or oratory or literature or life; in Raphael, the Transfiguration light streaming upon him; in Shakespeare “his eye in a fine frenzy rolling” sinking himself in myriad types; in Webster answering Hayne until, as he said, all that he had ever seen or read or heard seemed floating before him “in one vast panorama,” and he had but to “reach up and cull out a thunderbolt and hurl it at him!” and grandest of all in Luther immovable at Worms with those deathless words thrilling from his soul, “Here I stand; I can do no otherwise; God help me!”

No man can begin to know what is in him until he has given himself to the grappling of

a mighty thought; until he has been floated out of the shallows of self on the flood-tide of broad and beneficent impulse. In the future now opening, if our highest, finest possibilities are to be realized, if we are to know the glory and exhilaration of full-pulsed, full-statured powers in the swing of their utmost achievement, there must be this lifting out of self; not in the transports of creative genius—these cannot sway the life; but in that higher exaltation of devotion, that which makes possible the sublime self-forgetfulness of the patriot and the martyr and without which the poet's inspiration itself is but an idle ecstacy. It is this which made Luther the moral colossus that he was, while Erasmus, hearing the same call, shrank back into the littleness of his scholastic ease; it is this which alone can save us from the barrenness alike of pride or self-distrust of indolence or cynicism, from the unhappiness of strife and feverish discontent, and bear us into heights of character and achievement to which no man can struggle in unaided strength, from which, indeed, all selfish purpose must eternally drag him down.

Man is rising through the ages into light; he shall lift himself into Paradise—worship

the God within him — the God to be. Behold then instead of an abstraction of Force an abstraction of Humanity, and this it is that is to conquer the selfishness and brutality within us — to go down into counting-house and quarry, and fill hearts with love and turn service into song! Vain presumption! “Altruism,” says Mr. Mallock, “cuts short one wing and bids us soar” — the wing of love to the Supreme; without the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man is a theory and a dream.

The religion of humanity forgets too that powerful and sublime discipline which for eighteen centuries has been developing the God in man which it would now enthrone; it plucks the fruits of Christianity and denies the tree. Whatever, my classmates, has been said of the duty of service to which we have given our assent, has appealed to us because of that pure and generous atmosphere in which consciously or unconsciously every gentleman has been bred and which is itself the direct product of this discipline of the centuries.

In the spirit of Him who “came not to be ministered unto, but to minister,” may we each grow as did Tennyson’s vanished friend,

“Not alone in power
And knowledge, but by year and hour
In reverence and in charity.”

Education as Related to Civic Prosperity.

True education means the drawing out and development of all the human faculties and the preparation of the man or woman for the duties and responsibilities of life. Civic prosperity means prosperity of or pertaining to the state; but since the state is made up of citizens, the term really means the prosperity of the citizens as parts of the state. What relation does intellectual, industrial and moral education bear to prosperity of the citizens and of the whole state or commonwealth?

The first thing that intellectual education does for a man is to wake him up. After spending a number of years in, or out of school for that matter, in developing the mind, a man suddenly discovers that God Almighty has made him for a purpose, and that deep down within his being are powers which when developed will aid him in accomplishing the end for which he has been created. As this truth forces itself upon him, he decides to become an

important factor in the world's progress. This is the first step towards prosperity, for if you would have a man seek earnestly after prosperity, you must first convince him that he needs it and that it is a good thing to have. Then, intellectual education awakens in man an intense desire to be prosperous.

Intellectual education makes a man intelligent. If a man is intelligent, he can and will see what things are aids to prosperity. Cotton has long been king in the South, but within the past few years intelligent farmers have seen that the supply of this staple is far in excess of the demand and hence there could be but little profit in its cultivation; and so they have turned their attention to truck-farming and to stock-raising; but the ignorant farmer, who cannot even tell how or why a grain of corn sprouts when planted, is unable to see the relation of supply to demand, and so he never will get out of the rut of poverty, because he will continue to plant cotton until he dies, and his children after him will plant cotton unless they are more intelligent than their father.

Intellectual education makes a man patriotic. For example, when your intelligent American citizen reads the history of this republic and

thinks of the blood that has been shed, the lives that have been laid down to secure and perpetuate freedom to the most humble citizen, a feeling of love and pride for this country wells up within his bosom. If a man love his country, he will strive to build it up and protect it; if a man build up and protect his country, of necessity he must first build up and protect himself and his home.

Intellectual education teaches how to economize. Economy is the road to wealth. However large a man's income, if he and those dependent upon him have not learned to make one dollar go almost as far as two, he will never be prosperous. If the husband pay fifteen dollars per month for house rent when his salary is only twenty dollars, if the wife is a regular attendant on balls and a giver of large and expensive dinners, if the father is extravagant and the mother cannot use cold meat and bread towards the making of a palatable meal, if the couple were poor when they began life together, they will remain poor all their lives. If we would have prosperity come to us we must see to it that our extravagance does not eat up our profits and involve us in debt.

Intellectual education multiplies man's wants.

In the ignorant state the man is content to know nothing, do nothing, have nothing and consequently to be nothing; but the man whose every faculty has been developed longs to know all things of God and the universe, longs to own something, is restless when idle, longs to act well his part in all the affairs of life. To the result of these longings we owe the progress, prosperity and grandeur of the centuries. It is a significant fact that those who have solved, and those who are yet solving, great problems in the scientific, mechanical and social worlds have not been, nor are they yet ignorant men, but men whose minds have been so disciplined by intellectual education as to prepare them for those tasks. The magnetic telegraph, the steam engine, the cotton gin, the Atlantic cable, the telephone, the phonograph and the X-rays could not have been possible, had not such master-minds as Morse, Stevenson, Whitney, Field, Bell, Edison and Roentgen attempted the tasks. No ignorant man could have solved or ever will solve such problems. These inventions and discoveries, these triumphs over physical forces all of which are the results of the labors of intelligent men, have contributed and yet con-

tribute to make men and the nations prosperous in the highest sense.

The state must have citizens to manage its affairs. If these are intelligent the interests of the individual citizens and of the state are not likely to suffer. As administrators of the public affairs, as guardians of the public honor, as preservers of the public peace, these men must be intelligent or else the old ship of state is likely to be driven upon the rocks. It has not been many months since the war-cloud rolled away, it has not been long since a war between England and America seemed inevitable. Be it for those to censure the then administration for its course in the matter who know more of the merits of the Venezuelan case than we, be it for those who are more intimately acquainted with our then chief executive and with his secretary of state to say that it was not patriotism that prompted their action in the matter. We do not know; but of one thing we are glad; when the opportunity came for this nation to stand up for a principle, when visions of grim and destructive war rose up before our eyes, we, the common and humble people of this great republic, we who suffer most from the ravages of war, are glad that standing at

the helms of state of the two countries were such level-headed and learned men as the English prime minister and our own President and secretary of state. The statesmanship which enabled us to hold our ground, which brought prominently before the notice of the civilized nations of the world the great principle of arbitration, which turned aside the threatened war, was almost entirely due to intellectual education. War is deadly opposed to prosperity, but peace is an indispensable aid to it. Then intellectual education is a valuable aid to prosperity in that it makes for a condition between nations under which man must labor if he would be prosperous.

Intellectual education will preserve the race of man. As we become acquainted with the laws of health, we become more careful of our bodies. All around us are human beings wasting away with diseases, all of which can be traced back to some violation of nature's laws by somebody. Ignorance of the laws governing our own physical well-being has a far-reaching effect upon the national life. Intellectual education will teach how important to national prosperity is knowledge of dis-

eases of the people and the existence of sanitary law. Errors of ignorance give to the state an increased number of lunatics and non-progressive men, give to families parents who are physical wrecks, and then not only the prosperity of those families is affected, but that of following generations as well, for saith Almighty God, "I will visit the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation." Like parent, like child. No argument is needed to prove that if we would have prosperity, we must have strong and healthy men and women to seek after it.

Industrial education teaches the dignity of honest labor. When a man has been educated in this direction, he becomes as willing to handle a spade as to handle a pen; when a man has been educated to the point that he will put brain into the ordinary vocations of life, by the eternal law that intelligence will bring to its possessor its own exceeding great reward, that man cannot but be prosperous. Poor houses are not built for industrious men; policemen are not employed to watch men and women whose hands are busily engaged in honest toil. The men and women who will

work are the ones who in the course of time will become wealthy and independent. In proportion as the citizens become wealthy and independent, in the same proportion will the state become wealthy and independent.

Moral education has to do with the training of the heart. To whatever extent the other faculties are developed, however strong, wealthy and learned the man, if his heart is not right he cannot be prosperous in the highest sense. When you educate the heart of a man, you make him recognize his moral obligations, his own rights and the rights of others. If the hearts of men were right, jails, penitentiaries, gallows and law-courts would be useless. Every crime committed can be traced back to some violation of the moral laws by somebody. Visit the places of punishment and there you will find intelligent men and others who have been industrious and wealthy, but who have fallen because of some defect in their moral training or in that of others. You have often stood in the court-rooms when men were being tried for their lives; and after the trial you have listened as the judge in his solemn manner pronounced sentence of death upon the prisoner before the bar. One more citizen cut

off from the state and doomed to eternity, one more family somewhere bowed in grief and shame, one more vicious history for the children of the land to read, a few more hundred dollars for the state to pay as the cost of the prosecution. Educate the hearts of the citizens, and these scenes will cease to be enacted. Crime is deadly opposed to prosperity. Prosperity cannot exist where the horrid monster Crime rears his gigantic head.

Developed all these three lines of education, intellectual, industrial and moral, prosperity must come to the citizen, for prosperity has no prejudices, it does not ask the color or condition of the person seeking it; but to all mankind it speaks alike, in no uncertain tones, and says, "Develop all the powers of mind, body and heart given you by God, and though you are white as snow, though you are red as crimson, though your skin be black as midnight, you will find me near at hand."

Hebraism and Culture.

Progress has its deepest root in history. Great forces pour into the present, receiving their first impulse from times and conditions

more remote. Our civilization, its breadth of culture and wealth of invention, is heir to the genius of the past. Our institutions have been rocked in "the cradle of immemorial mystery," and are grown gray with the lapse of ages. They bear the impress of the struggles and triumphs of the thousand generations that have gone before us. The greatest achievement of our science, the ripest product of our thinking, has been the silent growth of the centuries. Out of the past does thought drink in its deepest inspiration, and action gather its noblest motive.

The stream of development has two great currents, the one speculative, the other moral. We trace them to their source in history, and find them springing from two great nationalities. The impulse to knowledge is Greek; the impulse to self-sacrifice is Hebraic. "Hellenism and Hebraism," Mr. Arnold has said, "the two points of influence between which moves our world." Great forces they are, that divide between them the empire of human life; conceptions that are interwoven with our ideals of art and letters, that determine the whole trend of our social life, and pass into the soul to mold our very thoughts of human destiny and of God.

Such is our heritage from the past. Both systems move about the common center of human life, both aim at its perfection. Yet in conception and scope how essentially unlike!

The one is intensely spiritual. Its grandest verities are those that transcend the sphere of man's thought and reason. Ultimate truth is grasped by faith. It finds the restless soul of humanity to throb with spiritual emotion, "O that I knew where I might find God, that I might come even unto His seat." Elijah, the stern prophet and seer, stands silent upon a lonely crest of Horeb. It is not the rending mountains about him, nor the earthquake, nor the fire, but the still small voice within, that points his troubled, struggling spirit beyond itself, that bids it find perfection and communion with Jehovah through obedience to a moral law.

Hellenism is less intense, less introspective. Man gazes upward into the boundless blue of a southern sky, and his fancy peoples it with gods. The waves surge and recede about the tall white cliffs of Hellas, that rise like majestic barriers against the sea,—he feels their rhythm, and his whole being responds; he catches their tremulous murmur, and translates it in a poem.

Life for the Greek is nature. Its highest ideal is natural beauty; in its perfectness it flows on, an endless harmony. Art and poetry are spontaneous—the simple language of a spirit, keen, yet plastic; swayed by every tender emotion, susceptible to every subtle influence from without. Thus is Greece a universal learner, and the world's greatest teacher. There is no sphere of culture or of science that does not feel the impulse of her artistic sense, or the keenness of her speculative genius; there has been no great intellectual movement in history, but that her influence has claimed a share in its inception and progress.

In this onward sweep of culture, it has been the mission of Hebraism to hold the world bound fast to its spiritual center. When, for a moment, man has seemed to lose his moral balance, and has trembled on the verge of self-destruction, it has drawn him back to God.

Progress has been a series of reactions, in which these influences have had their alternate hours of culmination and periods of decline. "Human spirit is wider than the most priceless of the forces that bear it onward." Culture alone is insufficient to the needs of human life; morality, unaided, strives in vain to answer its

fullest demand. No age has united both tendencies in a single current. So, in the making of history, do we mark their ebb and flow. The golden age of art and letters, followed by the period of moral decline,—morality restored,—such is the cycle of man's progress.

We turn to the first contact of the Hebraic spirit with the life of the West, and witness the seeming regeneration of the world. For centuries has Athens been the seat of the world's culture, the home of its philosophy, the cradle of its science, yet her noble temples are scenes of idolatry and her life is steeped in sensuality. What wonder that the heart of the Great Apostle was stirred within him at sight of splendor so magnificent, yet so hopeless. A simple message his. Still, it fanned into a new flame the world's dying devotion, kindled upon the altar of the human heart the sacrifice of self, inscribing over the crumbling ruins of the Delphic temple, where had been written the immortal "Know thyself," the new command of God, "Thou shalt serve." Thus, in the hour of its direst need, did Hebraism redeem the world. When culture seemed most unable to resist the onward flow of self-indulgence, it stirred to action humanity's

slumbering conscience. By its sublime example of self-surrender it revivified the world's hope, lending inspiration to the whole of man's life, and infusing it with strength.

For a time knowledge is lost in this stream of religious thought. Freedom gives way to conscience; culture is replaced by law. Spontaneity in art and religion disappears, and everywhere in its stead do we find a slavish devotion to false models and false creeds, until there bursts over the world a great Hellenic revival in a Renaissance. Individualism asserts itself. Literature, and science, and life sprang into new being.

But reactions are inevitable, and now there follows this Golden Age, a moral decline, far-reaching in its effect on life and in history. Man revels in his license; God is forgotten. Again is culture helpless, and again must Hebraism furnish the moral ideals, and supply the moral power for man's second redemption.

So through the centuries may we trace the ebb and flow of these great tides of influence by which humanity has been borne irresistibly onward. The impulse to know, the spirit of self-sacrifice to a moral ideal, both have left their marks, deep and lasting, on human progress.

And these, too, are the forces dominant in the present. Our own age, more than any that has gone before it, demands their fuller union, in a single movement, that shall be at once intellectual and moral. Modern literature wants Hellenic freedom, and thus may it become the truest interpreter of man's thought and the noblest exponent of his life, but let literature be pure and wholesome. Scientific thought in the nineteenth century demands scope, but there is a limit to science, and in the solution of the ultimate problem of the universe must science even, seek the aid of instruments of truth that are mightier than herself. Life needs "sweetness and light," but even more does it require for its perfecting, fire with strength, conscience and God.

Marc Antony.

The modern process of varnishing over wicked characters of the past cannot be successfully applied to Marc Antony. The morals of this prince of revellers are not to be defended. But it is not from the lives of saints alone that profit may be derived. Men need warnings as well as models. And the career

of Antony, notwithstanding its errors, is most valuable as a lesson for this reason,— he was great in spite of, and not through his faults; the results of his good and bad qualities are kept distinct, the former bring fame, the latter ruin.

A fitting inscription for Antony's tomb might be "Power undermined and destroyed by lack of self-control." Antony was a power. He ruled his fellows through a nature-granted sovereignty. He was master of the arts by which the will of man is subdued and led.

Words were not the least effective weapons in his arsenal. He was a natural orator. He produced no carefully elaborated essays, models of structure and polish to be admired by the scholar in his closet and parsed by the student in the class-room. But he hurled living, burning words at his hearers, irresistibly moving their passions. Perhaps the most important victory won by his tongue was that fought over the dead body of Caesar. Imagine the scene which Shakespeare suggests. Brutus has just finished his speech, and the Roman mob is filled with sympathy for the conspirators and with envious hatred towards Caesar. Hardly can they be persuaded to remain and hear the funeral oration. In the midst of the tumult

Antony appears before them. His tall and powerful frame is slightly bowed, his face is touched with sadness, his expressive eyes are moist. He sees below and around him the surging mob of Rome. All faces are suspicious and threatening. He hears the hoarse mutterings of the swaying crowd, "This Caesar was a tyrant," "We are blessed that Rome is rid of him." Gradually the murmurers are hushed. The dignified sorrow of the orator weighs upon them. Antony's opening words fall gently on their ears; words "that rob the Hybla bees and leave them honeyless" charm away their prejudice. As the orator proceeds, pity expels envy, pity for him whom they once loved, once so powerful, now dead and mourned by none, "none so poor to do him reverence." He excites their gratitude by a reference to Caesar's will; he plays upon their gentler passions until he sees that their sympathy with him is complete and they will follow where he leads. Now he descends into their midst. He gathers them about the corpse of the murdered emperor. He arouses the old Roman war-spirit by thrilling them with the recital of Caesar's victories. He points out the wounds made by each dagger in Caesar's mantle, and

denounces in impassioned terms the base ingratitude of Brutus. His hearers respond to every appeal. Now their faces flame with fury, now their eyes fill with tears. "You weep," said he, "at Caesar's vesture wounded, but here is himself, marr'd, as you see, by traitors." Then was the crowd fairly inflamed. "Burn — fire — kill — slay! — let not a traitor live," burst from every lip, and off they rush to destroy those whose warmest partisans they had so lately been. What a power lay coiled up in this man's brain! At his words the stones of Rome did "rise and mutiny." Brutus was overthrown and Antony's dominion became supreme.

He was also a mighty soldier. Egypt and Syria first learned to tremble at his name. Again and again, though opposed by superior forces, his skillful tactics and cunning strategems gained him the victory. After uniform and remarkable success in the East, he joined Caesar in Gaul and was considered by that leader his ablest general. At Pharsalia he looms up as the commander of the victorious left wing who helped to turn the doubtful tide of battle in Caesar's favor. And after Caesar had fallen, pierced by many daggers, and when

the crowning conflict with the conspirators took place, it was his bravery and his skill that crushed "the lean and wrinkled Cassius" and "the mad Brutus ended." But pain and misery and misfortune were necessary to develop all his resources. Only the hottest crucible could free him from his impurities and bring out the gleam of the true metal. In times of suffering and of extreme hazard he seemed almost to mould circumstances. No difficulty overcame him, no distress or danger weakened his sway of men and fate, no perilous emergency found him unprepared. After his defeat at Mutina he fled from Italy with his scattered forces. Famine and disease overtook the army in its flight. Though "daintily brought up," this gay and reckless reveller endured the most terrible privations patiently and cheerfully. He became a companion to his men, lived in their tents, shared their sorrows, and, in turn, was held by them in almost idolatrous affection. After a march, whose horrors no words can paint, in which the army ate the very bark off the trees and drank "the gilded puddle that beasts would cough at," Antony led his ragged and starving troops down the Alps to the camp of Lepidus. Coldly treated by this

general, his honeyed tongue so won the soldiery that Lepidus found himself losing his army; and in a short time Antony passed in great strength over the Alps which he had lately crossed, beaten and a fugitive. Once, later in life, he broke from his revels and invaded Parthia. Compelled at last to retreat by the climate, by famine and by lack of water, he brought off his army in safety, making nothing of suffering, disease and the innumerable hordes opposing him, and astonishing the world by the display of every quality that distinguishes a great and successful general.

But nature does not strain her gifts through a sieve. Good and bad are cast out together from her urn. In the web of Antony's character strong and weak threads are inseparably interwoven. His achievements as a reveller also had their climax. In Cleopatra "the rare Egyptian," "the serpent of old Nile," fierce, tender, passionate, beautiful, "full of poisonous and rapturous enchantment," he found a congenial spirit. Antony was enslaved; he "who with half the bulk of the world, played as he pleased" was, like Samson, through a woman's arts shorn of strength and energy. The rest of his life is like a wild dream. Self-control is

thrown to the winds. This drama finds its catastrophe at Actium, where the East and the West met in decisive conflict, where Octavian, the crafty schemer, and this reckless voluptuary joined in battle. History records how Cleopatra insisted on fighting by sea against the better judgment of Antony and his generals, and then, when the battle was at its height, fled with her ships; how Antony played the madman and sailed after her, leaving those who were risking their lives for him without a leader; how he betook himself again to his revels abandoning an army, with which ten years before he could have conquered the world; and how at last, on the approach of Octavian, deserted by the Egyptians and believing Cleopatra dead, he perished by his own hand.

What a satire on human frailty is the story of his life! A mighty ruler who neglected to govern his passions, a monarch and a slave! Self-control is the lesson to be learned. Men were as playthings in this giant's hands; he subdued them by power of will, or persuaded them by the magic of his voice, or crushed them by force of arms; but his own spirit he ruled not, and his life was a failure, his name a blot

on history ; and the world may point to Marc Antony, the orator, soldier and reveller, as one who conquered all things else, but missed the prize because himself he failed to conquer.

Modern Knighthood.

In the year 1270, Louis the IXth of France, and Edward the Ist of England, at the head of a great army of European knights set out upon the perilous journey to the Holy Land to make one more attempt to wrest the sacred sepulchre from the hands of the Infidel. In 1277, Edward the Ist alone was carried wounded and helpless before the fever-stricken remnant of his army, baffled and defeated from the walls of Jerusalem. It was the last crusade. It was the final manifestation of a spirit which had dominated Europe for more than five hundred years, and had driven men, women and children in countless thousands across Europe to the East to meet death by famine, fever or the sword. No one can fail to see wherein the weakness of chivalry lay, its strange mingling of motives, its gentleness and its ferocity, its performance of far-off duties to the neglect of those near at hand, its childish-

ness and its futility. We must also recognize its moral grandeur and the fact that beneath its many errors lay principles as imperishable as humanity. The spirit of chivalry was a part of the world's blind striving after the ethical ideal, and the knight without fear and without reproach was an image of the Christ, wrought by an untutored and romantic people from a fragmentary knowledge of His life and character. It was an awakening to the real meaning of life, that to attain a spotless character, to live a stainless life, to fight for the weak and to relieve the oppressed more nearly fulfills the true end of existence than any selfish aim could do. The momentary glimpse of such an ideal was an inestimable boon to the world, and though soon lost its results were wide and beneficent.

The ancient chivalry has passed away; the spirit, which for a time startled the world into wakefulness, has departed and become the heritage of myth and poetry. Its pomp and dignity have perished; its methods of warfare have been superseded, and its chief aim seems now weak and chimerical. Have we then nothing left of this knighthood but its name, which represents the incoherent dream of

sentimentalists furnishing an ideal of action, poetical and romantic, but vague, remote and inoperative?

This century has been called the age of progress. It has been the period of most rapid advancement in science, in industry and in knowledge, and it has also been the age in which humanitarian ideas have received the widest acceptance and the most practical application. Upon these achievements we have been content to rest secure in the feeling that all the work of time has been accomplished, and that civilization has at last been fully perfected. But there have not been lacking vices to warn us that we are cherishing a delusion, from which there will some time be a sudden and bitter awakening. For it is true, while we are raising a hymn to science and civilization, there also rises the discordant but never-ending cry of God's poor. That while we are advancing so rapidly, there are many to whom the path of progress is closed, whose lives are confined in one narrow groove which becomes narrower and narrower until it is lost in the darkness. That against this enlightened and philanthropic age is recorded the cry voiced by the poet:

“ But why do I talk of death ?
That phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own —

• • • • •

It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep ;
O God, that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap.

Work — work — work ! my labor never flags,
And what are its wages, a bed of straw,
A crust of bread — and rags.
That shattered roof, and this naked floor,
A table — a broken chair —
A wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there.”

Our consciences tell us but too distinctly that these sufferings are due not to errors, but to wrongs ; not entirely to the misfortune or fault of the sufferers, but also to the insatiable greed and besotted carelessness of their fellow-men.

The easiest and therefore the favorite method of society in dealing with such a question is and always has been *laissez-faire* — let it alone. Such conditions are temporary, and will disappear as man becomes more elevated. Let nature do her work, and all will be well. But unfortunately the elevation of humanity

seems never to include these miserable members of it. While knowledge widens, they are plunged into the same dark abyss of ignorance and barbarism, and their lives revolve in the same endless and narrow round. Nor has nature ever been entrusted with the redemption of man or with the performance of a single one of his duties. Upon him alone this question presses for solution.

The weakness and inadequacy of the method of neglect for the solution of social difficulties has in all history given rise to a second method, which is more direct, which goes to the very heart of the problem; with straightforward and terrible effectiveness wrong is met by revolution. The burning sense of wrong becomes hotter and hotter, until it bursts into a flame which spares not society's most cherished institutions. France made no answer to the cry of her oppressed children, but that of helplessness and indifference, "I cannot help you," until above her prostrate form anarchy raised aloft her bloody hand and answered, "I can." America stands to-day between these two solutions. The inadequacy of the one has again been thoroughly proved, the threatenings of the other may already be heard.

Whither shall we turn? Between us and destruction stands the probability of an awakening of the old spirit of chivalry. In this the age of science and commerce the most prosaic of all the centuries, this romantic enthusiasm must be revived, freed from its old errors, but wider and more potent than before.

The new knighthood must have no pomp or show for its aim. It is to keep the poor, and whatever glamour of romance surrounds it, must belong to the poetry of good deeds. It must recognize the supremacy of the moral ideal, the brotherhood and interdependence of all mankind and the dignity and glory of service. This knighthood must be the ideal of Christian teaching. To compress Christianity into a system of dogmatics, instead of leaving it a free and living principle to save men, is a fundamental misconception which has so often made Christ's religion destruction to men instead of salvation, and marked its path with the terrors of war when it ought to have been marked with the joys of peace. It must also be the ideal of education, for what we need is not so much principles as men to embody them, not wider knowledge of economic laws, but a more absolute obedience to

moral laws. Men must be taught their duty to the world as well as its debt to them, what they owe to the weak as well as the fact that the weak must suffer in the struggle for existence. Until education is directed to eliminating selfishness instead of developing and providing it with weapons, these problems will never be settled but by the sword. Their peaceful solution requires that they be studied not in books, but in the faces of the men whose lives are narrow and whose hopes are dim. In the words of John Ruskin: "We must turn the courage of youth from the toil of war to the toil of mercy; their intellect from dispute of words to discernment of things; and their knighthood from the errantry of adventure to the state and fidelity of a kingly power." When we have attained this end there will be no fear for the future. In the conflict that is surely coming, we shall not lack warriors, we shall not lack heroes, nor, if need be, shall we lack martyrs, and we shall be preserved from the mad folly of attempting the "future's portal with the past's blood-rusted key."

The Negro and the South.

The race problem was launched in the South when the negro was given the ballot. A race scarce a hundred years removed from barbarism, with the bonds of slavery just broken, was given every privilege and every duty of American citizenship. As Ariosto's fairy by some mystery of her nature changed her being from a poisonous reptile to a creature beautiful and celestial, so the negro was expected by some magic power to transform himself into a citizen capable and strong as the Anglo-Saxon.

This well-meaning but mistaken policy declared that two races, almost equal in number, but of distinct and unassimilable characteristics, one intelligent and experienced, the other ignorant and inexperienced, "should live together on equal terms, in peace." The history of the whole world forbade the policy. Where can be found the record of any two dissimilar races living in peace side by side under one government, and on equal terms? Where can be found one reason to justify the belief that a simple constitutional amendment can change a prejudice as old as the world;

and, reversing the history of the human race, make possible in America, under the most adverse circumstances, what had been impossible, even under the most favorable circumstances, in other countries?

The enactment of such a policy was an injustice to the freedman himself. Thrust into a labyrinth of privileges, immunities and duties, without political training or education, he stood, and stands to-day, bewildered—the subject of shameless demagoguery and base deceit.

From this policy, in its very inception unreasonable and unjust, has evolved a problem upon whose proper solution depends the very life of the South. Too long has the North believed that the problem would solve itself. Too long has the South rested in the belief that this country, being a white man's country, would always be ruled by white men. Too long has the whole country indulged in its pet hallucination that no harm can come to America. Let us face the conditions in the South as they are. We should no longer close our eyes to the painful truth that in the South two opposing forces are struggling, the one to maintain supremacy, the other to secure it. Constituting these forces are two races whose

amalgamation is impossible, as well as abhorrent. Educated in separate schools, worshiping in separate churches, traveling in separate cars, each race following its own social inclination which never bring the two together, the races are drifting further and further apart.

(England in all these years has not been able to teach Ireland the English conception of property rights; would you be willing to place your judiciaries in the hands of men a hundred times less likely to observe the traditions to which for centuries you have so fondly clung? Can the world censure the South if she refuses to accept that solution of the problem which will endanger the safety of the race to which we belong? X The South will aid the negro in protecting every right given him by the Constitution, save the right of domination; but when the negro majorities assert their right to control the state governments, as they will some day, the two opposing forces in the South will clash in desperate conflict. The intelligence, experience and wealth; the bitter prejudice of instinct or centuries of growth in the dominant whites, will rush, irresistibly as the incoming tide, upon the ignorance, the inexperience and the poverty of the blacks.)

(There is a conviction in the breast of every white man that his race must rule. You may read from our Declaration of Independence that all men are created equal, you may fill our statute books to overflowing, the constitution may be amended and amended again, but the whites of the South cannot be ruled by a black majority.)

(A few thousand British subjects rule that vast Oriental Empire of India; in every country, in every clime and in every age where two races of distinct and unassimilable characteristics have met, the stronger has ruled or exterminated the weaker. And so the white race in the South, with its traditions, its prestige, and its glorious history, must rule.)

Do you understand this as a plea for slavery. The feeling of the South was voiced by Grady, when he said : "I thank God as devoutly as do you, that human slavery is gone forever from American soil." They rejoice with you that Abraham Lincoln broke forever the shackles that bound their states to the debasing institution of slavery. In the Southern heart, there is no hostility toward the negro, no evil wish for the black man. He has already suffered enough.)

(I know that the strong men of the South, as Grady said, "wear this problem in their hearts and in their brains, by day and by night." And I know that they realize the debt of honor and humanity they owe the negro and the world. But I know, too, that there are times when, almost in despair, straining their eyes for one ray of light to guide them, they see "no rifted cloud, no sunshine, no hope for better things." It is then that there appears that "awful phantom in whose crimson shadow they behold the dishonor and doom of a race conflict."

The South alone cannot solve the problem. (True she has begged that its solution be left to her, but that because the first suspicious, impatient step of the National government caused her to dread and to fear another.) If, as representative men, you will give the South your tolerant sympathy, your earnest support, —as earnest as Virginia gave Massachusetts when Boston's port was closed,—if you will let her know that you feel her blood coursing in your veins, and your blood in hers, she will no longer strive to make this a Southern question. Indeed, it more directly concerns the South; but we are all Americans. The

problem should, and does, concern the whole nation, and concerns it deeply

Would you lend your efforts toward saving from ruin a great section of your country—the fairest land of all the earth—then determine to take this question from the partisan hawking of the demagogue; determine to make it a non-partisan work—a question for the whole nation. Once it becomes a burning American problem—not to be solved by a victorious North or a defeated South, but by America it will be solved. America, and she alone, must lead us out of the labyrinth and solve the problem in the Eternal right.

The Decisive Battle of the Rebellion.

“Pride goeth before destruction.” It most assuredly preceded the haughty invasion made by the South which foretold the downfall of the Confederacy. The South had been elated by two great victories, and was made confident of the accession of strength it was receiving. Considering these opportunities favorable for an invasion, the Confederate general determined to transfer the theatre of war into the North, and live off the enemy’s country.

Their hopes ran high, their expectations were great.

Into this invasion was sent the finest and best equipped army the South had ever raised. It contained the flower and strength of the Confederacy. They were inspired with a sense of invincibility. They had come to feel that they could not be conquered, nor had they forgotten the boastful words of their President: that the issue would be decided on the wheat-fields of the North.

On the other side stood the Northern army. Though disheartened and discouraged by recent defeats, yet it was ever ready to march, to fight, and to be defeated time and again with a never-say-die determination that entitles it to the lasting respect of the nation which it finally saved from destruction. Onward it hurried, day and night, for God and its country, and in a few days peopled the quaint town of Gettysburg with a race of soldiers. They came from the eastern coast, from the lakes and forests of the north and the flowery prairies of the west. They came to bear all, to dare all, and to do all that was possible for heroes to do. They were impelled by some great and unforeseen power.

Here, then, met the two grandest, the two best equipped, the two most intelligent armies that ever stood face to face on God's earth. On the one hand was a mighty tempest of indignation against what was considered to be heaven-defying injustice. On the other hand was the cause of the North which stood by the integrity and sovereignty of the Union and by the honor of the nation, to which motives were added the cries of freedom and humanity. Each had perfect faith in the heaven-born justice of its cause. Each prayed to the same God for assistance, but one cause must be wrong, and had to be defeated.

The stubborn fighting that was exhibited on this field of courage has never been surpassed. It was here, if ever, that Greek met Greek, it was here that might stood up with right, it was here that principle clashed with principle. Well aware was either side that on the issue of this conflict were staked the future destinies of both governments, and so both put forth their utmost strength.

For three days the fate of the Republic hung trembling in the balance over a field which neither side had chosen. But the God of

Nations overruled all and gave victory to the right.

The dead and dying on that field plainly showed that the Greek fire of patriotism and courage was not extinguished, but was burning as brightly as ever. It is due to this that the battle of Gettysburg has gone down on the same roll with Marathon and Thermopylæ. "Return with your shield or upon it" has been held up to the admiration of the world for three thousand years. Well might Pyrrhus have exclaimed on looking over that field of slaughter: "With such men could I have conquered the world."

Side by side on those hills, ground that seemed to be on fire, lay the patriot and rebel, wounded, dying, dead. God made them to be brothers of the same race, citizens of the same country, disciples of the same Gospel, and followers of the same religion.

The battle of Gettysburg was the high-water mark of the Rebellion. It was on this field that the star of the Confederacy reached its zenith and then began to waver; it was on this field that the Rebellion received its death-blow, and like the tradition of the serpent, this monster of secession dragged along its slimy

length until the sun set at Appomatox, when it yielded up its life.

In the failure, therefore, of this invasion the corner-stone of that fabric which the Rebellion sought to erect on human bondage and the distinction of the races of men, whom God has made of one blood, was crushed out of existence. It was man's greatest battle for man. It was a battle, the contrary event of which would have changed the drama of the western continent and all its subsequent scenes. It is for this reason that the battle of Gettysburg has also been inscribed on the same roll with Saratoga and Waterloo as a decisive factor in the history of nations. It put an end to invasions of the North. The Southern veterans that went down before those charges of Gettysburg could not be replaced. But it was more than a mere battle lost to the Confederacy; it was more serious than the failure of a campaign. Far beyond the Atlantic were powers and principalities waiting for some notable triumph on the part of the South to afford them an excuse to recognize the Confederacy as one of the independent nations.

The Southern cause failed, and with its failure the fact was demonstrated that a govern-

ment founded upon oppression and wrong could not exist in the light of the civilization and Christianity of this age ; and above all, it decided in conformity with the saying of that God-given leader whose words have become immortal : "That government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

The din of battle has rolled away. The wounds of war have healed. Forgotten be the enmity and heart-burnings of the strife, so that when earth shall give back her dead and the sea cast forth the remnant thereof who will dare to sift the dust and pronounce : this is patrician and this is plebeian ; this is the Blue and this is the Gray ?

The University and True Patriotism.

I know no field in which a wise statesmanship and an enlightened patriotism can find nobler employ than in the colleges and universities of our land. True as this may have been at all times, it is peculiarly true at the present time. We have been inclined to limit too much the sphere of true patriotism. Not merely on the field of battle or in the combats

of the political arena is manifested true love of country. "God bless our native land," the lips of childhood sing in simplest prayer, and the same words form the petition of tried manhood when added years have given them richer and fuller meaning. The mental pictures that lie back of the simple words "our country" is a composite one, made up of various complex elements. There is implied in these words the home of childhood, with woods and hills and stream, the old school-house, with grape-vine swing, and bubbling spring, and teeming play-ground. There, too, is college life, with its memories indelibly fixed and its influences forever potent and permanent. There is the early business or professional career, the days of toil and struggle, the victories and defeats of maturer manhood. They do err exceedingly who associate the words "our country" solely with vast extent of territory, with veins of gold and silver, with mines of coal and iron, with teeming fields, with shrieking engines, with sails dotting every lake and filling every port. Such signs and prophecies of material wealth do not constitute our country any more, than fretted ceiling and frescoed walls and rarest furnishings can make home. It was

Emerson, I believe, who said that "the true test of civilization is not the census, nor the size of the cities, nor the crops, but the kind of men the country turns out." Realizing this truth, conscious that Americans must prove America's greatness; that the fairest jewels we can exhibit to the world are the sons and daughters of our land, it follows that he is the truest patriot who is engaged in the work of improving our civilization and spreading culture. Thomas Jefferson ordered to be engraved on his tombstone the epitaph, "Author of the Declaration of Independence and Father of the University of Virginia." Worthy and just association of ideas; for though we declare our country's independence and greatness with all possible emphasis, still these can be permanently assured only through the work of education. Nearer to us still stands the example of Virginia's peerless son, the immortal Lee, whose name I call in this presence with bowed head and reverent heart, who, after offering to his state every gift within his power, found in the service of this institution the opportunity of supremest consecration to his fellow-man and loyalty to the South that he loved so well.

The present time is a suitable one for colleges to do a great service to our country, not only by fostering indirectly the spirit of patriotism, which colleges always do, but more directly by emphasizing certain studies that play an important part in preparing young men for public service. The questions now before us are economic ones ; they have to do with the tariff, with financial legislation, with the various questions arising from the wealth and power of corporations. It is not too much to say that these questions are more difficult of solution than even the great slavery question, which our fathers had to consider and settle. These problems demand careful study and expert examination. In most of the countries of Europe the opinion of trained specialists is highly valued and generally followed. In America scholarship counts for little in the management of the affairs of State. Sad it is to relate that we have few politicians who are experts, though we have many expert politicians. Surely our colleges and universities can do something toward the establishment of sound economic ideas and an intelligent patriotism.

The Discipline of Life and Character.

When we come to consider the features or elements of character, we might select one of several starting-points. We might begin with Justice, or with Good-will (love, charity), or with Courage, or with Truth.

Let us begin with this fundamental quality of Truthfulness. It is the condition of all moral excellence; and perhaps for this very reason it is not generally numbered among the cardinal virtues. Yet it may have been included in the virtue of wisdom or prudence, the first of the four leading virtues enumerated by Plato. However this may be, Truth is fundamental. Of whatever quality we may think or speak, unless it is real, it is not good. And by this truthfulness, as indeed is already obvious, we do not mean mere veracity in speech, however valuable that may be, and even indispensable; but general truthfulness of mind, that simplicity and sincerity which gives a value to all other characteristics, and the absence of which mars every other virtue and grace.

In closest connection with truth is Courage. It is indeed its surest and most necessary bul-

wark and defense. It is a quality to which all men are agreed to do homage. There may be men who think lightly of truthfulness, who hold that untruthfulness of speech may sometimes be necessary, and who do not attach sufficient value to truthfulness of mind. Yet we have no reason to think that, in the whole history of the world, any one has thought well of cowardice, or failed to admire courage or bravery. There is no term which we should regard as more disgraceful when applied to ourselves than the name of coward. There are few words which considerate men will hesitate so long before applying to another.

And yet our admiration of this virtue does not always ensure a true judgment of its nature. Many actions which we are at first inclined to put down to courage are really cowardly actions. Many which we deem cowardly are most brave and courageous. It is not always a sign of courage to return a blow, nor to make a hot, angry retort when one is reviled. Sometimes it may need courage to do these things. More commonly it needs courage not to do them.

Few names are better known or more famous than that of Sir Philip Sidney. He was a

great soldier, and distinguished himself in the wars of the Netherlands against the power of Spain. But it is not so much of his bravery as a soldier, or of his skill as a commander that we think, when we recall his courage and magnanimity; it is of his patience under insult. A fool who had quarreled with him tried to provoke him to fight. When he did not succeed, he went so far as to spit in Sidney's face. What was the hero's response? "Young man," he said, "if I could as easily wipe your blood from my conscience as I can wipe this insult from my face, I would this moment take your life." Which was the truly brave man in that case, the insolent fool or the patient hero? It is an example from which we may learn much of the nature of true courage.

This moral courage is a mighty power, because it is the symbol of truth and devotion to duty. "Conscience doth make cowards of us all." A man can hardly be courageous, in the true sense of the word, who is not animated by a high principle of action. Knox, the Scottish reformer, was harsh and intolerant, but he was a man of heroic courage. When he was laid in his grave, it could be said of him that he "never feared the face of man." It is

ever so with the truest and greatest. There can be nothing great in the man who is lacking in courage.

Pre-eminent among the greater qualities of character stands Justice or Righteousness. It is, so to speak, the practical, the active side of truth, and is inseparable from it.

By Justice we mean, first of all, the doing to others as we would that they should do to us. It means the steadfast purpose to wrong no one by thought, word or deed—in person, in possessions or in reputation. It means the willingness, the eager readiness to repair, by every means in our power, any wrong which we may, wittingly or unwittingly, have done them.

By Justice we mean also devotion to duty. No man can be just who does not habitually ask himself what relations he sustains to God and to man, and who does not seriously consider the obligations which spring out of those relations. The neglect of duty is the robbery of humanity. It is depriving our fellow-men of that portion of work which we are morally bound to perform: not only for our own good, but also for the good of others.

Close to justice, and almost as part of it, or

inseparably connected with it, stands Goodness or Generosity. We sometimes hear distinctions made between justice and mercy, righteousness and goodness; and there is a distinction in thought. We admit the distinction. Yet it may be doubted whether justice is ever found in men unaccompanied by mercy, whether righteousness can live without goodness for its partner. A justice which knows no mercy is the height of injustice. A mercy which takes no account of equity is apt to become unmerciful.

There is no human quality more excellent, more beautiful than Generosity. In the Latin language the *Generosus* was very much what we mean by the gentleman. He was the man who was broad, liberal, sympathetic in thought, word and deed. May we not say that this is the true meaning of the word Gentleman among ourselves?

What a splendid quality is this generosity of thought, of word and of deed! The quality which makes us think kindly of our fellow-men, when it is at all possible to do so, the quality which bids us assume as little as possible to ourselves and concede as much as possible to others. It is the finest quality in the most

beautiful lives; and it has never been without examples in any period of human history.

It is scarcely necessary to add to these qualities the radical virtue of Unselfishness; for this is but the negative aspect of that quality which is universally regarded as the root of all goodness—whether we call it Love, Benevolence or Good-will. Of this quality selfishness is the antagonist, and the parent of falsehood, cowardice, injustice, intemperance and unkindness. That which we chiefly admire in those good qualities which we have mentioned is the unselfishness, the self-denial which enters into them. Wherever there is love there is sacrifice; there can be no real, deep good-will which does not express itself in acts of self-abnegation. Some of the most beautiful incidents in human history are illustrations of this principle. We need only refer to King David refusing the water of the well of Bethlehem, and Sir Philip Sidney passing on the draught of water to the wounded soldier.

The Liberalistic Temper.

In a time of great mental awakening, of unparalleled scientific discovery, of enormous in-

crease of wealth, and consequent increased enjoyment of material pleasure, when old faiths necessitate inconvenient deductions and old beliefs impede the readiness with which men embrace new things—it is natural that old beliefs should be held lightly and old faiths subject to convenient change. The unsteadiness of allegiance to any fixed body of principles consequent on such an intellectual condition divorces judgment from emotion, and leaving men with a persuasion of mind without a burning conviction of heart, prepares them for a liberalism of view at which men of conviction a century ago would have stood aghast. And as the various energies of human life become more and more organized and co-ordinated, a spirit of mind which characterizes any large body of respected men spreads rapidly over every sphere of thought and action. It finds issue here in a new development of political or social theory, here in a new attitude toward scientific assertion, here in finer literary judgments and artistic sensibilities, and here in a new conception of the religious life.

The metaphysical basis of our religious liberalism is unquestionably found in the doubt of the adequacy or validity of generally accepted

truth. The unconcealed fearlessness of science searching for causes in the phenomenal world and continually discovering that the old positions are insufficient, has naturally led scientific men to place less confidence in the old. It has led younger scientific men to assert the new with a confidence unsurpassed. This temper of mind carried over into the religious sphere has produced analogous and inevitable results. New conceptions of culture also have contributed to the growth of religious liberalism. The chief characteristic of modern culture is that it invites to a "conscious conduct of life where goodness is no longer the final object: another branch of morals is instituted in which the factors are not justice and truth, but a set of artistic sensibilities." No religion is acceptable to a man of this culture, save as it serves as a motive and a field for new subjective expression. It is essential that such religion should be liberal. And yet quite as potent as either erroneous notions of science or false ideals of culture have been wrong conceptions of the religious life by its friends. It was conceived of rather as something superadded to the highest life of humanity than as itself the perfect development of that life. It was un-

avoidable, therefore, that philosophy, and no less literature and science and art should be conceived apart from religion, and that so conceived religion itself should be largely to blame if the relations developed proved hostile or inharmonious.

Since they have indeed turned out so, the true remedy is to correct the evils in our conceptions of science, culture and religion. Science must learn that its limits are in phenomena, and cease endeavoring to apply its rigid certainty to the moral nature of mankind. Within phenomena it must observe its method — singleness of purpose, directness of aim, thoroughness and fearlessness. The difficulty of a false liberalism in science with results extending over religion also will in this manner be avoided. And other fruits will be gathered in the substitution of enthusiasm for indifference, in the conjunction of a self-respecting humility with the fullest charitableness, and in increased sincerity both of purpose and of life. Culture, moreover, must be something more than refined sensuousness, or intellectual attainment, or the possession of ethical theories. It must be the holiest development of all the faculties of man, exaggerating none, on no account

ignoring the moral aspects of human nature, but patiently cultivating everything sown in it which is capable of growth. And our conceptions of religion itself must enable us to make for it the claim of the worshipper of humanity that in it human life meets and rests, that by its science and philosophy become human, moral, co-ordinated; devotion becomes rational and practical; art becomes religious, social, creative; industry, beneficent, unselfish, ennobling; education, a rational preparation for a true life; and religion itself, the golden bond of spirits within and of multitudes without.

If the student in each branch of human research would only be natural, would only seek the large and permanent interests of human knowledge, would only obey the simple dictates of common sense, there would be such complete consistency between the various spheres of our life that men would not be driven to-day to a liberalism with which are associated the gravest evils and weaknesses. As a religious movement it is only the remnant of the religious feeling with which its advocates were imbued in their youth, combined with their own pleasure in the fancy that they personally are a great force in the world. It is not creative.

It is adaptive. It is not an author. It is a critic. It simply has no patience to let the blossoms of the field ripen into the fruit of harvest-time.

The spirit of unrest and uncertainty which has grown into this strong liberal tendency in the very center of human life has naturally crept beyond its strict bounds, and generally pervaded most of human affairs. It is unexpectedly marked in the rural districts of the land in the tolerance with which offenses against strict moral standards are viewed so long as the evil wrought is not personally experienced by the self-appointed judge. The tendency away from things established is no less clear in the economic thought of the people. The unceasing toil, the squalid home, the dingy street, the wretchedness and gradual deterioration of their children — these things are noted and brooded over by men who are steadily being brought face to face with the disadvantages of their situation, and with whom visionary and mischievous opinions take the place of sober and intelligent councils: while a false liberalism teaches them that the fact that a thing is, is good reason that it ought not to be. Above all, the press not only ac-

cepts the liberalistic tendency of the day, but accelerates and aggravates it. Journalistic success depends on the readiness of its acceptance of the temper of the popular mind. That temper to-day is of excessive mobility. The future will bring a reaction, but the future is not yet the present, and it will come bringing stability to popular emotion and popular belief only when the popular mind is anchored once again to a stable religious faith.

Finding its origin then in a weakened religious conviction, exercised and developed in the common affairs of the life of the common people, it would be strange if we could not trace a wilful divergence from sound principles in politics. Under cover of a pretended conservatism a transformation has been wrought which has left the central government strengthened at the expense of the states, and the state governments strengthened at the expense of the people. As to the wisdom of these changes there may have been room for difference of opinion. As to the folly of further unnecessary change in the same direction there is little doubt. In no form ought a false liberalism to allure us from those beliefs of the fathers which taught them that the nation was

strongest when it most respected the autonomy of the states, and the states were strongest when they least interfered with the immunities and sufficiency of the citizen. And because the most severe strain upon our political system will be felt here, because ignorant men cannot without great difficulty rise to anything like an adequate conception of the importance and permanence of the results of national policy, because selfish men will always be ready to avail themselves of state assistance and intervention, the educated should fearlessly, unflinchingly stand for the historic spirit of the nation which with implicit faith in the true common people insists that they shall do everything and it nothing, except such necessary things as it alone can do well.

If the man of education has a duty in politics he has a duty in common life as well, and his duty is to stand in opposition to the misdirected and indefinite tendencies of our day away from things that are old because they are old, and toward things that are new because they are new. Such an attitude will not betoken hostility to progress. It is not necessary to believe, because we do not now have all the truth, that therefore what we have

is not the truth. Progress is not secured by groping in the dark, but by sure advancements from positions we have already taken and now hold. The dogmatism of unbelief is no whit preferable to the certitude of faith. A true liberalism loves the past for what it has done and for what it has been. It reaches forth to the future because it holds the promise of things to be. But the liberalism of to-day, by reason of its inherent instability, springing from its lack of permanent principle, is the foe both of progress and of sincere life. For both progress and sincere life demand firm mental apprehension combined with a responsive enthusiasm of heart. This enthusiasm comes upon us as we are met here to-day, heart to heart with the memories of the past. The voices of departed years bid us in loyalty to them, with openness and frankness of mind, to take up the duties that unfold before us.

The Reverence Due from the Old to the Young.

By CHARLES RUSSEL LOWELL, soldier. Born in Boston, 1835; graduated from Harvard, 1855; died near Middleton, Vt., Oct. 20, 1864, from wounds received at Cedar Creek.

(This oration was delivered at the commencement exercises at Harvard, 1855, where Mr. Lowell took the first honors.)

The deference shown by youth to old age has been sometimes proposed as the test of a nation's civilization; I would propose as a better test the reverence shown by the old to the young men. Austrian policy has lately confirmed the old truth, that the best way to ruin a nation is to corrupt its youths; and I might say that our own career proves that regard to the young is what gives a nation its greatest vigor. But if I am an American, I am also a young man, and at least till I cast my first vote, I shall think this position the higher. I know very well that the young do not rightly respect the old here, but this is no proof that the old do rightly respect the young men; I know very well that the children with us grind down like remorseless young gods the poor mortals, but even the gods, I think,

were not always *properly* worshipped. And as a young man, loyal to youth, I assert that our true rights are still not respected, our true value not felt; and I contend that, tried by the test proposed, we are still a race of semi-barbarians.

No nation, of course, can view its young men with indifference; the nurse of Crichton, when she looked in the infant's mouth, beheld whole kingdoms; so each nation sees in its young men the means of fulfilling its wishes. *Once*, when these wishes were gratified less by the head and more by the hand, when courage and strength were highly respected as *virtues*, some of the favorite gods possessing in fact no others, youth could not but receive some little share of reverence; youth too charmed by its beauty; and men imagined rightly that those were most like the gods who longest kept their young manhood. But *now*, when the work of the world is done more by brains than by muscles, since it is hard to prove that the brains of the young are better, since too the beautiful is now crowded out by the useful, men seem to wish to make God's earth a Mahomet's heaven, where sons may be born and grow up in an hour. They seem to

forget that in nature “the shortest way to an end is that which lies through *all* the means.” They think of education too much as a mere preparation for manhood, as the drawing out of an infant into a man; they should rather think of it as the development of an infant into a child, of a child into a youth, of a youth into a man. They would then be more willing to leave him in each of the stages as long as nature indicates; then we should never hear the plea of indulgence that young men will be young men, but that they *may* be would be the wish of wisdom. Young men, as we said, have always been sought, and never more than at present; but for what are they sought? Because they are a “power on the earth,” because they bring zeal and vigor which the world is eager to use. Man knows by instinct, what anatomists have learned by search, that the nerves of *action* are of stouter stuff than the others, and to young men any prospect of labor is welcome. But that they feel keenly the pleasure of labor, this is no proof that labor is their highest function, this is no proof that their elders are right to turn the fresh current of youth into canals to move mill-wheels. We hear nowadays much wholesome truth about

the dignity of labor ; every stroke, we are told, of the laborer's pickaxe if made with an honest purpose helps the world on in its course ; but when a young man is burning to do the world great service, it is a falsehood to tell him that faithful labor is the best gift the world expects from him. If young men bring mankind nothing but their strength and their spirit the world may well spare them ; but they do bring it something better, they bring it a gift which they alone can bestow, they bring it their fresher and purer ideals.

Whether because we come to this world from a higher "trailing clouds of glory," or because we pass only slowly under the yoke of matter, certain it is that in youth we love to dwell in ideals ; as soon as we find that the world is not what it was at first in our dreams, we form new visions of what it *should* be and of what we will and can make it ; and as action looks always forward, we have in youth an "instinctive grasp to the future," while in old age we become "sentimentally moored to the past." Now the great works of the world are not shaped by Providence only ; each man must help in this also ; he lays his stone well or ill according to the *vision* which guides

him. It is not true that good comes often of evil; good comes only of good, and of evil comes only evil. Every act helps to produce exactly the end which it aimed at, and helps to produce no other; this is true not only of deeds, but also of thoughts and wishes,—every *wish* helps somewhat to secure the result wished for. Thus the world must always be improving, for in youth we have seen there always exists the earnest *wish* to improve it. But the instinctive wish of the youth must become the rational aim of the man, and a rational aim must seek and adopt the best means. Now each generation stands in a new position, it gets new views of past faults and failures with new glimpses of future possibilities; and in youth when the tendency to form ideals is strong, and each moment is helping to shape them, silently old errors are dropped and new wisdom adopted. Those, then, who aim to give the world rational help must not neglect the coming generation; they must respect its ideals even if their own seem to suffer, for here change is indeed the only constancy.

This is one reason why the suggestions of youth should be respected, this is not all how-

ever. While mankind is constantly rising to higher ideals, there is always danger that the man may sink to lower ones. Labor has been blessed as the Lethe of the past and the present; it may well be cursed as the Lethe of the highest future. Apart from the fact that in changing wishes to wills and wills to deeds, much is always lost that is never missed, the moment a man begins to act out his ideal, each lower faculty finds its special satisfaction. Gratified activity may become a siren to lull him to destruction; the ideal power may stoop to form pictures of worldly success; or he may flatter himself that he is still true to his ideal while to every one else it is clear that his "nature is subdued to what it works in, like the dyer's hand." Therefore, the old men, the men of the last generation, *cannot* teach us of the present what *should* be, for that we know as well as they or better; they *should* not teach us what *can* be, for the world always advances by impossibilities achieved; and if life has taught them what *cannot* be, such knowledge in the world's march is only *impedimenta*; in short, though men are never too old to *learn*, they are often too young to be *taught*.

(The men whom we worship as heroes

have, in all ages, been the perennially young ; they have been those who retained through life that which is the very essence of youth—uncompromising ideals. The world should derive from its young men the same sort of benefit which it derives from its heroes; young-man-worship should stand by the side of hero-worship ; but a hero comes only once in a century, while young men are always at hand, and it is not strange that the worship of the latter should be neglected. The greatest obstacle, it has been said, “to being heroic, is the doubt whether one may not be going to prove one’s self a fool.” This same obstacle too often interferes with youths continuing young ; the fear of being fools is always before us ; but the truest manhood on our part is to put away this fear, and the truest wisdom on the part of our elders is to help us put it away. The instinct of self-preservation which should keep young men young men, is not a strong one ; it needs every encouragement, and the more willing the young are to fall into this suicide, the more loudly does the world’s welfare demand that the old should seek to prevent them. Nature, in making young men the builders of castles in the air, meant them also to be the architects

and master-builders in the great edifice which the world is slowly rearing; out of the thousand fragile chateaux in Spain rises this one Gibraltar.)*

If beauty then, which has been called the *promise* of function, causes youth to be *loved*, the function, which already brings the world its life and its growth, should cause it to be *reverenced*. A nation that feels this reverence has its golden age before it; it cannot be wholly undone by unprincipled governments or evil institutions; where this is not felt, though the course may seem rapid and prosperous, a swift under-current is sweeping it surely to destruction. We claim to be an extremely progressive people, to have a keen eye for possibilities, to make the most of our means, but this reverence, the highest help to progress, is little recognized. Never before in any country was action so much valued; for *men* now, as for orators of old, action is thought the first, the second, the third requisition. Far be it from me to say aught against action; as Bacon has finely said, "in the theatre

* The bracketed paragraph appears in the original draft of the oration deposited with Mr. W. G. Brown in charge of Archives, Harvard College Library, by Mrs. Josephine S. Lowell (Mrs. C. R. Lowell).

of the world God and the angels only have a right to be spectators." Still mere action is no proof of progress, and in overvaluing its amount we necessarily undervalue its direction; we make it our boast *how much* we do, and thus grow blind to *what* we do. Action here is the Minotaur which claims and devours our youths; Athens bewailed the seven who yearly left her shore, with us scarce seven remain and we urge the victims to their fate.

Apollonius of Tyana tells us in his Travels that he saw "a youth, one of the blackest of the Indians, who had between his eyebrows a shining moon. Another youth named Memnon, the pupil of Herodes the sophist, had this moon when he was young, but; as he approached to man's estate, its light grew fainter and fainter, and finally vanished." The world should see with reverence on each youth's brow, as a shining moon, his fresh ideal. It should remember that he is already in the hands of a sophist more dangerous than Herodes, for that sophist is himself. It should watch lest from too early and exclusive action, the moon on his brow, growing fainter and fainter, should finally vanish; and sadder than all, should leave in vanishing no sense of loss.

The Spirit that should Animate.

In selecting for our topic, "The Spirit that should accompany our Republican Institutions," let it not be anticipated that we are bringing hither a political tirade to fret and rave about ourselves, or that we mean to run mad at the sound of our own voice, as it pronounces the word "republic." We have not arrayed ourselves, gladiator-like, to attack or defend public measures,—to despatch in the few moments allotted us all the political questions that now interest us as a people,—or to set right the executive, legislative and judicial departments of the government, in the short period of twenty minutes. We come not to battle with politicians, whoever they may be, and whether they stand on either bank, or in the middle of the Rubicon. We come not to sweep down regiments of them with a sentence, or to blow up the country with a magazine of words. No; we would dwell upon this spirit, without taking the word "politics" upon our lips. These have entered into and contaminated every other place,—let the house of God, the temple of literature, be sacred a little longer. Let there be one spot left,

where rational, thinking man may retreat from political, talking man. We will not be the first to tread it with a sacrilegious step. No; in the spirit in which the prophet of old put off his shoes on Mount Horeb, "because the ground on which he stood was holy," we would venture in this place to speak of that spirit which should guide and animate us in the enjoyment of our peculiar institutions.

And addressing, as we trust, nay, as we know, a republican assembly, both under the influence, surrounded and supported by the spirit of free institutions, what inquiry can be more important than that which opens to them the way in which they can most safely keep, and most perfectly enjoy these institutions? The work of attaining them is accomplished. The battle is over, the victory is won, and our fathers are at rest. These institutions are now ours. Praise cannot make them more, nor detraction less so. They are ours, bought and paid for. But they are ours under a solemn responsibility,—under none other than the trust that we will preserve, exalt and extend them. But we shall discharge this high and honorable trust, only as we hold them in a right spirit, and exercise them upon proper

principles. We speak not extravagantly, then, when we say, that in maintaining and holding sacred that spirit which will adorn and perpetuate these institutions, and give them the only thing they want, their free course, consists the whole duty of our generation; and that when this ceases to be important and interesting in our eyes, we cease to deserve them. Honor and gratitude have been to those who attained,—honor and gratitude shall be to those who preserve them.

The spirit, then, in the first place, whose claims we would advocate, is a spirit of national modesty. We use the term in distinction from that national arrogance or vanity which we deem unbecoming and dangerous.

We are aware that the history of our country is a peculiar one,—peculiar in its interests and importance, and not to us only, but to the world. We have read, with a thrilling interest, the story of our fathers' doings, dwelt upon their glorious anticipations, and hailed the fulfillment of them, as year after year they have been developed. But where, in all this, is the occasion of arrogance to ourselves and denunciation of others, as if we stood on the only elevation, and, what is more, had reached

that elevation ourselves? Our duty, we have said, is to adorn our institutions; ostentation is its very opposite,—to diffuse them abroad; detraction of others will defeat us. But who are they who would thus stride the earth like a colossus? Where is the history of their toil, and danger, and suffering? Where are the monuments of their personal valor and heroism, and splendid achievement? Where is the record of their martyrdom? We have seen the conceited descendant of some rich ancestor, decked in the robes which that ancestor has toiled that he might wear,—fluttering about, the puppet of an hour, yet walking, as he imagines, a god amidst the surrounding pygmies; talking as if the world were made for him alone, because, forsooth, he really cannot conceive,—as certainly no other can,—how he could have been made for the world. We have seen, I say, this poor imitation of humanity, and looked with contempt on what we could not pity. But what do they more, or better, who, in the costume of national vanity, are stalking about amongst the nations of the earth, vainly declaiming about their institutions,—theirs, because they happened to be born where these had been planted,—and

sweeping down the institutions of others, for the modest yet cogent reason of the Pharisee, that they are not as their own.

But we would see amongst us, as a nation, that modesty which we admire so much in domestic life. Individual modesty,—we have all seen her,—is a lovely damsel, with simple mien, retiring manners and chaste array. There is nothing about her to remind one of a flower-garden in distress, or a rainbow bewitched. What is gaudy, she hates,—display is her abomination. The scene of her glory is at home, acting, not speaking her praises. This is individual modesty, and national modesty is the same damsel grown into a discreet and stately matron. She has changed her robes, it is true, but not their character nor her own. She is still the same, only more perfect in her principles, as she is more extended in her influence,—seen only in the unassuming deportment of her children,—heard only in the voice of her enterprise; known, as every good tree is, only by her fruits. We should honor the matron, as we courted the damsel. We would hold her fast, for she is our ornament; we would love her, for she is altogether lovely.

We would not,—for it is the spirit that, in the second place, we would advocate,—we would not, for we dare not, decry that national pride, honest, open, high-minded pride, which originates in self-respect, is nurtured by all the generous sympathies that gather round the name of our native land, and which brings forth as its fruits national enterprise and strength, and what is more, national virtue. National pride in this sense is patriotism, and who shall decry patriotism? But the vanity that we condemn is opposite in its every look, feature and gesture, to this honorable virtue, and it is because we think it so, that we do condemn it. Vanity is mean,—patriotism is noble. Vanity is dangerous,—patriotism is our bulwark. Vanity is weakness,—patriotism is power. The organ of the one is the tongue; that of the other the heart.

Is it asked, then, who is the friend, the firm, true-hearted, ever-to-be-trusted friend of our institutions? We would answer, not he who is perched upon the house-top, shouting hosannas to the four corners of the earth, and proclaiming to the world, “Lo, here, and here alone, perfection has taken up her abode”; but rather he who has placed himself at the

bottom, in the most honorable of all attitudes, that of strenuous yet unassuming exertion; not he who talks, but he who does the most. Is it asked again, where, then, are we to look for the praise of these institutions at home, and their acceptance and diffusion abroad? We would answer again, not to the dangerous sweeping panegyrics of us and ours, or the more dangerous sweeping denunciations of all others and all things else, but to the good they have done, the evil they have prevented, the happiness they have diffused, the misery they have healed or mitigated. Ask of honest industry, why she labors with a strong hand and a smiling face. Ask of commerce, why she dances, like a sailor-boy, in the breeze, joyous and impatient. Listen to the busy, gladsome hum of art mingling with the voice of nature on every stream, and the song of contentment blending with and perfecting the melody. Behold education, the inmate of the humblest dwelling,—man enlightened, thinking for himself, and worshipping his Maker in the only acceptable way, his own way. Look at yourselves, your children, your homes. And if you see not, hear not, feel not, the praises of these institutions in all these, eloquence cannot

varnish them. Let them be gone, they are not what they seem to be.

The spirit, again, whose claims we would advocate as an accompaniment of our institutions, is a spirit of national moderation. The theory, and may it ever be the practical effect of these institutions, is this, that every member of the community, be he high or low, rich or poor, has a right, equal and unquestionable, to think, speak and act upon every measure originating among and interesting us as a people. And, still further, the full development of these institutions demands the fair and unshackled exertion of this right. Take this single fact in connection with the history of man. What is the history of man, we mean political man, as he is a member of the community and the subject of government? It is but a history of parties,—of this side and that side of some undefinable line, the direction of which no earthly philosophy can trace. Yes; strange as it may seem, men have divided themselves into parties, at the name of which the human tongue falters, and the human understanding shrinks aghast. And this has been the case, while, instead of a general freedom of speech and action, a few only of

men, a very few, have been acknowledged to be human beings, and all the rest have been left to make themselves out so. What is to be the consequence now, when all are admitted to be so? Jarring and confusion, and consequent destruction, have made up the story of mankind, while tyranny bridled their tongues, and despotism hung like a dead weight upon their spirits.

But the spirit which, if they can, must put an end to this hitherto close alliance between freedom and contention,—the spirit which, like our liberties, is nowhere to be found in history, but which must spring up with and protect them, in a spirit of national moderation,—that generous, Christian spirit, which is cool while it thinks, and charitable while it speaks and acts,—that spirit which, if experience does not sanction, reason does, and which, if it be found in no other record, is yet found and enforced in that pattern of all institutions—Christianity. Yes; the single consideration,—and we need no other,—the single consideration of the broad extent of our liberties, is in itself the most eloquent advocate of moderation. Perfect freedom must take her for its handmaid, for wherever it has

started without her, it has failed. That which, if anything can, must distinguish the history of the present from that of all past time, is the operation of the true republican principle, that the full enjoyment of liberty by all depends upon the moderate use of it by each.

Opposed also to this spirit of moderation, is that desire of controversial distinction in the younger members of the community, which, when it has well spiced their tongue and embittered their pen, produces what is called a young politician. I know not a more amusing, were it not so dangerous a specimen of our race, as this class of inexperienced yet fiery combatants. They come into the world, and the first cry you hear is, "We must fight. Our fathers and our grandfathers fought, and why should not we?" True, we have nothing very special to fight about, but still we must fight." We would trust our institutions to cooler heads and safer hands. Experience,—that gray-headed old gentleman, who followed time into the world, and who was contemporary with wisdom, ere the foundations of the world were laid, is altogether the safest guardian of such precious treasures. True, he may not harangue with quite so much rapidity and

fierceness as these fluent usurpers of his place; but the words which drop slowly from his honored lips are full as wise and full as worthy of preservation as theirs. And though he stand leaning upon his staff, and looking with straining eyes, we would trust to his vision quite as implicitly, as to that of the stately, elastic youth, who, with younger and brighter eyes, does not always see. We would call back this venerable seer from his obscurity. He is growing old-fashioned. We would array him in a modern costume, and set him in our high places. The free air of our country will renew his youth, and he, in return, will build up our institutions in the spirit of wisdom and moderation.

We would banish from amongst us, then, these and all other dispositions which stand in the way of that national moderation which we deem so essential.

It is to the young men of our times that the call of our institutions on this subject is the loudest. Be it theirs, then, to cultivate and diffuse this spirit. And then, what if no trumpet-tongued orator shall rise up to proclaim their praises,—what if eloquence be dumb,—the tongue of man silent? They have a heaven-born eloquence, sweeter than

music, yet louder than thunder,—the eloquence of truth. They have an argument, which, though it speaks not, is heard through the universe,—the argument of a good cause, on a sound bottom. Let the spirit that should accompany them be abroad,—let national modesty, moderation, charity, independence, and, above all, the spirit of Christianity, be their guard, and then, like Christianity, the powers of nature may strive against them, but they are founded upon a rock. Man cannot overthrow them, and the Almighty will not.

Treason of Benedict Arnold.

Americans the world over have been proud of their country. They look with pride upon its geographical advances; its numerical, its financial and, greater and more glorious than all these, its historical progress.

Let any man of any other nation turn back the pages of its history for two hundred years and see if he can show us as brilliant and glorious a record towards the moral and intellectual uplifting of the masses as this young nation can which has but recently entered the manhood of national existence.

He may show us greater men and grander wars. He may show us kings and emperors throned and dethroned; but he cannot show us in a better degree the steady march of its people toward that goal which is the highest and purest object of all nations: a perfect civilization.

But if the patriot's heart swell as he reads these pages, there comes a chapter; (and thankful we are that there is only one;) there comes a chapter which chills that pride, and fills the heart with indignation mixed with shame and regret, and teaches him that the history of a nation is but a composite history of its citizens. It has its lights and shadows, its splendor, its rage, its Austerlitz, its Waterloo, its complacent pride, its biting shame, and surely this last sensation must arrive within every American as he looks back upon that great and eternal blot upon our national history, the treason of Benedict Arnold.

Like all great crimes, this crime was not committed by a man of ordinary ability. It seems to us that in the projection and execution of some great wickedness it requires as great a mind and strength of character as does the projection and execution of some

great financial or war-like plan, only that one differs from the other as did Thersites from Achilles.

In Benedict Arnold's public life up to his treason, we see prominently before us all the characteristics that go to make up an accomplished gentleman and singularly brave and judicious general. We look with wonder and admiration at that brave figure on horseback charging down along the lines at Saratoga, and teaching the Hessians the true weight and value of American bullets. We commend these qualities, as manly as they seemed to us, which only could have made him the trusted lieutenant and adviser of Washington, and we stand aghast at the art which concealed his baser traits from that accurate and just mind.

Then came that awful crime than which one only is greater: Treason to God. It may seem strange to us that a man born amid patriotic surroundings having as liberal an education as the times afforded and having such a keen insight into the relation of cause and effect, could have been so foolish as to have changed the respect and admiration of the whole world to horror and detestation, in return for a few paltry pounds, a patent of

nobility, a brigadier in generalship and the appeasing of the pangs of wounded pride.

But I think the cause of this ruined career can be found in the habits of his youth. We find there a total want of moral character. He had no appreciation of right or wrong; no idea of the soundness of justice. We see this exemplified in him when a youth, in placing tacks and broken glass in the street that small barefoot boys might cut their feet. We see it in his leaving valuable articles where they might tempt the cupidity of some unlucky urchin and then thrashing him and more cruel than all in robbing bird's-nests and tearing the little nestlings limb from limb. A man with such a heart is perfectly invulnerable to any moral feeling, and when you add to this an almost perfect physique, a strong mind and a total lack of fear, you have the most important elements that made up the character of Benedict Arnold.

While his environments were patriotic and associations noble, while the goal of his ambition lay along the path of rectitude and duty, as was the case in his earlier military career, then Benedict Arnold was the idolized commander, the trusted lieutenant and the re-

spected gentleman; but when the path of his ambition became dark and cloudy, when the bright star of Washington was steadily eclipsing his own; when his jealous heart, continually goaded on by a Tory wife, brooded within itself over fancied wrongs and insults; with poverty, caused by an extravagant wife, standing at his door and dishonor staring him in the face, then did the true character of Benedict Arnold show itself to the world. Children, country, honor, God, all were forgotten.

And did that treason pay? Look into the bare, chilly room of a deserted tenement-house on a back street in London. Upon that heap of rags lies the emaciated form of America's former idol. He lies there forgotten, except in hate; deserted by all, except his conscience; emaciated by the pangs of hunger, such as bread even if he had it could not appease, the hunger of human sympathy. He raises his trembling arm and looks at his tattered sleeve where still can be seen the cordon of an English brigadier. The cold wind shrieks around the building and through the cracks and crannies it enters and sweeps over that scantily clad form. He shivers, but not from

cold, and then in his own mind comes that question, Did it pay? He sighs and turns over and is then quiet. His soul has gone before its Maker. There will that question be answered, and Benedict Arnold will receive his just reward.

APPROPRIATE SUBJECTS FOR THE ORATION.

1. Cuba Libre.
2. Democracy.
3. Bismarck and German Unity.
4. The Leadership of Educated Men.
5. The Relation of the National Representative to his Constituency.
6. Characteristics of our Age.
7. Public Opinion.
8. The Orator and the Press.
9. The Influence of Positive Conviction on Character.
10. The Spirit of Modern Education.
11. Heroes of Science.
12. The Stability of Literary Fame.
13. The Heroic Element in Character.
14. Nihilism.
15. Martyrdom.

16. Rebellions and Leaders.
17. Silent Influences.
18. The Self-made Man in Politics.
19. The Individual Citizen in Municipal Politics.
20. The Enfranchisement of Woman.
21. The Universal Law of Evolution.
22. The Student in American Politics.
23. The Great Teacher.
24. Progress and Poverty.
25. Invention the Fruit of Civilization.
26. Spain in the New World.
27. A Twentieth Century Fever.
28. The Pursuit of Culture.
29. Censorship of the Press.
30. Civic Immorality and the Political Boss.
31. Immortality of True Patriotism.
32. The Modern College: its Traditions and Tendencies.
33. Immigration and the Perpetuity of Republican Principle.
34. The Puritans and Practical Liberty.
35. The Spirit of Conquest.
36. The Philosophy of Reform.
37. The Negro and the Nation.
38. Great Deeds of Great Men.
39. National Honor.

- 40. The Songs of a People.
- 41. The Voice and the Spirit.
- 42. The Career of Gordon.
- 43. The Spirit of Chivalry.
- 44. The Man for the Crisis.
- 45. The Place of Athletics in College Life.
- 46. Home Rule for Ireland.
- 47. Piety and Civic Virtue.
- 48. The Sovereignty of Ideas.
- 49. International Jealousy.
- 50. The Turk and the Balance of Power.
- 51. Fortune's Flood.
- 52. Individual Responsibility.
- 53. The Bible and the School.
- 54. Night Brings out the Stars.
- 55. The Perfections of Nature.
- 56. The Struggles of Labor.
- 57. Determination or Genius.
- 58. Know Thyself.
- 59. American Ideals.
- 60. Tennyson, an Earnest of the Future.
- 61. National Greatness.
- 62. The Lyric and the Epic.
- 63. American Contributions to Civilization.
- 64. Philology and Life.
- 65. France, Russia and the Triple Alliance.
- 66. Conquests of Christianity.

67. The Mission of Research.
68. The Greatness of Obedience.
69. The Heroism of Nelson.
70. Homes of the People.
71. Law and Humanity.
72. Moral Courage.
73. The Negro in American History.
74. The New Englander in History.
75. The Orator's Cause.
76. A Plea for Enthusiasm.
77. Savonarola.
78. The Sun of Liberty.
79. War and Peace.
80. Unrestricted Immigration.
81. The Lawyer and Free Institutions.
82. The Legacy of Grant.
83. The University; the Training Camp of
the Future.
84. The Pulpit and Politics.
85. Prohibition and License.
86. The Permanence of Grant's Fame.
87. The Elements of National Wealth.
88. The Age of Young Men.
89. Abraham Lincoln.
90. Compromise of Principle.
91. Idols.
92. America's Ultimatum to Spain.

93. The Church and Theology.
94. Frances E. Willard and her Work.
95. Agnosticism.
96. Science as an Instrument of Education.
97. Labor and Politics.
98. Possibilities of Mysticism in Modern Thought.
99. Paul at Athens.
100. Woman's Place in Literature and Art.
101. Woman Suffrage and Education.
102. The Making of the Nation.
103. The Problem of Universal Peace.
104. The Mystery of Evil.
105. The Child Problem in Great Cities.
106. Oliver Cromwell and English Liberty.
107. Social Unrest.
108. The Drama and Morals.
109. The United States as a Colonizing Nation.
110. Why I Am Not an Agnostic.
111. Our Foreign Policy.
112. The American College in American Life.
113. The College Woman.
114. The Idea of a University.
115. The New Education.
116. The Noble Impulses of an Educated Manhood.

- 117. The Greek Drama.
- 118. The Crusades.
- 119. Alexander Hamilton.
- 120. God in Science.
- 121. Greatest Happiness Philosophy.
- 122. Relations of the Study of Jurisprudence
to the Baconian Philosophy.
- 123. A Rift in the Clouds.
- 124. Caste in the United States.
- 125. The Little Laborers of a Great City.
- 126. The Literature of the Prison House.
- 127. Signal Lights.
- 128. The Lights of the Centuries.
- 129. "For Value Received I Promise to Pay.
- 130. A Golden Inheritance.
- 131. Victory from Defeat.
- 132. The Winning Quality.
- 133. "Hitch your Wagon to a Star."
- 134. The Missionary Age.
- 135. Whitewash Morally Considered.
- 136. Pro Patria.

Valedictories.

Perduret atque Valeat.

Omnibus nunc rite et feliciter peractis, restat, auditores spectatissimi, ut vobis pro hac benevolentia gratias agamus, omnia fausta prece-
mur, et pace decedere et valere vos jubeamus. Si spectandi et audiendi vos taedet, ut citissime
abeatis praestabimus.

Sed primum, omnibus qui adestis, quod tam
frequentes convenistis, tam attente audistis
tam benigne plausistis, gratias bene meritas
agimus; — vobis praecipue, virgines dilectae,
matronesque honoratae, juvenibus virisque
spes et soliatum. Quid nostra comitia sine
vobis? Quid nos disertos, eloquentes denique
efficeret, si non ut auribus oculisque vestris nos
commenderemus? Etsi nonnullae

“Spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipse,”
et ignoscimus et probamus. Cur venimus nos
juvenes, nos viri, nisi ut spectemur, audiamur
et ipsi? Sed plures, nimirum, ut audiatis, ut
oculis, linguis, votis faveatis. Igitur grates, sed

“Grates persolvares dignas
Non opis est nostrae.”

Vir excellentissime, nostrae rei publicae princeps, te ex animo salutamus, ac virum tantum, bonisque omnibus tam probatum, nostris adesse comitiis gaudemus.

Virum tibi conjunctissimum, patriaeque et virtutis fautoribus carissimum ac, dum vixerit, integritatis, prudentiae, omnisque virtutis exemplum, in sedes altiores arcessitum, tecum lugemus. Sed bonorum animis, omnium desiderio, "Manet mansurumque est quidquid in eo amavimus, quidquid admirati sumus. Placide quiescat."

Praeclara quidem nostrae rei publicae felicitas vitetur, quum inter tam multos virtute eximios nemo ob amorem erga illam insignem se reddere potest; quum omnia prospere pulchreque eveniunt. Florentibus rebus, summa hujus rei publicae tranquillitate, summa concordia, res publica mihi quidem et aliis multis ut confido carissima tuis auspiciis evasit nova; olim quidem terris nunc re et legibus a vobis disjuncta; ut aliam sese libertatis vindicem exhibeat, alium amicitiae vinculum adjiciat. Perduret atque valeat. Vale, vir excellentissime.

Et tu, honoratissime, cui verticem aetate proiecto albentem civiles usque ambiant ho-

nores; et vos, Conciliarii, Curatoresque honorandi, quibus faventibus et adjuvantibus, vigentes summa nostraque Academia, valete.

Vale et tu, Praeses reverendae et, si mihi liceat, carissime, cuius praesidio lumen veritatis, patrum auspiciis in nostrae Academiae penetralibus olim accensum, fulsit fulgetque novo semper purioreque splendore. Esto semper piternum.

Valete Professores eruditissimi ac praestantissimi! Quibus eloquemur verbis quanta observantia vos habemus, quam gratis animis vestrum in nos assiduorum laborum, curaeque vigilantis recordamur? Sit vobis hoc excelsum et pene divinum manus et praemium. Omnibus qui merentur certissime eveniet.

Amici sodalesque carissimi, iterum denique, post aliquod temporis intervallum, convenimus, ut his sedibus amatis, quas veluti beatorum insulas dolentes reliquimus, nostrae custodibus juventutis merito honoratis, nobis invicem et aliis valedicemus. Quis enim, quum temporis inter camaenas et cum amicis acti reminiscitur, dolorem non sentiat quod his omnibus nimium cito sese eripere, marique incerto ac tumultuoso se committere oporteat, nunquam redditurum, nunquam sodalium ora jucunda aspecturum!

Interjecto jam nunc brevi tantum triennio,
multos optime dilectos oculis animoque frustra
requirimus.

Quid ego non audio tantum? Eorum quos
inter lectissimos habuimus, alter morti occu-
buit, alter in terris externis abest. Quid illos
aut alios quos amavimus a me nominari ne-
cessere sit? Quisque vestrum eos requirit, quis-
que desiderat. Valeant omnes qui absunt, et
vos, amici fratresque, valete!

Vos quoque valete, omnes qui adestis,—
sanes atque juvenes, quibus fortuna fida et
quibus perfida,—matronae virginesque, quibus
sit decor quibusque desit;—vobis adsint ante
virtus,

“Lis nunquam, toga rara, mens quieta,
Vires ingenuae, salubre corpus;
Quod sitis esse velitis, nihilque malitis.”

Service.

TO THE PRESIDENT.—I esteem it among
the rarest of my present privileges, honored
sir, that I am permitted to address a few words
to one so eminent as yourself in the life of cul-
ture and the life of service. Nor is it in mere
compliance with custom that, in behâlf of our

class, I tender you our sincere gratitude for your helpful and sympathetic relations with us in the years now closing. In a University of these numbers, it is impossible that there should be frequent personal contact between the President and the individual student. But, sir, ever since your warm words of welcome and counsel addressed to us on that well-remembered Sabbath morning, when for the first time we assembled in this place, down to the present moment with your final message yet ringing in our ears, there is not a man of us but has been made constantly to feel that in you he had an accessible friend and adviser whose interest in his highest welfare was deep and vital.

You have devoted yourself, sir, to years of arduous toil, but with them comes the rare recompense of the life of ministry, and I can leave with you no higher hope than that with the same faithfulness which you have exercised toward us, you may long continue to touch the springs of the unnumbered days to be.

MY CLASSMATES.—We have been dwelling upon the duty and power of self-forgetfulness; its strengthening and exalting of personal motive. But there is a richer reality in the generous life than even the consciousness of

high achievement—a reality which the past years of friendship have been steadily revealing and to which these final days are bearing tenderest testimony.

In those frequent meetings, above which the elms have lately whispered, when the hand has lingered in another's, and the voice has strangely trembled and the eye grown dim,—meetings which description almost desecrates, we have learned, as never before, the deep blessedness of unselfishness, and have felt that to be truly loved, is more than all that heartless brilliancy or power may gain or know. May the years of the rougher schooling that await us be as rich in the treasures of affection, as these have been; their story as well will soon be told, the morrows be memories and the very rays that leap to-night from many a star be gleaming on the cypress trees above us all. When that hour comes, may some tears like those of Jean Valjean tell of a life in which our own is living. God bless you and farewell.

For a Dental College.

The honor has been conferred upon me of addressing you at this the final meeting of the

class. It brings with it a commingled feeling of joy and sadness—joy because we have reached the goal for which we have so long been striving; sadness because of the severing of long and intimate companionships. Yet there is an end to all things, “to the shortest path and to the longest lane there comes an end.” In every varied tongue of earth we find one word, that word that draws down the curtain upon the brightest scenes of earthly life—that word to give utterance to which we have assembled here to-night—that sad, sweet word, “farewell.” We breathe it tenderly, we breathe it earnestly, for it bears in its accent a blessing and a prayer.

To you, people of this fair city, we extend the parting hand with emotions of especial regret; we came into your midst quietly, but we celebrate our departure; we came untried, unlearned, but we go bearing the marks of discipline; we came with our careers scarcely yet opened, but we go with our careers as students finished. It was to you that we came as strangers seeking knowledge, friends and home. It is in your midst we have tarried thus long with pleasure and profit. It is from your midst that we shall, on the morrow, depart to pursue

the mission we have chosen in the great outer world. Farewell, fair city. Farewell, friends tried and true. Farewell, scenes and places grown familiar to our view, which time never can efface from our hearts' fond recollections. When the brows that now flush high with youthful ambition shall become withered by the advance of age, perchance we shall look back as to a bright sunbeam amid the shadows of the past, to this dear place, to these well-remembered faces to which now we say, farewell.

There are those before us to-night who hold especial claims upon our gratitude. Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees: We thank you for your care and for the interest you have taken in the welfare of those who come thither each year to your kind oversight, and as we bid you adieu, believe that we will ever cherish in our hearts the thought that to a great extent it is to you we owe the privileges we have enjoyed—the privilege of fitting ourselves for the noble and honored profession which we are about to enter. If it be a joy to know that "Labors of love are not all in vain," if it be a pleasure to know that "Seeds of kindness are bearing rich

and abundant fruit," may that joy and that pleasure be yours in fullest portion. May you ever be able to look with feelings of heartfelt satisfaction upon all your efforts for the advancement of those who are enrolled upon the register of your staunch and noble institution and especially upon this band whose lot it is now to bid you a long farewell.

GENTLEMEN OF THE FACULTY.—Most Honored Instructors: To you has been given the task of impressing directly upon our minds those truths that shall develop the truest manhood of each nature, and of implanting in each brain and heart the germs of knowledge, whose perfect growth shall form lives of success, and whose fruitage be the crowning of well-spent lives. How well you have discharged this responsibility, the present but faintly shows, the future alone can tell how well, how faithfully you have labored in our behalf. We tremble as we leave you, for here we have relied upon your wisdom, your guidance; here we have sought counsel and assistance from you who have ever been so able and so willing to bestow it. Now we launch our little craft away, away from the ship-yard, off the stocks, away from the master-builder's hands. We go to battle

with the waves where there shall be none to guide or assist. Our *own* eyes must now watch the compass and scan the chart. Our *own* hands must hold the rudder. Farewell, kind, faithful teachers, farewell. If ever hours of dark defeat and failure come, bitterly will we rue the neglect with which we have met, alas, too many of your monitions, and when the banner waves high and the welkin echoes with glad shout of triumph, we will think of you and say, that to you, to your wisdom and instruction we owe it all.

“The King is dead, long live the King!” Thus cried the royal courtiers. We too are inclined to “welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.” As we move off this stage of duty, our places are quickly to be filled by others. We welcome you, our fellow-students of the advancing class. You are to enjoy the opportunities we have enjoyed. May you improve them better. You will fill the place which we now fill. May you fill it more worthily. We leave you, too, and extend the hand of parting. What can we say more than farewell, except, to wish you well for the time to come. Together we have pursued our way through Academic shades, we step out of them

a little in advance, leaving you yet to linger there a few months longer and then to follow us, giving place to those who in their time shall follow you. In all the mazes of the future, in all that awaits you in the life to come, we bid you Godspeed and fare you well.

FELLOW CLASSMATES.—Our college days are ended. Here our friendship has grown into mutual affection. Here we drink from the same fountains, have the same brave thoughts and high aspirations for the future, but as I have already said, there is an end to all, “To pleasure and to pain, to idleness and to toil.” It behooves us well to step cautiously as we cross the threshold and emerge upon the dazzling sunlight and the deafening din and tumultuous whirl of the busy world. Think not that all is sunshine nor that fame will wait upon your bidding, “He who would win must labor for the prize.” If the thought arises, are we adequate to the task of so shaping our course in life’s dark maze as to reach the goal, the haven of success which we seek, let the success of others be our stimulus. But I will not dwell upon this theme; the usual hackneyed platitudes concerning this great problem of life are already familiar to every ear, their echoes lin-

ger in every mind. We would fain linger here, but the words we might utter are too sacred. The solemn thought that this may be the last time our dear old class shall meet unbroken, chills and awes every heart. Forgetting as we do all the heart wounds of class rivalry, let us bear away from this place the precious casket of our strong, true love. Comrades, farewell. God be with each one, and if our next meeting be in the great Hereafter, may an unclouded path of glorious labor, toil and triumph lead back and back amid and beyond the scenes of time's life to this time and this spot where now we say farewell.

For a College.

GENTLEMEN OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES.— We meet you with our greeting and our farewell. Greeting the more warm because in this hour when college seems most grand and dear to us, we first meet the silent men who have founded and fostered her greatness. Each of those years you have been hearing the good-bye from a band of boys who for four years had been plucking the fruits of your fatherly labors and forethought. They lived their

happy college life. They stood before you for a brief moment and then went away over the wide, wide world. And so we come before you to-day, a band of brothers we separate. May we have your blessing? You will have our living remembrance. College boys may seem reckless, thoughtless of the sources of their good things. But beneath the surface gayety, as has often been said, they are the most earnest of men. And many a time the young engineer, musing beside his transit on the grassy terrace, the young toiler at Cicero or Calculus, has been moved to higher effort by remembering that all about him were monuments of your generous planning. You have personified yourselves in all the influences thrown about us here, and our cheers and our loyalty to Alma Mater are largely cheers and loyalty to what you have done and are doing. With loving appreciation of your kindness, farewell.

MR. PRESIDENT.— You have taught us the lessons of a life devoted to a noble purpose, and allowing nothing to prevent its fulfillment. Perhaps the most helpful study for man is the study of individual lives, both in their failures and successes. It is there that we find the great lessons of inspiration and of warning. And in

these years in which we have looked upon the actual process of building a strong and useful life you have been helping to kindle aspirations which may move the world forward farther than you had ever dreamed. We appreciate your kindly interest in our welfare, and leave you with sincere regret. Farewell.

GENTLEMEN OF THE FACULTY.—Professors at whose feet we have so often sat, whose patience we have so often tried, whose best-laid plans we have often foiled by our heedlessness, yet whose labors have been impressing powerful influences on our lives—how can we voice our farewell to you? There has been the silent good-bye for many of you as we were together for the last time in your class-room. And in those last hours the little commonplaces of question and answer, the quaint situations, the familiar twinkle of the eye, the handling of the name slips, the endearing peculiarity of accent—all had a strange fascination for us. We dwelt on them as on the little trinkets of a departed friend. And as we turned away never more to be called up, never more to listen, to laugh, to think with you and the boys, the good-bye which we voice to you now went then from heart to heart. We thank you for the sacrifices

you have made for us ; for the life-labor that you have embodied in your teaching. We cannot repay you, and promises are empty forms. But we trust, we know, that our lives, that every one of our lives will be centers of greater influences for good for having sat at your feet. Good-bye.

FELLOWS OF THE UNDERGRADUATE CLASSES.

— To-day we leave you, and we leave the old college in your care. You are to walk these halls and paths when we have wandered away. You will still make these groves and buildings ring with the cheers in which our voices have so often joined. You are to have the many little incidents, the quaint experiences in class-room and campus such as we have had. And these things make us the more interested in you. We don't expect to be long remembered by each of you. Our places will be taken. But we are glad that we leave here strong-hearted, manly boys who love their college and will stand up stoutly for her when we have gone — glad that we leave men who will still appreciate the work of these, our much-loved professors. And in the next two or three years, as one and another of us may straggle back to this old home, it will be cheering to find some of these familiar faces amusing the boys.

We would hide some of your sorrow in these thoughts. But we shall be lonely many times when we think of the brotherly companionship which we had here with you. And for most of you, for most of us, this is our farewell forever. Good-bye.

CLASSMATES.—We stand together for the last time. Our farewell must be spoken. We knew this must come, but we tried to place it so far ahead. It would be next year, next term, two weeks away. It couldn't be so soon. We weren't ready to part with the boys. Oh, we are not ready yet, and good-bye seems such a strange word. We have been trying to say it during these last days. To accustom ourselves to the thoughts of parting that this last hour might not be so sad. And we had thought we had done it partly. But the end has come and the good-bye has *not* been said. We are nearer together than ever before. Somehow everything in college life tends to make classmates love each other. We haven't been such perfect fellows. There have been things in our natures that might have kept us apart out in the world. But together here day by day, as the weeks and months and years went by, as the conventionalities of living were thrown

aside and we came in touch with the different sides of each fellow's nature, we found manliness and earnestness and reality, when the world with its colder gaze would see nothing but sham. Even our little disagreements have brought out the generous and frank side of natures, and we have been drawn together until we seem parts of each other's lives. Our little band has strolled along a pleasant way together. We have been learning as we strolled. But we have had time to listen to the singing of the birds, to pluck a flower here and there, to loiter a little with jest and banter and sing— Oh! yes, there were sorrows sometimes, but there were cheering words to make us forget them. And we have been wandering along in this careless, happy way so many years that we had almost forgotten the forking of the road. That it did not run clear through. To-day we have reached a dell where the road stops. The scenery appears strange, and there is no way to go on but by little narrow foot-paths that wind over the hills and up the valleys, some bright, some dark, but all lonely so far as we can see. And each must take his path alone and push on his own journey till death sooner or later overtakes each traveler.

Some of the paths lead at once into the thick forest, some familiar faces will be seen no more. Some of our paths may be near together for awhile, and we can call to each other and renew old memories. But the voices will grow fainter and become silent one by one.

White-haired college boys sit about us here. We wonder "Did they stand as we and bid farewell to young classmates?" Will *we* stand as they so near the end of the journey, and think back over the years to this summer day when we said farewell and left each other? Oh, fellows, our lives must be cheery, happy lives. We want to carry sunshine out into the big world. And even at this time we don't want to darken life by sad thoughts. And we know the memories of these old college days will brighten all the way. But it is well that we have this meeting, the last look into each other's faces before we go. We can keep the picture as a final memory of the old boys together.

Boys, we can't stay longer. The moment of parting has come. Good-bye, and from heart to heart, as we wait this moment, let there be breathed a silent, a last good-bye. Good-bye.

For a School.

FELLOW SCHOLARS.—Another year of our school life is finished, and many of us have come to-day for the last time. But whether we go or stay we shall all find abundant cause to remember our school with gratitude. Day after day we have assembled here, and the associations which cluster round this place—more vivid in our minds to-day than ever before—can never be forgotten. They will go with us through life, and form an important part in the individual experience of each one of us.

The events of this day and of the past school days are to be remembered and recalled with pleasure, perhaps with pride, when we have passed far down into the vale of years. As we hear the aged of to-day rehearse the scenes of their youth, so shall we revive the memories of our school when the battle of life has been fought, and we sit down to repose after the burden and heat of the day are passed. Then little incidents, which seem now hardly worth the telling, will possess a deeper interest, and will linger longer and fondly in the imagination. To-day with its trials and its triumphs will be regarded as an epoch in the career of

some of us ; as a day worth remembering by all of us.

We cannot take leave of these familiar walls, and sunder the pleasant associations which have bound us together here, without acknowledging the debt of gratitude we owe to our school and to our teachers for their fostering care. We have too little experience of the duties and responsibilities of active life fully to understand and appreciate the value of the intellectual and moral training we have received in this place ; but we know that we are the wiser and the better now for it. We know that without it we could achieve neither a moral nor a business success.

To many of us the education we have obtained here will be our only capital in beginning life ; and, whatever of wealth and honor we may hereafter win in the world, we shall be largely indebted to our school for the means of success.

Let us, then, ever remember our school with affection and gratitude. We shall ever feel a noble pride in those who have so wisely and so generously placed the means of education within the reach of all. To the school officers of the present year, and to our teachers, we

return our sincere thanks for their hearty and continued interest in our welfare.

And now, fellow-scholars, the class of this year will soon separate, never again to be united in the school-room. May prosperity and happiness attend both teachers and scholars in their future career!

For a College Commencement.

To you, sir, the President of this College, our first words of parting are due. Our association with you, as instructor and students, has been confined to this year, but, short as it has been, it has been long enough to teach us to regard you with respect as a scholar, and with affection as a Christian gentleman.

We thank you for the benefits derived from your teaching, for your uniform gentlemanly courtesy, for your interest in us and for your kind wishes for our future welfare, expressing the hope that you may long be spared in full strength to direct the affairs of our Alma Mater. In the name of the class of '92, I bid you farewell.

Gentlemen of the Faculty: The time has come for us to take leave of you. And as we

address you this morning, we cannot refrain from expressing the deep sense of obligation which rests upon us. We have spent four important years of our lives under your care and have received the training, which forms a large part of the equipment for life, under your direction, and we appreciate, in some measure, how much the value of that which we have received has depended upon your care and faithfulness. This is no time for personal tribute ; but we may assure you that we have passed through this course with a growing respect for your scholarship, and with a deepening conviction that each department is presided over by one worthy to represent its higher life and culture. Let me assure you, also, that we leave you with a deep love for our Alma Mater, with a profound respect for her history and tradition, and with the firm purpose to live so as to add new honor to her name.

And now, in the name of my class, whose representative I am proud to be, I bid you farewell, with the hope that your memory of us may be as pleasant as ours shall always be of you.

To you, my classmates, the final words of farewell must be addressed. Our minds to-day

are under the spell of two great forces: memory and hope. Of memory, as we look back over the years now ended, which have given us a portion in that student's life, which is like no other, and have furnished experiences from the power of which this life is too brief to free us. Of hope, as each one stands questioning his own future like that of the others in nothing save its unanswering inscrutability. With what words may I best gather up the whole meaning of this moment?

Many have objected to our English phrase, "good-bye," on the ground that it is too hopeless; that it contains no attempt to disguise or to remove the feeling which a writer has expressed, "in every parting there is an image of death." But, after all, it is the most appropriate word, for in a deep sense our parting is real and final. We met yesterday for the last time as undergraduates, to-day we meet for the last time as college students. From this day on, we occupy a different position and live a different life. Difference of thought and opinion, which now lie on the outer edges of our lives, and separate us but slightly, will divide us more and more deeply, and, as time passes, the years of separation will flow be-

tween us as an ever-widening flood, spanned only by a common memory and a mutual regard.

But whether or not we are saying good-bye to each other, we are saying good-bye to the old college days. They, at least, will never come back. We have promised ourselves a re-union and look forward to it with hope of renewing the college memories and awakening the old college spirit; but we know well that they will not be the same, for memory, when she comes, comes "sad-eyed with folded annals of our youth." Such attempts remind us of Scott's minstrel, who endeavored, in the presence of his chieftain's daughter, to wake his harp to the old notes of triumph and defiance, but mingled with them waisted a lament for an age whose glory had departed. So I prefer the unadorned English phrase, which makes no delusive promises, but contains pleasant memories of a past spent together and kind wishes for a future to be spent apart.

And now, with what wish may we express the highest evidence of the friendship and interest we feel for each other. Shall we desire unbroken success and immunity from sorrow? We might; but it would be a vain and foolish

wish. We are to live in the world and among men, and we may be sure that somewhere across our path lies the inevitable shadow. But what does it matter? This does not make life ignoble. The responsibilities and opportunities of these four years have passed by forever; but the issue of the future, for honor or for shame, rests in no accidents of position or circumstances, but in our own hands.

The man with high aim and firm purpose, with unselfish ambition, and longing for the ideal, knows no failure or defeat. For him and for him alone, all the experiences of life combine to pave the way to further achievement.

I can wish nothing higher or happier for us than that through our lives, in joy and sorrow, in brightest sunshine and deepest shadow, there may remain with us the consciousness of duty well performed, of suffering nobly endured, all of life faithfully lived. In the hope of such a future, with many pleasant memories of our fellowship and with the assurance of an unfailing affectionate remembrance, I bid you all good-bye.

Good Day.

To the friends gathered here, to the professors who have been our guides, and to our fellow-students and classmates it is my privilege to give a last greeting. The occasion is both sad and glad. It were easy to fall into the melancholy manner of Ophelia "loaded with sweet flowers," and to murmur, "Here's rosemary, that's for remembrance; and there's pansies, that's for thoughts"; "Here's a daisy, the class to follow; I would give you some violets, but they withered all when Ninety-seven passed from her college life."

But I would not in these few words bring "the eternal note of sadness" in. Rather I would talk of the better part, the better, brighter part which is not slight but vital and strong and blithe.

We cannot but see as we leave these halls how we go to a fuller life. It is, moreover, the active life to which we must make and betake ourselves. Above all, it is the real life for which this was but the preparation. In these four years of work and play we have been free from that which gives.

“To all the thousand nothings of the hour
Their stupefying power.”

We have been as he of whom Matthew Arnold said :

“In the day’s life whose iron round
Hems us all in, he is not bound.”

Sheltered as in “Magic Casements” we have had a chance to learn “the best that has been thought and known in the world.”

For what have we wrestled with science if not to learn the wonders of the earth, on which we live, and must prove while here we have our being? It is no small thing to find there is no thing small; that even the scum of the gutter is a teeming world in itself. As we study how the polliwog grows to be a frog by gradually absorbing its finny conceits, we may learn at need that even those wiggling tadpoles, as Ruskin called them, may yet grow to be men.

Again, it is not useless to clutch the law of adaptation to environment as a condition of growth, but few will apply it to the much-talked-of question :

“Will the college girl fit into her home when she returns to it?”

To start the broader life, then,—

“As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh
More now than flesh helps soul.”

For what have our studies in ethical and mental laws tended, if not to show how inextricably matter and soul are woven. We shall not easily forget the glimpses we have all but snatched of the reality that underlies all seeming, the hints of the wondrous rhythm that throbs throughout the universe.

We have found that there is in each of us the something beyond knowing, which, using the materials brought it, molds them according to its willing, neither free will nor determinism, but “the law of its own being,” and makes us what we are. How suggestive the simple words, “We are.” What a vista they open to possibilities of heights and depths as yet unknown.

And so in giving you Godspeed, it is possible to subdue all notes except of gladness to a feeling best expressed by Robert Louis Stevenson:

“This world is full of interesting things,
We all ought to be as happy as kings.”

Let us rejoice in this kingship of ours, to make of the future days what each most wishes. With no evil meaning, let us say the good-day may be "All things to all men." For some will call it good-day when its pleasure begins at midnight, while for others this would be a "quick step to destruction." Some as lecturers will look forward to scores of auditors, others to the attention of one rapt listener. Some will put into practice our Ward McAllister's precepts, and pour on the troubled waters of society the "oil of tact." They may even use the "dark sayings of the wise" as court-plasters for sensitive feelings. They will not be confused by its apparent inconsistencies; nay, in the Dean's manner of treating vexed problems, they may even come to look on these inconsistencies as only different aspects of the self-same thing.

With the wish, then, that the goodly days be brim-full of what each nature craves and the trust that each one of you

"Be to the last the lord
Of all that man can call his own,"

I bid not merely good-day, but good-morrow.

Liberalism.

As we feel upon our brows the fresh breath of a new life and the widening future, we turn to you, the Trustees of this Institution, with the full confidence that the thoughts that are pressing themselves upon us are your thoughts also. We sincerely thank you that the college has been kept faithful to its historic antecedents and to the historic dead. And in the same breath with which we speak our parting words we express our gratitude to you for the choice of the President under whom you have enabled us, his first-born, to go out to-day.

The farewell word we would speak to you, the President, is full of deeper meaning than we can now express. It bears the fragrant memories of deep obligations to you, for instruction that was catholic but uncompromising, generous but unflinching, liberal but decided, and this we believe all those who come after us will receive. May we ask that they shall be led also, as we have been led, personally to love you, individually to be influenced by you, to learn from you the true attitude of an educated man toward accepted things and

toward false liberalism. May we who go out this day never to return again in like manner as we go, conceive that we now clasp hands with you and with the dead, and pledge ourselves to be true to the faiths we have received of the fathers, to believe what we believe with all the earnestness of a developed life, to cherish with a conviction unalterable save by the new conviction that what we believed is not true, and then we pledge ourselves to hate the false with the same spirit with which we loved it when we believed it to be true. In this spirit which you have so largely given to us, we go out to-day, and as we go we say farewell to you with feelings which shall often lead us in the days to come, in the midst of the struggle, to lift our eyes to you for inspiration, for confidence and for hope.

That you, as the Faculty, have done for us the holiest service possible in this world, we have never so appreciated as at this hour. A new spirit of mind, a new mode of thought, a new standard of life, a new vision of light, these you have given us, and we propose to be worthy of them. We have only to beg of you now that as the college grows, and its field of influence widens, the professionalism of teaching may not

divorce the instruction of the class-room from the instruction of daily life. But may the years as they come make the new university life, whose precursors we already see, a center at once of intelligence, of illumination and of faith, potent throughout the land.

We must take our last formal leave of you also who have been fellow-students with us here. The duties which were once ours have largely become yours. The machinery of college life of which we were once masters is your servant now. May you take it as a solemn trust! May you remember that the college is in a true sense a moral personality depending for its health and soundness on every member of it. May you make it what it may be made—a power for good among the colleges of the country, lifting every branch of inter-collegiate intercourse with the high-minded and generous purpose of mutual helpfulness. And as you do the work that we have failed to do, may it help you to know that you have with you in it the heartiest sympathy of those who to-day bid you farewell.

Classmates! This hallowed place holds us as its own for the last time to-day. Never again will it see us met as we are met now. Un-

speakable memories fill our hearts. The sweet scenes which are fast fading behind us pause to hold our view once more. The message which they send us falls richly upon each heart. If it be true that every one, "who has made the acquisition of a judicious and sympathizing friend, has doubled his mental resources," we are henceforth an invincible company. We have long been fellow-students together. Let us not cease to be fellow-students together as we go out to our work. If we be true men we shall together study the problems which confront us; and shoulder to shoulder, nay, heart to heart, we will work them out unto perfection. The tendency of our times in every department of life is a liberalism as rash as it is unprecedented. The emotional element of belief has been driven out by the incessant changes in intellectual assent so that conviction has become rare and enthusiasm reprobate. And this gospel of liberalism is offered us as the proper faith for an educated man—a faith here! say rather a torch flashing over the gulf of despair. The clear duty of the educated man and of every man is to form intelligible judgments, so far as possible, from independent thought, elsewhere, on the best

authority, and to adhere to them with an emotion born of conviction and proportioned to the intellectual evidence on which they rest. And as long as that basis stands secure, so long will the cries of a false liberalism sound for us in vain. We go, therefore, into a field white to the harvest. We are to go with earnest feeling. Let us not part with any false sentiment. But neither let us underestimate the sacredness of the hour. Ties beyond all measure of value are being severed forever. They may not concern others. But they are ours. Each life of us bears the impress of every other life, and the union of such influences is indissoluble forever. The day when these ties were formed has drawn on to evening. The twilight deepens into shadows. Every thought and impulse is a memory and an anticipation. I think I catch now a glimpse of the long streamers which mark the dawn of the new day. I catch the voices of a louder turmoil. Farewell! And as the word of severance parts us, let us go out to our labor resolved each one to play the part of the scholar and the man.

MIXED VALEDICTORY AND ORATION.

Catholicity.

“For a’ that,” sang Burns, “a man’s a man.” Yes, and always has been ; but how modern his recognition. The boundaries of race and class, and even of belief, have too often the limits of respect for person or opinion, and the accident of power has proved superior to liberty.

The ancient world knew nothing universal. China’s non-intercourse, of which her Great Wall is but a feeble symbol ; Brahmin castes in India ; the impassable barrier of Jew and Gentile ; Rome, to whom “stranger” and “enemy” were one word ; Mohamedanism, universal only as universal intolerance — these have no hint of the brotherhood of man.

It was Christ who laid the first foundations of catholicity, and the religion of love is the only universal religion. Yet, how slowly the principle has taken root in men’s hearts. Let the Inquisition, let Louis XIV., let Salem, nay, even within the memory of a generation, let American slavery bear witness.

Little by little society has unfettered us, and

yet our opinions have but begun to be free. Men are not always fair even now to those with whom they disagree, abuse and scorn are not altogether silenced, there is still the tyranny of custom.

Not only is such intolerance at variance with every principle of liberty and every teaching of the gospel of love; it is open, as Mill has shown, to pertinent objections from a purely utilitarian standpoint. There is too great a risk of rooting up the wheat of truth with the tares of error. Progress, too, is born of struggle, the conflict of all views develops the right, and it is the love issue which affects character and conduct. Finally, the perfection of individuality is the well-being of society, and individuality depends on freedom. Theory and practice agree. It is not only right, but it pays to have a broad mind and a liberal heart.

There is a breadth, to be sure, which is shallowness, and one may conceive himself catholic, because, having no foundation for belief and no concern what he believes, he is “carried about by every wind of doctrine.” But the true catholic recognition of others’ opinions does not mean that we have none of our own.

Tolerance, again, is not indifference. We

must care whether right or wrong prevails. Catholicity is not stifling conviction for fear of offense, nor is it subservience to the will and thought of those who happen to possess the greater power. Those who in deference to others' opinions deceive themselves as to their own, simulate in public what they do not believe in private, and take no step towards the realization of what they are convinced is truth, are cowardly, not catholic. Many delude themselves with such compromises, but catholicity is none of these. There is a sacred obligation to think independently, to think deep and clear, and to stand firmly by the outcome of one's thinking. Honest conviction and fearless speech and action when need is, will still bear preaching.

But on the other hand, and perfectly consistent with this clear-sighted earnestness, is the broader universal sympathy, the true tolerance, that springs from the realization at once of all men's worth and our own fallibility. Nay, rather, belief is the very foundation. He who has not thought deeply and thoroughly, and reached a conclusion, is in no position to be catholic, however wide his interests.

But to have convictions is not necessarily to

suppose that we have the monopoly of truth or to conceive ourselves incapable of error. The first element of catholicity is the honest recognition of the fact that truth and error are so distributed that every man has his share of both. When one has modestly realized without pique or passion that he may be wrong and others at least partly right, he has taken a long step forward.

Akin to this is the receptive spirit. It is hard to be corrected by the enemy or those we deemed unworthy our contending. But truth is the object of our search wherever found, the priceless stone whatever the setting. To that mind which is most ready to receive shall most be given. The catholic spirit is one of generous sympathy. It is human, and "counts no human interest foreign." With justice, it accords to each his due, but it does more. It concerns itself with his thoughts, it tries to see from his standpoint, it recognizes brotherhood. This is the leaven which is transforming and yet to transform, this is the goal of philosophers and the dream of poets, for it is the very essence of that great commandment, "that ye love one another."

Catholicity is tolerant; not for the sake of

ease, or because error is ever useful, but the more surely to reclaim the wanderer. Paul was "all things to all men"—why? That he "might save some."

Catholicity is democratic. With it is liberty, for it denies the right of any to impose his beliefs on any other. With it is equality. The pomp of power does not distort its vision; position and worldly circumstance do not disturb the balance of its scales. Class and rank, race and nation, give way to the one supreme fact of manhood, for catholicity is all-inclusive. It asserts at once the dignity of every individual and the unity of mankind. In the face of pride and prejudice, narrow thought and selfish action, it cries, "A man 's a man." Justice and sympathy, breadth and depth, the recognition of individuality and the love of truth—this is catholicity.

It is this which should be one of the first characteristics of the college man. He is not generally accused of lack of opinions, and if he has not taken the next step and realized the host of other opinions in the world, he has made poor use of what we rightly call a liberal education. What in the same space of time can give a wider outlook than a college train-

ing? We have studied history to learn what other men have done, literature for what other men have said, philosophy for what other men have thought. Our faces have been turned to other races, other times, other callings than our own. We have had contact with a wide circle of teachers and learners, with all their diversity of interests. We have breathed something of the atmosphere of democracy, in which opinions stand or fall according to their worth.

Yet with all this, college life has also its narrowing influence. Living in an ideal world of our own, the actual, present world outside we lose sight of. The man of culture when he comes once more in contact with those who have none is so prone to surround himself and look down. His very breadth is narrowness because he finds so few on the same plane.

But in these days when the whole world is coming nearer together, these days of cosmopolitan cities and world-markets, these days when democracy is in the ascendant and barrier after barrier which has kept men separate crumbles away, there is a special need of men who will not hold themselves aloof, men at once earnest and catholic. To what end have we been here? Have we learned of books and of

each other in vain? Is it for naught that they of old time and they of now have united to show us truth and stir our zeal? Nay, let us read the lesson aright:— Go deeper; go wider. Make the most of yourself but not for yourself. “Freely ye have received; freely give.”

(*To the President.*)

To you, sir, on behalf of the graduating class, let me offer our congratulations on the growth and increasing influence of the college to whose prosperity you have so zealously devoted your energies. And not for her sake only, but for our own as individuals, shall we remember you with honor and regard, for we have felt the impulse of the keen insight and the fine candor in which we have delighted, and know that you send us away with both clearer understanding and higher ideals.

(*To the Trustees.*)

Gentlemen of the Board of Trustees— we know that you have been back of this college, faithfully guarding her material interests and guiding her with undiminished prosperity through these trying seasons, and that in the same liberal spirit which has so transformed

her in the last twenty-five you now enter upon a richer trust and multiplied opportunities. We, your debtors, invoke the same success for your administration.

(To the Faculty.)

Gentlemen of the Faculty and beloved Dean — now that we realize that we are to sit as learners at your feet no longer we begin more justly to appreciate the worth of that daily intercourse. We have learned to honor you, not vaguely, because of your authority, but heartily, because, having met you face to face, we have seen your learning and ability, have found insight and uplift, and have known you to be sterling men. We have felt, too, your genuine sympathy with all our student interests, and the wisdom and consideration with which you have met a class of men so hard to please is witnessed by the rare degree of harmony which prevails between the faculty and student body of our Alma Mater.

(To the Undergraduates.)

Members of the Undergraduate Body — to you we commend the interests we have hitherto cherished together, knowing that your enthu-

siastic loyalty is no less than ours. But let us remind you that democracy is no less an element of our success, and our democracy, if anything, is in danger.

To us, the last class to graduate from the College of New Jersey, henceforth to bear a prouder title and exert a wider influence, may be permitted the parting hope that the spirit of the Princeton we have known may be the spirit of the Princeton that is to be. An enthusiasm that never can be silenced, a loyalty unchanged in victory or defeat, and a democracy truly catholic, which leaves each to stand on his own merits, and makes all one—that is the making of men. Whatever change there is in form and whatever expansion in equipment, we cannot insist too strongly that it is the same Princeton. This is no time for division or relaxed effort. In every great department of our college interest, our Halls, our sports, our daily work, and our religion, let the enthusiasm extend to every part. If any of these activities seem to be flagging, be assured that their vitality is undiminished ; it waits only for the renewal of that undivided interest which has always characterized our best endeavors.

(To the Class.)

Fellow-members of the Graduating Class — How large these four years of privilege seem as we look back upon them ! Much we have lost, which it is now vain to regret. Much we have won, and henceforth we must render account of our stewardship. Do we realize that the measure of privilege is the measure of responsibility ?

What that privilege has been comes to us with amazing force in these last moments, and yet one word of warning. It is just possible that the two best influences of college life should be each other's undoing. The very multiplicity of influences which broadens us makes it impossible to do justice to them all, class work sometimes becomes veneer, and we are satisfied with less than we are worth. On the other hand, the earnestness of thought, whose contact makes for depth may also narrow us. The college student is proverbially the harshest of critics ; he is so used to the best that he has little patience with more ordinary thinkers. Shall this be ? Is that which should make us catholic only to make us superficial, while that which should make us thorough and in earnest makes us only narrow and intolerant ? Surely our response shall be to the best in our envi-

ronment, the hundred things noble, not the one thing low.

In these four years we have learned to know and value one another, we have formed the unrivaled friendships of college life, we have shared our pleasures beneath these elms, and together we have read to the end of the long chapter of opportunities. And now there remain but the last brief words of farewell, the words we may have heard so often here, the words we have seen spoken through tears over yonder. Commonplace? Yes; but always with a new sadness. No amount of experience can make parting painless, nor yet give us words for what we feel. How much of memory and how much of hope is bound up in those two syllables "fare-well"! How faithfully shall we cherish the remembrance of our college and our class; and what is there of good that we do not heartily invoke for them both? We are drawn together now as we have never been before, and the last hand-shake has a new thrill in it. But the last hour has struck. With changeless love for our Alma Mater, with steadfast loyalty to one another, with a heart bent on high things and broad enough for all — so go we forth, and Godspeed!

CLASS DAY EXERCISES.

INTRODUCTION.

As early as possible in the graduating year at school and college a meeting of the class is held, at which officers are selected to serve on Class Day. This is one of the most delightful days of all the college life. There is less of restraint than on Commencement Day, and there is an element of good-natured fun and raillery of special interest to all class members and enjoyed by the large audiences which gather on Class Day.

The exercises are usually held in the open air, on some spot hallowed by college tradition, and in most institutions consist of a varied programme of addresses and poems. The Master of Ceremonies, sometimes called The Dux, will introduce in turn the Salutatorian, Historian, Prophet, Poet, Orator, Censor, Presentation Orator, Mantle Orator, and Valedictorian. If

the class plants a sprig of ivy there will be given an ivy oration, poem and song.

It is the duty of the Salutatorian in a few well-chosen and graceful words to welcome all to the exercises of the day. The Historian will recall the amusing memories of the past and paint in glowing colors the career of the class as a whole on the athletic field and in college halls; perhaps call to mind victories in intercollegiate contests in debate, oratory, or in athletics. He will also, if time allow, give a short sketch, fanciful and humorous, of the individuals of his class. It is the office of the Poet to give in tuneful line a picture of the scenes of college life with much local coloring and to describe with lively fancy the aims of scholastic training as they bear upon the future. The Prophet, wittily prognosticating the future, will find a bow of promise more or less complete in the career of his classmates. To the Presentation Orator is given the task of finding some suitable object which upon being duly presented to the different members of the class will be generally thought appropriate to their various peculiarities of manner and taste. The Mantle Orator will take occasion as he hands down to a representative of the next graduat-

ing class the robe of extended wisdom and experience, to say a few words of unasked-for advice to them as well as more extended remarks in laudation of his own class.

The exercises will be brought to a close by the Valedictorian whose cheery little speech, full of bright thought and sentiment, will form a pleasing climax to the proceedings of the day.

An attractive novelty may be introduced by the reading of a Class Will. It is believed that the Class Day Parts that follow will render extended comment unnecessary. It might well be added, however, that the composition of all Class Day work should be in lighter vein than that of Commencement, but not the less well-written in any particular. "The better the day the better the deed"; hence the need of well-executed papers for whetting the appetite for the more solid repast of Commencement Day.

In some illustrations given, those references which could be only of purely local interest and significance, have been omitted, but enough will be found of general interest to illustrate the Part.

CLASS POEMS.

(*Class '91, Yale University.*)

"O Years, you have Vanished."

O years, you have vanished like shadows,
Like ghosts you have glided away,
And the light that was yours has faded
And darkened before the day.

You have faded and fled and left us,
And only now and then
In the weird wild night of memory
Your faces glimmer again.

We follow you will-o'-the-wisp like
Across the meadow of time ;
But your homes are hid from the eye of heaven,
And you're gone e'er the sun 'gins climb.

Oh, tell us, where is your dwelling
And safe abiding-place,
When your life in the world is over,
And run is your mortal race ?

Are you buried in shadowy caverns
Where the thought of struggle and pain
Comes only in far-spent thunder
Like the ripple of pattering rain,

Or the roar of a river in flood-time
To a villager far away,
Who remembers the dire destruction
And his dread on a former day.

And thanks God for the lives of his loved ones
And his safe unravaged home.—
O years, in your hearts is a bliss like this
At the woes that to mortals come ?

Oh, carry us into your dreamland,
Oh, soothe us to such a sleep, •
And the wrangling sounds and the rankling wounds
Of the world in your silence steep !

* * * * *

Such words, united to melodious sound,
Rang through this hall of high emblazonries
And, floating upward, wrapped the windows round
And kissed the broad blue ceiling, and calm seas
Of soft June air made vibrate, bringing ease
To sadness by the gentle ministry
Of ever-gladdening heavenly harmony.

As in a dream I heard the music swell,
As in a dream I heard it die away ;
And all the hall was vacant, and the bell
Above tolled out the parting day.
Then I arose alone, and wound my way
Among the buildings known for four long years,
And loved and left at last with lingering tears.

And passing these, then out into the town
Beneath the over-arching elms I went,
Full little looking either up or down,
With straggling step and pondering head low-bent,
Considering the varied seasons spent,
And all held treasured in them, and how fast
The gay-decked future fadeth into the past;

When suddenly there rose, before my sight
That rugged storm-seamed Rock whereon doth stand
The bronze-crowned monument of granite white,
Memorial of service done this Land
By patriot blood; the Rock towered up, a grand
Gray ragged wall, but colder for the green
That wove o'er top and edge its dainty sheen.

Then up I climbed the slowly winding road,
And on each side were trees of many kinds,
Light maples, long-leaved chestnuts with a load
Of baby-buds just peeping, oaks whose rinds
Were toughened by innumerable winds,
And flowering dog-wood white, and hemlock groves
Where all day long Night moans her lonely loves.

And when I reached the summit, whence a view
Of broad extent is opened, it so chanced
That on a jutting cliff were seated two
Old men in conversation so entranced,
That neither at my coming once up-glanced;
And thus I rested near them and thus heard
While still I watched the landscape, each wise word.

The one who spake as first I lingered there
Had borne hard buffets at the hand of time,
And much was bent and wrinkled, and his hair
In sparse locks floated, hoary as the rime
That gathers on the grass when Dawn 'gins climb
The autumn arch to drive away dull Night ;
And thus in slow sad words he mourned his plight.

“Ah, wretched is our lot now life is past !”
Said he, “Oh, hard to bear, the old man's fate !
Our joys are ended, all our strength is waste,
Alone and feeble, we live on too late,
To all a burden, aye, the earth lays wait,
The earth that nursed us, like a beast of prey
Grows hungry for our bodies day by day.

“And what avail the joys that have been ours ?
Has not the very crown of life its pain,
Exceeding pleasure ? for we win the towers
Of mighty place with many a crimson stain,
Our blood or others', and mount upon the slain —
The dead, the weak, the wounded, form the stairs
Whereby we rise above the crowd's low cares.

“But howsoever hard the lot of age,
And dreary as I know this life to be,
'Tis sweet, when once we look upon the stage
To follow, oh, 'tis hardest thus to see
Ourselves so near to black eternity ;
For life though grimy, broken, bruised and torn,
Is bright before that blackness all forlorn.

“Ay, light itself is joyous, life is sweet—
 ‘Tis sweet to hear the leaves sigh overhead,
To watch the shining silver cloud-craft fleet
 O’er the blue sky, to see around outspread
 The elm-roofed City, framed by that bright thread
That winds ‘tween lake and harbor, and the high
Far purple hills that melt into the sky.

“Yes, sweet are e’en the tumult and the toil,
 The wounds, the cruelty, the wickedness,
To that cold grave in the damp wormy soil !
 There, brother, is our mournfulest distress ;
 For who would not let every ill oppress
His soul right gladly, hoping still relief ?
Our hope is death ; what have we left but grief.”

He ceased, and still more wrinkled seemed his face,
 And still more bent his form ; the other turned ;
He too was old, and yet a kindly grace
 Shone round his brow as though an altar burned
 Within his heart, and his high spirit yearned
To scatter gentleness among mankind ;
And smiling, patriarch-like, he spake his mind :

“O brother, well thou sayest, Life is sweet,
 And well thou say’st, It swiftly glideth by ;
The years seem moments, so their silent feet
 Have passed and left us higher and more dry
 On the bare beach of age ; and yet to die,
Is that so dreadful ? Since ‘tis sweet to live,
Art sure the future may not like sweets give ?

“For are we not like children in the dark,
Who, seeing nothing, picture terrors strange,
Dim, awful forms some in wild dance, some stark,
In stony horror staring ? We exchange
The present for a world beyond the range
Of all but fancy, and are sadly wrought
By things that have no being, save in thought.

“And if thou grieveſt that the end is near,
All things have end ; the old gives place to new ;
Fresh buds are born from flowers of yester year,
And young trees grow where fell the old ; would hue
Of spring be half so lovely if we knew
No drear gray winter ? Where were our great joy
In pleasure, if we ne'er felt pain's annoy ?

“And if it profit little, what may come
When we are gone or good or bad, to know —
Our journey hence may be a journey home,
For God's sweet grace has given us here below
In each state happiness, and why not so
Hereafter ? Ay, who knows, the dark drawn veil
May hide a light at which our sun will pale.

“But whether sad or glad may be our lot,
Our lot it is, and neither with despair
Let us confront it, nor yet mindful not,
That only what we are we will be there,
And have in Heaven's happiness a share
As we were happy in our present state,
Take heart ; go forth ; obedience conquers fate !”

E'en as he paused, the round red sun went down
 Behind the purple hills, and all the sky
Was clothed in crimson splendor, and the town
 Slept in still twilight stillness; from so high
 The world looked strange and little; much more nigh
Those bright cherubic clouds that softly flew,
Like angels, to a far sweet home they knew.

And I arose and wound my homeward way
 Again among the buildings known so well,
And each dear spot had some still words to say
 That told a tale as spoken words can tell.
 And many memories wakened — as a bell
Oft brings to mind some distant country place,
Long left and long forgotten, every trace;

But at the bell-note, we behold again
 The shingled church with simple cots around,
And from each gate are issuing sober men
 In well-worn black, and plain neat women, wound
 In fleckless shawls, and every sight and sound
Comes back, by memory made more sad and dear;
So to my mind thronged each now-buried year.

And sorrow o'er my heart won mastery,
 That I should see no more as then I saw
The campus full of faces dear to me,
 And so familiar, and a kind of awe
 Possessed me pondering, "If again I draw
Near this loved place, 'twill be a stranger's home,
And I as from a different world will come."

Then suddenly I thought of those old men,
 “ And sure,” said I, “ their lot like ours must be,
Yet sadder, for they come not back again
 But cross the black stream for eternity ;
 And yet they yield not to despondency,
But one says gladly, “ Good is any state ;
Take heart ; go forth ; obedience conquers fate.”

* * * * *

Classmates, to you I need not say farewell ;
We bid farewell to pleasant years now past,
Of light-souled College life we toll the knell,
 But not of friendship ; let us still hold fast
 To Ninety-one, though scattered by time's blast,
In love united — Good is every state ;
Take heart ; go forth ; obedience conquers fate !

The Breath of the Spirit.

PRELUDE.

Call me, if you will, religion,
 Call me life or call me love ;
Name me what to your soul's vision,
 Towers in worth all else above.
For the forms I take are many ;
 Different shapes to each I wear ;
And few men who see me near them
 Know my home is everywhere.

"THE SPIRIT MOVED ON THE FACE OF THE WATERS."

Dead, unconscious of the ages as in blankness they sweep by

Whirls this earth, all bleak and blasted, through a joyless unseen sky.

Fierce the sun, with rays relentless, burning, scorching where they fall,

Strives to rend the dense dank vapors, wrapping earth within their pall.

What can mean this fierce contention? Why prepared this monster ball,

That from out the darkened vastness glides in answer to God's call?

Lo, the breath of life moves o'er it! Forests rise to give it shade.

'Mong the branches sing live creatures, all in rainbow tints arrayed.

Summer now has lost its fierceness, tamed for life to labor long,

While beneath its bright beams dancing earth responds in joyous song.

As of old from lyre music gated Thebes its beauty drew,
So this earth its order, meaning, at the touch of Spirit knew.

"BECAME A QUICKENING SPIRIT."

The savage lived wretched and lonely,
Cruel hatred in his heart,

A prey to all superstitions,
At shadows ready to start.

With the brand of slave upon him,
Loathing himself and his kind;
He had eyes when an appetite clamored,
But to all else was blind.
Even thus through the brutal ages
A beast among beasts was he,
And no vision was caught of the spirit
Which dimly he struggled to be.
But at last in one grand crisis,
Fire and flood and war,
Which stirred him to depths of his being
He had never known before,
Which nerved him to fight like a hero
For wife and home and child,
Then something grand and awful
He found in his bosom wild;
Something that called for worship;
His own and yet divine,
Which revealed by its very presence
Man's brotherhood sublime.
No less a transformation
In his whole world took place:
And the beauty he found about him
Was reflected in his face.
A rapture he felt within him
Of love and peace and might.
In seeing a God, he had grown a man
And found his guiding light.

"WHAT GOD HATH JOINED."

Within a cold and dismal cell
On the side of a mountain wild
The anchorite strove to reverse the fate
That made him nature's child.

His body he starved by slow degrees
Or tortured with scourge and knife,
Thinking by such unholy means
To quell his spirit's strife.

So he waged the war with his body,
Which he swore the devil had made,
Till contact with that which he thought was base
Began his soul to degrade.

And oft in his eye the consuming fire
Would start with a fitful glare
Which threatened with further penance
To give place to the madman's stare.

* * * * *

From the midst of a gorgeous sunrise
There descended an angel of light,
Whose tones of power and pity
Stirred the heart of the anchorite.

"Your house, poor man, through all these years
Against itself dividing,
The little light God gave you
Close under a bushel hiding."

“ You've starved and dwarfed its home of flesh
Till at death your soul is lying:
In the temple so desecrated
The sacred fire is dying.”

“ Arise and leave this gloomy cell;
Begin your life anew,
Thanking the God who lit the fire
For building the temple too.”

“ Think not there are two creators
Of heaven and of earth;
For Earth and Heaven, spirit and flesh
Are twins of one glorious birth.”

“ So let them now in friendship close
And mutual reverence live
In order that God to body and mind
Your manhood back may give.”

Like a breath the angel of light was gone
But a *man* was left in the cell.

“ THE LETTER KILLETH.”

Within a costly church of stone
A withered man was wont to drone
Dry articles of pious lore
Quite dead two centuries before.

His audience, select and small,
Appeared to hear him scarce at all.

The fierce damnation which he preached
Did scarce beyond the pulpit reach.

The god he talked of seemed insane,
The listeners were there to gain
Respectability, at best to buy
Cheap passage to Elisium, should they die.

Dead falsehood in religion's name
Did so this holy place profane,
The people soon had lost all sight
Of the living God of truth and light.

A man of life came there at last
With words not quarried from the past,
With truths so fresh and grand and whole
They might possess a prophet's soul.

He cared not if 'twas old or new
Provided in life he found 'twas true.
For to him religion and life were one
And through more truth must more life come.

A dawn seemed on the church to break
Which called the sleepers to awake
And rise, and live in the earthly Heaven
Which already, to those who ask, is given.

The church arose from the narrow tomb
Where it had slept in coffined gloom ;
As Lazarus from death awoke
When to his soul life's Master spoke.

“THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.”

Why does the rain now fall so kindly
That always used to find me sad ?
Why does the wind among the branches
Rejoice my heart and make it glad ?
All creatures lately smile upon me :
There's not a flower, shrub or tree
That does not dance and nod and beckon
As with some conscious sympathy.

What stirs the morning air so freshly ?
Why should the dew-drops at my feet,
And the rippling brook among the willows
Shine with splendor so complete ?
Friends have not always been so pleasing :
Now, even that little beggar boy
Runs by me with a grace of motion
That strangely fills my heart with joy.

Pray what can be the unseen power
From whence the new-found blessings flow,
That with such eager kindness meet me
To follow me where'er I go ?
The riches of such golden harvests,
Within, around, beneath, above,
Must one then look, 'ere he can see them,
Through the opened eyes, of love ?

"LET HIM FIRST BECOME SERVANT OF ALL."

Here then it ends. What meaning had it all ?
The senseless toil and strife through tedious years
For wealth which, once 'twas had, was scarce possessed.
Success you say ? Ah yes, riches, power,
Even friends, a few, at least they seemed as much :
But, oh the dull monotony, to see
How stale and useless was the paltry stuff,
Yet ever like a dog to slave for more !
Again those factory faces ! Why should they haunt
Me thus ? Did they not make their bargain, worthless
Wretches ; and when did they miss their monthly wage ?
To be sure, they were ignorant, brutal, wretched enough !
But being so by birth, why think of them !
Why let their haggard faces, till now scarce noted,
Come as a nightmare at my dying hour ?
And can I not forget that brainsick fellow
Whose fortunes came so near to equal mine ?
What nonsense he believed ! His business
A "sacred trust"; as if he heard from Heaven
A call to serve society by making shirts ;
Absurd ! For if he made his prices lower,
Did he not ever grow in wealth thereby ?
And what a childish interest he would take
In this dull round, whose objects I so long
Ago had learned were dead as whitened bones.
The man had scarce a baby's intellect !
Yet how much happier he seemed than I !
Did men then really take his pious cant,

Think he was serving them, aiming at other
Than to enlarge his own good bank-account?
What patient gulls his foolish workmen were!
How pleased the stupid fellows looked if he
But spoke to them; and yet his pay, 'tis said,
Was often in bad times less prompt than mine!
Would I have gone through life more happy then,
If my men too had smiled as his were wont?
What thoughts! My mind, I see, is giving away.
Those sentences of his! They sound on my ear
As if I heard in them my epitaph.
"By obedience to Nature," so it ran,
"Has Science done her work. Not otherwise
Than by obedience to man's true nature
Can Industry and Business do theirs."
Again: "Wealth is still a sacred power
Which none but the greatest can ever fully use,
Which in reaching its fullest, highest power,
Becomes co-worker with the church of God
In bringing to Earth's Kingdom higher life."
Must I act out this wretched farce of life?
I will not do't, but rather die intestate!
Without one wish, how can I make a will?
I care not who may get the accursed stuff,
So it be not these whose sudden deep affection
Appeared when the doctor said that all was lost.
Curse them, the hungry vultures! they hover here
In jealousy of every breath I draw; in a ghastly
Alliance with those hideous factory faces!
What hells of torture lurk in their sad eyes!
'Tis going, my breath! The mass of all the factories

Now presses in deadly weight upon my chest !
All creatures dead and living struggle to snuff
My smoldering wick ! What, then ? I've played and lost,
And to forget the game would sleep forever !

POSTLUDE.

The pulse am I, of the throbbing life
That leaps from the heart of the world.
Wherever I go — I banish woe ;
If I breathe on the desert bare
Behold, the roses grow.
At my presence among God's creatures
There's an end of all tumult and strife :
On the wings of the light
I scatter the night,
As I soar, — as I sing
In the sheer delight
Of bearing to man the joy that thrills,
The hope that guides, the love that fills
My being, for I am spirit
And where I come, is life.

Home.

With free and airy grace our youthful days
In wonderment were ever passing by,
Light songs upon their lips, yet sad would gaze
Into the veil of mist that dims the sky
And faintly wakens vain desires to die
Amid the fading purples of the hills.

Though life was fair of face, they oft would sigh
From overflow of joy, that tide-like fills
The veins with pulsing blood, the heart with burning
thrills.

Our days passed by like famous folk-lore kings,
Whom gods have favored well with gifts untold,
And who, as 'neath the weight of fated things
Stood 'neath the weight of massive crowns of gold.
So, we, across the woodland and the wold,
Went stepping slow, head bowed down to the ground,
From overweight of joys too manifold,
Seeking the land where strays no human sound,
Beneath whose lucent sky we stand at last uncrowned.

For all men, over sea or over land,
Have sought in dream or deed the sky Peace,
The phantom-ships from Musing's magic strand,
As did of old the galley-fleets of Greece,
Oft spread full sails to seek the Golden Fleece.
And all men striven, hearts forlorn and sore,
To reach the Home, where toil and turmoil cease,
Where, far away from tumult and from war,
The soul may find a well-won rest forevermore.

The thousand towers of another Troy,
Beyond the splendor of the sunrise flame,
And rise like heralds of the victory's joy
Amid the host of heroes' loud acclaim.
But soon they turn, accursed by thirst of fame,
And, e'er beset by deep Circean wiles,

They rove forlorn through seas without a name,
Where, though they wander many weary miles,
They ne'er shall find the haven of the Fortunate Isles.

While we by the dawning sun of fleeting years,
We dwelt besides the shore of halcyon seas ;
We loved, forgetful of bewildering fears,
To lie in opulent and youthful ease
Like god-like heroes in some Pheidian frieze,
And 'neath the arch of marble porticoes,
Sweet-sounding with the hum of swarming bees,
In dream to listen to the lulling gloze
Far down below of murmurous waves in summer doze.

But not forever could we idly lie
Upon the pleasant shore of Arcady.
The sun shone higher up the fervid sky,
The morn matured to noon, and suddenly
There rose and swept across the grassy lea,
Heavy with waftures from the azure bay,
A wind prophetic of the things to be,
Which swiftly drove our empty dreams away,
And loud proclaimed the coming of a greater day.

But we had all, and yet were we content ?
We were enfolded by a larger light ;
Our days by friendship's fragrant skies were spent,
Yet all but paved the way for manhood might
That would reveal to men by manhood right
The "Dawn-Evangel" deemed by us divine,
The dear Redemption of the world from night,

The soul's uplifting from earth's darksome shrine
To Heavenly Homes that fair with promise far off shine.

And now we turn our faces from the past,
From golden idleness we proudly rise
As though the summons of a bugle-blast,
Awakening startling thrills of strange surmise,
Were blown adown the stillness of the skies.
Standing upon the sunny flowery verge,
Where clamors cease and din of battle dies,
We dimly hear from distant lands emerge
A murmur as of men, a rumor as of surge.

There are unearthly swayings of the soul
That blindly strives against its Destiny,
As, tempest-driven; tidal waters roll
Now hither and now thither, moaningly,
When blows the blast across an open sea,
There are outreachings of beseeching hands,
Vain yearnings, fruitless struggles to be free.
But all is dark, and no man understands
What strange things may befall among the future lands.

For who can read the signs of heaven aright?
Who dare lift up the veil of coming days?
Their faces are as skies bereft of light,
Their forms fantasmal as the sundown haze.
Slowly unravelling the bewildered maze
Of foot-prints stamped by days of long ago,
Lo, through the dark they steal by doubtful ways

And, pilgrim-like, string out with murmur low,
The wondrous rosaries of human weal and woe.

What is the ending no man may divine.
Whither the days are stealing none may tell.
Whether amid the realms of Proserpine,
Treading the fields of golden asphodel
Our souls shall live for aye beneath the spell,
Or whether, weary of the few, faint gleamings,
Weary of wandering through the songless dell,
They shall sink down beside the sobbing streams
And close at last in dreamless death a life of dreams.

But ah ! I dreamt I saw the harvest moon,
And heard again the tread of muffled feet
And murmuring songs of dancers slowly swoon
Away in waves of music madly sweet.
'Mid fields where broods the soul of noonday heat,
The men and maidens pass with dreaming eyes
And thrill with unknown raptures when they meet,
While further off beneath the open skies
The mighty silhouettes of reapers darkly rise.

O drowsy fumes of poppies and field-flowers,
You cast, meseems, a deep Lethean still
And sweet forgetfulness of swift-paced hours
Upon this troop that wends adown the hill
With deepening gaze. But yet sad memories fill
My soul with melodies that weirdly ring
With all the grief of nightingales' rich trill.
"Why reap on earth? Soon must you fall," they sing,
"Before the tireless scythe of Death, the Harvest-King."

But Death is not the Lord of Harvest-Fields,
And not for death are reaped the golden grain,
The maize, the fruit, and all the earth's fair yields,
Rich burdens of the homeward creeping wain,
For them all labor under the sun were vain.
A mightier Lord awaits 'mid hills that gloam,
With hand upraised in benediction, fain
To comfort us while far afield we roam
Singing with failing hearts the Heavenly Harvest-Home.

The full-orbed moon shall sink behind the steep,
The noon of night shall steal on us apace
And there, 'mid nodding poppies, fragrant sleep,
Clasping us closely in a last embrace,
Shall close our weary eyelids for a space.
But soon the stars shall pale, the night take wing
And by the portals of His Dwelling-Place,
Around which all the dawns their glory fling,
Shall stand revealed in light divine the Harvest-King.

A Vision.

When the low breath of the midnight,
Deepens the sleep of the land,
And over mountain and valley
The stars by the breezes are fanned.

And from them the spirit of fragrance,
As if it were sent from God
To lighten earth's cares and sorrows,
Steals softly sandaled abroad.

Going forth you stand in the midnight,
To gather its deep tender glow,
And seek the beauty and myst'ry
Of the night in its muffled flow.

Alas, how faint seems the vision,
Though the stars are shining bright,
And earth is full of a solemn
Beauty — it is night, fair night.

And the darkness tinges your thoughts,
With its own deep hue of sadness ;
'Til you anxiously look and long
For some bright robed angel of gladness.

While standing there you wonder
What needs this world, alas,
That will raise our country higher
And bury the mournful past.

See there flashes her crimson torch,
Aurora the East adorning
With light of day, and gladly now
You cry, a glimpse of the morning.

Only a glimpse, but better far
Than the starlit midnight's way
A pledge of light which shineth more
And more to a perfect day.

Fair as the summer's sunset,
Sweet as the robin's lay,

Dear as their own lives shall seem
The memories of these days.

Their future lives ; no tongue can tell
What thoughts within there be,
Whose listening ears detect the swell
Of the immortal sea.

They part to-day with sails unfurl'd
And start on life's broad stream ;
Whose currents surging round the world
Shall bear them like a dream.

They know they shall have trials
And mountains in their way,
While hard they'll often struggle
Throughout the twilight gray.

But never shall they cease,
Nor shall they e'er be free,
“Till their scars of battle blend
With the stars of victory.”

Alma Mater.

Here summoned by traditions sweet
Once more on village green we meet,
A band of forty, tried and true,
And one asleep beneath the dew.

Beneath the dew, but not forgot,
He slumbers in his lowly bed —
Let every sweet forget-me-not
Bloom o'er the still remembered dead.

Long, long the way our feet have come,
And thorny, too, and rough to some ;
But now the goal salutes the gaze,
The last of many college days.

But ere we leave the grove and hall
And field of sport and ivied wall,
We crave the grace to plant a tree
And sing the psalm of memory.

And as we view the fading past
And dream on days that fled so fast,
Full many a thorn which once was ours
Seems all a-blossom 'now with flowers !

O sweet the days of auld lang syne !
As dear as love, as strong to bind !
Come memory, from thy haunted cave
And make thy loving heart their grave !

A grave which buries naught that's fair,
But only wrong, and grief, and care ;
And hides away from mortal sight
The shadow only, not the light !

But let the strain of music cease
Which pleads of days and hours like these.

Another note peals loud and clear!
Exulting Hope leaps up to hear

The bugle call of life to men,
Who must the battle now begin!
How sternly sweet that lofty song —
Defend the right, redress the wrong!

We come, O duty, forty strong,
Of right the thralls, the foes of wrong!
O Alma Mater! while we bow,
Thy hand of blessing on each brow!

Nay, nay! thy blessing ever rests
On him who doeth God's behests:
Hail and farewell! we go to prove
Ourselves are worthy of the love!

And when in distant years we turn
Our footsteps where thine altars burn,
Still true to honor and to thee
We'll pledge undying fealty!

A louder summons now doth swell,
Hail to thee, mother, and farewell!
Thou pointest proudly to the field —
“Return upon or with thy shield!”

We understand thee and we go
Where the tides of battle flow;
Yet bless us, mother, as we kneel
With consecrated sword and shield.

A PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

*(Delivered at the Commencement of the Woman's College,
Baltimore, June, 1897.)*

Faculty, Students and Friends: I have almost the temerity to say, "Kind Friends," but memory of the crushing fate of an attempted preface of mine last year beginning "Gentle Reader" restrains such amiable intention, and as precedent prescribes "Faculty, Students and Friends": The class of '97 greets you all, and welcomes you this morning to the exercises of its own great day, the fourteenth of June, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-seven.

It is our year, our day. It is the last time we can sit in the sometimes not too popular chapel as undergraduates. To-morrow we go to the alumnae banquet, Bachelors of Art. It is the first time that we can stand here on the platform in our Dean's own place, with the Dean's own prerogative of saying anything that occurs to us, or that has been carefully planned beforehand, with the pleasant consciousness that that same Dean will not arise and reprove this same Senior Class for unbecoming levity

in chapel. It is hard to realize. The historian must go back and the prophet must project herself into the future, but the realization of my time is harder: that this can be to-day, the day for which we have longed and planned, and have dreaded finally — a few of us.

I can almost believe that it is simply one of those illusions with which we have been known to amuse ourselves when we met on the street corner, pretended it was years after college, and, in the style of the elder Booth, were so seized with the truth of our own acting that we wept tears of joy when we knew one another.

You look real enough. You have about the same tolerance that I have pictured in the faces of the audience at this time. But we might be practising for this occasion. We have done it — some of us. There is a bureau in the corner of my room which in no way resembles our professors, and yet which has grown almost sympathetic when I have looked steadfastly at it and said helplessly for the hundredth time, "Faculty"; and in my mind's eye I have gazed earnestly at the "Students and Friends" seated in another corner of the room — the whole body of them — on a single chair,

until I have been oppressed by the crowd and gone out for fresh air.

There have been other classes which have come and gone before our reign, and there will be still others to succeed us; but Ninety-seven is different, "just a little different," as a man said to me not long ago when we were discussing the charms of two sisters. He had been very much in love with one of them, but it was over then, and he was drilling himself in indifferent remarks about her. "Well," he said, "they are both fine girls, but do you know, there was always just a little something that made Miss Mary different from Miss Maude." Perhaps it is because we love Ninety-seven so, but there is certainly this "little something" that makes her different, her works and her ways.

There was nothing this morning that announced the dawn of a fateful day. The sun crept up with its same steady beams. The President and the Dean sit there below, quite calm and unperturbed; nothing in their countenances betrays that this is the exit time of their dear and only class.

However, notwithstanding the unmoved environment, this is the day — Ninety-seven's

last day of college life. A swelling of pride and a sinking of heart tells me so. And now, what have I to say? Very little, I am afraid, and having very little, I am afraid I shall say more than I have ever said at one time before. But if I stand here like a tiresome preface, I have one advantage from my point of view over a written introduction—I cannot be skipped nor laid aside to be read at leisure.

I may ramble through a whole maze of possible commencement subjects, and there is no way of escaping me.

I shall not venture into the province of the historian or the prophet; the poet, too, is safe. Even at this late day they might retaliate with some extemporaneous thrust. You know, fellow sufferers of the class of '97, how all of us, who had any concern for ourselves as others would see us, have endured from them; how we would let Josephine tell us we "sang like wood," and undergo the ignominy of pulling off our back curls in the lecture room, when Evalina demanded them to try on. I dare not offend these ever-ready powers. And the Faculty? We can always talk more fluently upon the faculty when they are not present. Besides, there are only nice things to say about

them, and they are uninteresting—not the faculty, but the “nice things.”

And our Baltimore friends—I would love to talk about you, but here again there are only nice things to be said. How good you have been, how very good! The sweet, cordial influence of the old town will spread with Ninety-seven far over the land. The map of the city will be for us a number of streets, near or remote from some houses we know; the car lines but convenient connections that would take us always to the same warm welcome that met us in the blue days of Freshman and Sophomore examinations. I am not sure but that there is a “little something” that makes our faculty and Baltimore different from all other faculties and all other places—to us.

I might talk about ourselves as we are now. It were natural here to explain ourselves in the abstract. A college girl! What is she? For what does she stand? We are so tired. Why should we be set aside as a curious species, to be studied and discussed as one of the end-of-the-century phenomena? Newspaper writers at a loss for a subject never weary in their endeavor to classify us by our peculiarities; to account for us even, to find our cause in the

conditions of the age, to ask why is a college girl? What is there queer about us? If I could recall my Sophomoric lack of respect—indeed I am almost tempted now to respond as they do in the trite old conundrum: "Why is a pig?" "The higher the fewer" is a sufficiently sensible reply for the questions.

Hear some of the headings to articles written upon us:

"How the College Girl Walks; How She Talks; How She Writes."

"Freaks from College."

"Academic Violets."

Another lectures:

"A College Girl's Duty to Her Brother."

And discussions:

"The College Woman versus The Society Woman."

Wherein are the two incompatible?

The queries are amusing too:

"Is a College Woman always Amenable to Reason?"

"Is a College Girl Susceptible?"

“Do College Women Marry?”

“Does a Higher Education Unfit a Woman
for Cooking?”

“Will a College Girl Flirt?”

“Will a College Woman Rule her Husband?”

Don’t ask such questions.

We are college women, and of that we are proud. College does not change—it develops us. It is not the new woman we emulate, but the true woman. We shall not set to work to twist you and the rest of the world into harmony with ourselves. We do not expect to return home to poison our families slowly with theoretically prepared dinners. We are not going to spend our lives in the kitchen, to make our dispositions crusty and keep our tempers at red heat over the bake-ovens. We are not going to marry, either, just to marry, though a man with heart and brains, and manhood—but that may be left to Ruth Ashmore’s “Side-Talks.” What I mean is—we are not a Greek verb, not yet a Latin proverb. Some of us in our early youth may have evinced a desire to play with the spheres, but there are occasions now when we are equally contented to toy with our fans. It must be

inspiring to be addressed as “ Saccharine Consumption of Protoplasm,” but ’tis not the endearing term we would be wooed by. “ There are others,” more old-fashioned and sweeter.

Because we have confessed to an ambition to be alive—to feel and think what is best—do not conclude, therefore, that we have felt and thought until, like our grandmothers’ brocades, we are able to “ stand alone ”; that we do not need help, and contact, and sunshine, and even foolish pleasures, too. Do not turn us in upon ourselves. You will talk about us and write about us, until the whole universe is filled with us, and, from sheer self-consciousness, we will be forced into that narrowness of mind of which we are accused.

These four years have been a meager preparation. We are younger—many of us—in the world’s wisdom than others of fewer years and less knowledge of triangles and other obtuse instruments. To-morrow Alma Mater sends us forth. Take us to yourselves, and if we are so, let us forget that we are “ queer.”

But I have said I would not explain, and here I am, explaining, yea, even preaching. You can see us as we are now. “ Some of us are pretty and some of us are not.” The poet

has kindly omitted to say which of us are which. I would not describe Ninety-seven to you if I could. You can easily see how we may have changed since the glorious days that history records, and there is time for development ere the truth of the prophecy can be tested. But the stubborn facts are before me, for, though we look fine, we cannot look as fine as we are, and you would think, "Surely this is Ninety-seven as Ninety-seven sees herself."

You will pardon a little egotism, though. Remember, this is our year, our day, and you are ours, too,—our guests. We give you an interest in our conceit in so far as we can; we hope you will take an interest. We feel that the good things of the year '97 belong to us; we are not sure but you have owed this cool, bracing Springtime to the season's favoritism for its protegee class; and have you not seen how the violets have bloomed sweeter and bluer, and have lingered longer, out of love for us.

Though it is June, and not New Year's Day, it is more to us—it is our New Life's Eve, and we may with propriety wish you happiness for always, but first, with us to-day. To insure the fulfillment of that wish I can see no speedier means than for me to create you honorary

members of Ninety-seven, not pausing to hear from some of my parliamentary classmates that I am "out of order," but only reminding you that the duty of an honorary member is: first, be appreciative; second, be appreciative; and ever, be appreciative.

SALUTATORY.

(Delivered June 14, 1897, at Princeton University.)

Ladies and Gentlemen: The class of Ninety-seven extends to you a most cordial welcome.

Within two days we will have reached that goal towards which we have been striving for four long, yet seemingly short, years. We must now enter upon the greater field of life which lies stretched out before us; we must cast away our college privileges and pleasures, only to hold them with the firm grasp of our memories, and assume those graver burdens which beset us as we leave the threshold of college so dear to us. Our equipment is good, our armor strong, so let us meet our worldly battles face to face, remembering that a nation looks to her colleges for men of brains. Both nature and destiny are honest. To the victor they grant the spoils.

On Wednesday we leave as undergraduates, to return in future years as alumni, in an attempt to review in only a few short days those never-to-be-forgotten lessons acquired beneath these lofty elms, on the athletic field and in the class-room. The time is now at hand when it is necessary for us, as a class, to part; but we can defy those circumstances to arise which can weaken these ties of friendship so dearly formed by us during our college course. In future years, in both prosperity and disaster, they can be but a source of the greatest pleasure and comfort to us. Let confidence and truth abide with us forevermore.

We go forth as members of a large family, to meet again when occasion offers, always ready to help one another, and never forgetting to honor our Alma Mater.

Let to-day be the brightest and happiest of our college course, and although Ninety-seven has but one more day to live, we will be of good cheer and enjoy these last few hours while we still have them with us.

During the exercises of to-day, I bid you listen to our chosen representatives as they project before us the various pictures of our college life, as they prophesy into the far-distant future,

as they pay tribute to those dear classmates who have passed from our midst to the world beyond. We must not and cannot forget them to-day.

And this afternoon as we gather around our historic cannon, to be entertained with joke and satire, to chide one another, you must remember that good friendship and kindly feelings are the motives. We'll sacrifice our own mistakes and follies to enjoy those of others.

To such scenes the class of Ninety-seven bids its friends welcome.

DUX'S SPEECH.

(*Delivered at the Class Tree Exercises, Emory College,
March, 1898. From the "Phoenix."*)

Mr. President, Classmates, Ladies and Gentlemen: Solon once compared audiences to the sea and orators to the wind. For, said he, the sea lies calm and quiet, unless the wind disturbs it.

In the truth of the figure lies my own peril. Other speakers in this place have stirred you with words of eloquence, and lashed the sea into rolling waves. Realizing that my own

efforts must result in mere ripples, I fear to entrust me to those waves of expectation which others have created.

In selecting a theme upon which to address you, I have been in great doubt as to what would be appropriate to the occasion and acceptable to my hearers. No winter's frosts have gathered o'er my head—pointing to which I might give you words of wisdom born of experience. 'Twere a burlesque to speak of "woman's rights" in so modest a village as ours.

My search brought to mind the story of the boy for whose benefit an anxious father had been reading of recent African explorations. The boy grew listless. The cause being inquired into, the little fellow replied—"You'll excuse me, sir, but to my notion we have geography enough."

I bespeak your pardon, gracious hearers, if ere this you have had enough of my subject, but I come to-day, a young man of the South, with a modest message to Southern young men. I do not wish to fan into flame that hatred which a score and a half of years have well-nigh extinguished. Such is not my purpose. I bear no trace of sectionalism in my

heart, save a love for my native heath. But while I shall speak mainly of the "New South," so called, and her problems, I do not come to make apology for the "Old South" and her civilization, for I believe that all that is best in the South to-day is "native and to the manor born."

The influences that are at work in our times are but copies of forces that operated under the old regime. Our own is but the superstructure of which the "Old South's" civilization is the foundation. That civilization, says Page, "partook of the philosophic tone of the Grecians, of the dominant spirit of the Romans, and of the love and freedom of the Saxons. Over all brooded a softness and beauty, the joint product of chivalry and Christianity." Such has been her legacy to the "New South."

More than thirty years ago the structure of that civilization was razed to the ground. It was a blow than which nations have sustained no harder. Is it a wonder that men looked far and wide over territory laid waste by the iron-shod heel of war and saw the end of Southern life? Not so. But the memory of a past rich in patriotism, in intellect, and in statesmanship hushed forever the voice that would bid her

despair, and inspired the South to true life and noble endeavor.

Under the stimulus of free institutions and a Christian civilization new possibilities are being opened to the people of the South. Influences are abroad in our land which are slowly but surely restoring the South to her former glorious estate.

Chief among these influences is the great activity in educational matters prevalent in the South. Reforms are being introduced into our public-school system, which will eventually place a common-school education in reach of all. Upon a hundred hills stand institutions of learning like our own, where Southern youth may slake the thirst for knowledge.

'Tis true that our colleges are small and lacking in funds, but at least they are free from the plutocratic tendencies that obtain in the larger colleges at the North. Democratic to the core, the South does not demand a full purse as the necessary passport to the gate of learning. To make use of the words of our honored president, it is from the smaller colleges that the nation must look for true greatness.

The colleges of the South are furnishing to

State and Church young men in whose hands our future is safe. Theirs and yours, my fellows, it is to restore the South to her true position in the foundation and history of our nation.

In the past the record of the South in politics, in war, in jurisprudence, in statesmanship and in manhood, has been glorious. That record is yours. A grand and patriotic duty rests upon you each to preserve it to future generations. This duty discharged will harmonize with the ancient glory of our section. The examples that are before you are inspiring. That civilization must not count for naught that gave to freedom Washington and Jefferson; to the ermine Marshall and Taney; to the state Madison, Clay and Calhoun; to war Lee and Jackson; and to chivalry splendid examples of true manhood and noble womanhood.

The South has made splendid contributions to civilization and to liberty. Southern thought has molded policies, Southern genius formed parties, Southern valor acquired territory.

Two controlling reasons have led the South to conservatism: principle and necessity. Comparative freedom from immigration has fostered

that conservative spirit. The South has escaped in large part that flood of immigration that has poured into other sections from out the cesspools of Europe and Asia. Hence religion in the South has not been affected by the subversive schools of philosophy which follow in the wake of these immigrants. Nowhere in the world than in the South is religion purer, or social life freer from corruption.

Atheism, infidelity, anarchy are plants which do not find in Southern soil the filth upon which they feed. It is no mere accident that none of our "latter day vagaries," of which woman's suffrage is the most conspicuous representative, have fastened themselves on Southern life. Here, too, conservatism has been our salvation. Materialism in all its forms has tainted the blood of other sections; to the South alone must the nation look for the preservation of the true American spirit. By as much as the South is free from foreign elements, by so much is her patriotism unalloyed. In sections and in nations, history teaches that ritualistic religions have always bred heresies which eventually undermine morals and prey upon the social life. Such conditions do not and cannot obtain in the South.

Unless all indications are misleading, the South is destined to become the leading section in our nation. Boundless in her natural resources, conservative in her social institutions, the South is drawing to her untilled bosom a class of immigrants that are not mere adventurers. They come to reclaim the desert places and make them blossom with plenty.

Judging from past and present, with her wonderful resources developed and her splendid opportunities improved, will not the South regain in our nation that place of pre-eminence from which adversity expelled her?

In the few remarks that I shall address to you, I am fully concious that I am one of your number, therefore believe in my sincerity. This occasion marks an epoch in the life of each of you.

You stand to-day at the threshold. Your graduation will usher you into the midst of that active life for which you have been preparing.

The Rubicon passed, you come this way no more. Your advantages have been above that which is average. I do not wish to sermonize on this occasion, but I would have you hold in mind the parable of the talents. State, church and society will look to you, not without reason, for deeds commensurate with your advantages.

At this period of its history our country needs men with well-trained minds; men of the highest patriotism; men of the sternest virtue to leaven the lump of shallow learning and political misconception among the masses, and to counteract the degrading influence of bounty-seekers and office-hunters. As each winter's frost leaves the locks of your father whiter still, so each will find you nearer that point in your lives when you must become the pillars of state and church.

Every reformation, every noble enterprise, every invention has had its source in deep-thinking, consecrated mind. Thought rules the world. Go forth, then, to your rule, for if you have acquired the power to think, you are true sovereigns. Only let your reign be tempered with mercy, and guided by justice.

You plant a tree to-day which shall stand as a landmark indicating the end of your labor as a body. As you go forth to your individual labors, I would have you ever mindful of the allegiance, you owe to the common country, yet as you trust your tree to the elements of a Southern clime, may you attach your hopes to the South and direct your efforts toward her development.

Ivy Oration.

Classmates: We stand with sublime connections with the Past and with the Future. Although the one is irrevocable and the other is unknown to us, we hold the former by history: the latter we possess by anticipation and by hope.

As we pause to-day upon the dividing-ground between two eras in our lives, and look back over the varied experiences of our college life, with its buoyancy and its pleasures, its rivalries and ambitions, its duties and generous friendships, we cannot avoid a feeling of sadness that comes with the thought of parting. There is, however, one thought which should be uppermost in our minds, dispelling the gloom of present sadness, and suffusing with a golden glow the morning sky of the future. The influence of our college days has left a lasting impress upon our minds and hearts. It pervades the inmost recesses of our natures. It has become a guiding principle in our lives. It molds our characters. It shapes our destinies.

Our life-work lies before us. A life of the highest endeavor can alone repay the debt we

owe to our Alma Mater. As we go from these halls into the battle-tumult of the world, where our mission is to be achieved and our rank among men decided, she bids us take up the line of advance into the future, and press with earnest purpose to noblest aims. The opportunities for a liberal culture that have been extended to us in the four short years that are past, are the seeds that are to germinate and ripen into deeds. Our mental and moral possibilities are just blooming and coming to first-fruits. Spiritual life, the regulative, harmonizing, enriching power of the whole character, is to know no goal short of perfection. As the future beckons us on, let us follow with undaunted courage. An earnest devotion to a fixed and lofty purpose will develop an intenser vitality, a broader sympathy, a richer grace and holiness. There is no effort of science or of art that may not be excelled; no depth of philosophy that cannot be deeper sounded; no flight of the imagination that may not be passed by strong and soaring wings. All nature is full of unknown things. What has hitherto given prosperity and distinction has not been more open to others than to us. But the influence of our Alma Mater has be-

come a living power within us that shall quicken us to lofty endeavor, uplift our souls and urge us on like an inspiration. There are no greater duties facing us to-day than the demands of our national life. Our country needs a new enthusiasm. To whom but to us, her young men from shrines of learning, with pent-up life seeking to manifest itself in outward action, shall she look to give it to her? She calls upon us to wake the deep slumber of careless opinions; to kindle burning aspirations; to set noble examples; to shame false ideals of life; and to make the aims of society more earnest. The life-giving power of education was intended to fit us, not for cultivated leisure, but for manly work. A liberal culture binds men together by intensifying each one with interests beyond himself. It incorporates the power and nobility of the individual into the strength and grandeur of that larger individual, — society. The talents we possess are for the service of all; the truth we hold is truth for all; our activity and progress go into the general social condition; our failure abstracts from the common good. As men in the ranks of humanity we are under a law of duty that allows us no stopping-place short of the utmost capa-

bilities and the best use of the opportunities God has given us. We cannot only trace our powers, but guide them and impel them. A vigorous purpose makes much out of little, breathes power into weakness, disarms difficulties and even turns them into assailants. A true faith, looking up to something better, catching glimpses of a distant future perfection, prophesying to ourselves a greatness, gives energy of purpose, gives wings to the soul, and this faith will continually grow and increase. In the words of Disraeli, I bid you, "Keep your standard of knowledge high; attempt great things, expect great things, and you will accomplish great things."

We turn with grateful hearts to the kind "mother of us all," under whose guardianship our minds have expanded and matured, and under whose benignant care we have been prepared to discharge the mission to which educated men are called in this wonderful age. She stands with vivid personality, in all the fullness of intelligence, affection and will. So long as these walls re-echo the footsteps of the ambitious pressing on toward the future, she will be as she has ever been, a true person, a very Alma Mater to her children.

It is out of the infinite human experience and pathos of this place, it is out of the way in which these buildings and these grounds have been the scenes of so much human life for more than a century; of struggles and hopes and fears and aspirations; of doubts and dreads; of men's conflicts with themselves, and of men's coming to a knowledge of themselves; of solitudes and associations; of gainings of faith and losing of faith; of triumphs and despairs; of temptations and of ecstasies,— it is out of all this, hovering like a great cloud over, rising like an exhalation from, the long history of our college and its generations of men, that slowly, mysteriously, but at last very clearly, there shapes itself as we look, as the great outcome of the whole, a majestic being which we call the college, with human features and capacities, with eyes to smile or frown on us, with a mouth to praise us or rebuke us, with a will to rule us and to fix standards for our lives.

We go tearfully from these venerable walls and these familiar scenes. We are severing, perhaps forever, the sacred ties that bind us to one another and to the college that has guarded and guided us. We regret most keenly now that many duties have been ill-performed, and

that great opportunities have gone unheeded into the irrevocable Past. But the hours of the Present are golden, and the recollection of the happy days that we have spent together will ever brighten our pathway as we press with confident and hopeful promise into the Future. Will we not go on from strength to strength, ever onward and upward, and aspire to noble acts, heroic deeds? By the Ivy which we plant to-day as an emblem of our love for the college and of loyalty to her cause, we pledge it all. And so, parting beneath the elms, with a cordial welcome for those who shall come after us, let us say: God bless our Alma Mater and our Class.

CLASS SONG.

Good-bye, God bless you, God bless you each day,
Guide and direct you tho' far away:
Soon we shall part, our paths must divide,
The sunny paths we'll cherish still
While climbing up life's rugged hill
Never forgetting the days gone by,
Whose hours did all too quickly fly.

Good-bye, God bless you, bless thro' the years
That may await you; few be your tears,

May Heaven's rich gifts your portion still be
Your hopes not vain, your friends all true,
Life hold but peace and love for you.
Bright be your pathway with life's fair flowers
Joy laden be life's golden hours.

Good-bye, God bless you, tho' on life's sea
Swift glides our bark so fearlessly and free,
Still we may ride, no dangers we'll fear.
With hope that shineth like a star,
And nought of doubt our joys to mar.
Glad be our voyage till day is past
Heaven be the port we gain at last.

Ivy ORATION.

In a gallery in the city of Brussels is a portrait, more striking than famous, "The Man of the Future and the Things of the Past." The conception of the artist embodies in fascinating simplicity more than a century of human progress. The man of the future, holding in his right hand some toy marshals, guns and battle-flags, is examining with care and thought these symbols of by-gone warfare. Far removed from contact with military forces, he is a type of Christian manhood at peace with the world. In him we behold the heritage of the past. In

him we find our ideal of a perfect man, an ideal which even enlightened humanity has not yet attained. He is the embodiment of love, beauty and power. And so this painting, it seems to me, typifies in many ways the memories and aspirations we wish to dwell upon here this morning.

But there is more for us in the thoughts of that Belgian artist. He portrayed not alone the past and the distant future; between these vanishing points of human perspective stands the present in the form of a child. He, too, has handled those symbolic toys, but has never felt their meaning; and he gazes in silent awe upon that typical man who thus busies himself with the playthings of children. How many times in the past four years have we, children in experience, stood in questioning wonder upon the acts of our superiors? How do we stand to-day? Has not this period of preparation taken us beyond the visions of childhood and dreams of youth, so that the feeling of reality may share with sentiment the tributes of this parting hour? Let us see.

The man of the future, I have said, must have power: power to know himself and understand others; power that means will in applica-

tion, promptness in action and thoroughness in execution. This power is the inevitable result of college training for every man who does his duty. But I need not dwell upon this thought. The time invites us to speak of beauty as one of the contributions of Nature.

Our conception of College embodies more than walls of brick and stone; more than contact with professors, invaluable as such association is; more than these very hill-tops so often eulogized by orators and poets of the past; all these are only parts in this University of Nature, where silent voices teach the willing heart the grandeur of God and the nobility of man. Need I speak to you, my classmates, of the unconscious influence of such environment? No, your own lives must tell the story. The rhythmic cadences of oratory, the voice of poetic inspiration, the matchless touch of the painter's brush would bring discord to the receptive soul once rapt in this symphony of Nature.

No wonder in the past man joined with Nature in making this the center of historic landmarks. No wonder that loyal alumni in reminiscent mood recall the sublimity of her mountain barriers, the gently sloping hills and low-lying valleys, and the gorgeous blending of

colors under the last rays of the setting sun. Truly has one of them said, "This is God's own country."

The painting and this occasion suggest another thought. The man of the future must know the meaning of friendship. It must be a part of his very nature. Have we learned its value? Indeed, we have. Coming in as an aggregation, we go out as a unit. The classroom, the table, the campus and friendly rivalry have brought us together until

"like kindred drops we've mingled into one."

The attachments formed here no man can forget; nor can any one overestimate the worth of such friendship as a preparation for the duties of life.

Fellow Classmates: The Ivy our President has planted is symbolic of the past, the present and the future of our class. For the past it is like in kind to that which has been planted before. Nor are we different from the thousands who have gone through similar phases of development in this College. For the present it humbly takes its place beside that closely woven wreath which is symbolic of undying love; a wreath whose attachment increasing with age serves as protection and ornament to that stately

edifice to which it clings. Its future, like ours, is uncertain but hopeful. Grounded in this hallowed soil, nourished and encouraged by the memories and achievements of the past, may this Ivy be a symbol of development for us and for you, Old College ; may its growth be deeper, broader, higher ; and may its associations become closer and stronger. And now, dear College, we cannot say farewell ; our relations with you are not severed. Looking to you as a source of inspiration, we shall as men of the future embody in our lives friendship, beauty and power in accordance with the artist in the picture, with the Ivy in Nature and with your teachings in the realities of life.

CLASS WILL.

Mr. President, Friends :

Ninety-seven, about to die, salutes you !

Contrary to the custom in such cases, and loath as are all members of my conservative profession to establish precedents, only at the behest of my noble client, Ninety-seven, have I called you together, before her death, to hear her will and to receive her gifts.

I was persuaded to this action by the unusual circumstances of my client.

I dread to tell you, but be calm : The Doctor is here ready to revive all fainting ones, but he cannot attend too many. Here is my secret, keep it well !

A consultation of doctors was called together on Monday, May the thirty-first, doctors never known to fail in their prognostications. They have announced that on Tuesday, June the fifteenth, Ninety-seven must die.

Had I known what a commotion you would raise, and how badly you would feel, the President himself could not have dragged this secret from me. My client wishes me to state that, owing to a lightness in the head, caused by its gradual swelling during the last four years, and a heaviness in the heart and other organs, caused by thoughts of parting and over-feasting, respectively, she may have been mistaken in her inventory, but such as she thinks she has she gives to you, praying that you may not believe that it is only because she cannot keep her goods that she is generous.

The Will.

We the Class of Ninety-seven being about to leave this sphere, in full possession of a sound

mind, memory and understanding, do make and publish this our last will and testament, hereby revoking and making void all former wills by us at any time heretofore made.

And first we do direct that our funeral services shall be conducted by our friends and well-wishers, the faculty, only enjoining that the funeral be carried on with all the dignity and pomp our situation in the college scale has merited.

As to such estate as it has pleased the fates and our own strong arms to give us, we do dispose of the same as follows, viz.:

Item: We give and bequeath to the Board of Control restful nights and peaceful dreams. We promise them a rest from Ninety-seven's petitions. No more will we be called upon to bend our haughty knee to supplicate; no more will they be pained to refuse. It has been hard to have our fondest wishes thwarted; it must have been hard for them to refuse so fair a pleader. They have done their duty, and they have their reward. But oh! how much easier it would have been for them and for us if they had said "Yes," especially to Senior play and seats at the Lyceum. Ninety-seven has always been modest and retiring, and she does

not want to be so prominent at — a theatre; to have it said that she has actually appeared upon the Lyceum stage. How are the mighty fallen, and the Methodists have been laid low.

Item : We give and bequeath to the College as a whole the two songs entitled respectively: "Come, All Ye Loyal Classmates," and "Maryland, My Maryland." These songs to become the possession of the College on condition that she holds them in trust as a nucleus to which each year shall be added others, until we have a collection to be proud of. May Alma Mater be the theme of far better songs in the future.

Item : We give and bequeath to our best beloved and cherished sister, Ninety-nine, all the wealth of love and blessings she may want. She seems to be able to get everything else unaided. The basket-ball and tennis championships are hers. She guards Ninety-seven's tennis trophy. May our mantle fall completely on her shoulders. We will waste no time in giving to one who seems very able to get.

Item : We give to the Freshman Class the following advice, accepting which will lead

them to glory; copy Ninety-eight; learn to work if not to win; development comes sooner through bearing failures than successes. It isn't fun, but still, look at Ninety-eight and be encouraged.

Item: The subjoined list will be recognized as entailed estates, to which we do declare the Class of Ninety-eight the real and rightful successors:

1st. The Senior seats in chapel to which as Juniors Ninety-eight has not been unknown. May she be as fond of the front row next year as she has been this. Let every member show her gratitude for the gift by being promptly in her seat each morning.

2d. The Kalends is in a very unusual financial condition, \$100 in the bank. The work, the worry and the glory are now in other hands.

Perhaps the most valuable of all this list will be found to be the Senior Dramatics. Ninety-seven has enjoyed the excitement on the boards, at least two of our members have enjoyed the Board of Control on its account.

How the list lengthens; next come Senior privileges — with the Dean's permission — too well understood to be detailed.

Senior dignity is always handed over to the new-made lords of the college world. We are afraid that this will be a strain upon the nerves and muscles of the gay and debonair Juniors, but all hope they will rise to the occasion, as they sometimes can.

Last comes the one thing hard for us to part with. To our successors we must give our course in Senior Ethics — and let me say that Ethics is a study where you learn that lots of things that you once knew are not so. My note-book is packed, or I could tell you many interesting facts about moral law — the consensus of our moral nature and conscience, that makes cowards of us all when we are quizzed about it. But I must not tell you all we learned from the course in the next five minutes. We will leave it a sealed book until next year. If Ninety-eight gains half the profit and the inspirations we have found in room 11 with the Dean, this will be their most precious possession, as it has been ours, as it is the one we are most loath to leave.

Beside these enforced gifts we leave, not of necessity but of our own free will, our blessing and a pledge of friendship from henceforth.

All the rest and residue of our property,

whatsoever and wheresoever, of what nature, kind and quality soever it may be, and not herein before disposed of (after paying our debts and funeral expenses), we give and bequeath to our Dean, for his use and benefit absolutely. If he see fit, he may use the knowledge and startling information we have given him at whatsoever times we may have had written quizzes and examinations, in the education of our younger sisters. This latter matter is, however, entirely at his discretion.

And we do hereby constitute and appoint the said Dean sole executor of this, our last will and testament.

In Witness Whereof, We the Class of Ninety-seven, the testators, have to this our will, written on one sheet of parchment, set our hand and seal, this fourteenth day of June, Anno Domini one thousand eight hundred ninety-seven.

Ivy ORATION.

In the twilight hour of this memorable day in the history of the class we meet to plant the ivy, which shall keep alive our memory long after the class has departed.

The year has been an eventful one—not only in our college world, but in the world at large.

"There have been wars and rumors of wars"; there have also been interesting events of a peaceful nature.

"We the heirs of all the ages, in the foremost ranks of time," start forth after our farewells here are said to construct history on our own account. We not only inherit the political and social traditions of the past, but also the intellectual, and it is worth while that we should consider what this heritage brings us.

The perfection of the educational system of to-day, and its evolution in such an institution as our own College, can only be appreciated by contrasting it with the early beginnings of similar intellectual enterprises. As we examine the chronicles of the past, we discover from what meager opportunities and superficial scholarships the old cloister schools developed into the Continental universities.

So eager was the thirst for knowledge that there evolved, even from such limited equipment, an educational scheme which has been the incentive of all later mind-building forces.

The seeds of education produced in Europe

were transported to the new land, where they promise a harvest of liberal thought and independent research unrivalled even in the Old World. The processes which Europeans had elaborated during nine centuries of effort were set in motion sixteen years after the Pilgrim Fathers disembarked from the Mayflower. Though their resources were miserably limited, and they were handicapped on all sides, yet they made constant sacrifices toward their cherished ends. On the 28th of October, 1636, a set of rustic legislators, with a few learned men among them, met upon the peninsula now known as Boston. They were very poor, and in the midst of savages, but they were in need of godly ministers, and without waiting for a better prospect they laid the corner-stone of education for a continent, endowing the institution with a sum equal to the expenses of the colonial government for a year. One farmer contributed some sheep, a woman contributed nine shillings' worth of cloth. Even the tables were stripped of their ornaments. Farmers were urged to contribute one peck of wheat for each college student—"a most comfortable provision for diet," says the quaint old appeal. A subscription of

one shilling from each family in the colony was earnestly solicited.

The splendid success and prestige of Harvard are apparent, but her early struggles for life are almost forgotten.

Somewhat later the neighboring colony of Connecticut was inspired with a like ambition, and we find ten ministers assembled together for the purpose of founding the institution which we know to-day as Yale. Each one laid upon the table the best volumes which his scant library contained, saying as he did so, "I give these books for the founding of a college in this colony." In the establishment of Mt. Holyoke, the pioneer institution for the higher education of women, there was no endowment or apparent resource: even public sympathy was lacking. The students had to sacrifice time from their studies in order that the domestic machinery might run smoothly.

The North had been rich in educational advantages for its women. The reverses of the South had delayed a like progress within its borders. With the return of prosperity, its daughters sought the most favorable advantages open to them, and here, on this border-land between North and South, found this the

Mecca of their hopes and ambitions. As before intimated, the students have come from every section of the country and every state in the Union. Diverse has been our environment, varied our political faith. The friction of contact with these different elements in this cosmopolitan city dissipates our provincialisms and makes us, too, cosmopolitan. Four years ago, with unformed thought, we came to these halls, ignorant of, or "indifferent to, the traditions of other sections, save for a passing humorous criticism of idiosyncrasies other than our own. Here in the beneficent influences of broad-minded thinking and awakened sympathies, our cherished prejudices have disappeared.

However much in class-room we may differ on constitutional grounds, we honor the convictions of those who differ from us, and recognize the personal worth and exalted aim of those who are one with us in aspiration.

The newer, broader outlook which has come to us in these days in our mutual interchange of thought and study will prevent the widening of the breaches for which women in the past have been held so largely responsible. May there never again be occasion for the

observation of a noted visitant to our shores—not from Jupiter, however, but from the canny Scotch land—Ian Maclaren, “that the women of America entertained rancor much longer than the men.” Being a bird of passage, he had hardly sufficient time to become acquainted with what we have done to dissipate such prejudices. Instead of fostering differences, may our inspiration be “whatsoever things are true, lovely, and of good report, think on these things.”

It has been frequently said that we have no tradition, hence no inspiration. But this is, in fact, a blessing in disguise. We are blessed with no traditions, hence we have no limitations.

We are not cursed with precedent. We are largely the creatures of our own college destinies. Our college prestige rests with us. Unhampered by burdensome traditions we have created our own, and now leave them as a benediction to those who come after us.

In this ivy, transplanted from the hoary traditions and classic shades of Oxford, we have a fitting symbol of the unity and larger liberty which have been inspired in us by our Alma Mater.

Ivy Poem.

Beginning and the end, first following last,
Twilight and dawn fast pressing on the night,
Such is each day that slips in silence by
If lost in idle waste, or glorified.
At even comes the reckoning. A time
When we look back and say of hours spent,
“This have we done! here conquered!” or “here failed,
To-morrow may we do as much,”—or “slip
Not so again,” and then are lost in sleep.
Meetings and partings punctuate the time.
“Hail” and “Farewell” we say; come and are gone.

A thousand suns have crossed the zenith since
We first set foot upon this pleasant spot.
Summers and Winters, Springs and Autumns passed,
Festival seasons and still hours of peace
All blended in a single memory now.
And now?—we pause. A thousand days have gone.
Arabian nights compared to them were naught.
And now?—so short! a sunset, a night’s fall,
A day is done, and with the morrow’s dawn
Commencement o’er again. No time for tears!
“The King is dead! long live the King!” we cry
With mind on-reaching toward the infinite.

Scarce is a moment for a backward glance
But that we may direct our steps aright.
The unlived hours have fretted, slow to come,

And moments passed have left sometime a sting
Of rancor and remorse. Sometimes the hopes
Have been in part attained, the laurel grasped,
Sometimes ambition's spurs not felt in vain,
"Thus have we done, thus conquered ! and thus failed !
To-morrow may we do yet more, and slip
Not so again."

An ivy here we plant,
At once memorial of college days,
And inspiration true for the unknown.
At fountain's brink, in forest depths it grows,
Green mantling grave cathedrals, stern and cold,
On classic halls of learning it enwreathes
Huge pillars, mighty arches, casements dark,
And loves the beautiful, the good, the true.

An ivy here we plant before we go.
When other days and other faces come,
Upon these stones 't will nestle in repose,
And overlook the vista yet unchanged.
This scene, these walls and buttresses will stand.
And, circling round the windows it will hear,
The preacher's voice, the solemn organ tones,
The melody of prayer, the songs of praise.
Then we'll return, and, seeing it on high,
Shall read of life a living history.
Strong tendrils and bright foliage above,
Below, torn branches and the fading leaf.
Thus shall we do ! thus conquer ! and thus fail !
We—common branches of one vine arise
Sprung from this hill and nurtured 'neath these skies.

Ivy Song.

Fare thee well, dear Alma Mater,
Parting's hour is drawing nigh,
And with loving thoughts we crown thee
As we say our last good-bye.
We would wreath thy walls with ivy,
Which, when we are parted far,
Still will flourish as an emblem
That thy hope may be our star.

As our ivy climbeth upward,
Strengthening with the lengthening years,
So our memories cling more firmly,
Brighter still thy name appears
To our hearts, which hold thee ever
With a reverence tender, warm,
Be the ways that lie between us
Bright with sunshine, dark with storm.

We would wreath thy walls with ivy,
We would crown with praise thy name,
Though the garlands we may bring thee
May not all be plucked by fame.
We would mingle with the laurel
Rose and myrtle bright with bloom,
And with glory's flame we'd mingle
The mild radiance of home.

Oh ! how short seem now the seasons,
Fruitful years, and blithely sped,
Here within thy lov'd cloisters,
Bright with dreams that hope has bred.
In the real world we enter,
May we guard thy ideal well ;
As our ivy be our memory, —
Alma Mater, dear, farewell.

CLASS ORATION.

The Old and New.

In the opening scene of Aristophanes' Comedy of the "Clouds," old Strepsiades, the debtor, lies sleepless on his couch, bemoaning the near approach of the day on which his creditors will summon him to court. With all his money foolishly squandered, how can he hope to escape a judgment? A brilliant thought strikes him. Why not send his son to Socrates to learn the trick of argumentation by which one can prove anything one pleases? Armed with such a weapon as this, his creditors can whistle for their money.

After sundry threats from his father the young man takes his lessons at the "thinking

shop," and returns before the dreaded day of reckoning. But alas, for the old man's song of triumph. The new tool has an unsuspected edge. With kicks and cuffs the young rascal drives his father from the house, and then calmly proves to him that such conduct is quite the proper thing.

Thus the great Greek satirist laughs at the world, which must needs add to the measure of ill which life inevitably brings, punishment for foolish sophistry and evasion.

The old and the new—just what was this day at the thought of which Strepsiades trembled and sought for arguments to escape its issues? It was the day when the old moon had faded, and the new had not yet risen,—a day which thus belonged, according to the Greek fancy, to both the old month and the new—a good time for bringing debtors to account and for clearing the books for the coming month.

We stand even now in the presence of such a day of reckoning. Graduation—Commencement. These days certainly partake of the *past*. The four years gone are here in evidence in each individual character, in the corporate life of the Class. The *future* fills our hearts

with high expectation — we feel that it is already beginning. It is also the day on which to count up our gains and losses. Each heart is a veritable court of judgment — though the world be not admitted to the spectacle.

But note this one thing ; it by no means follows that those men, whom the College or the world counts successful, are really the ones who have been making the best use of their time. Idleness is a danger,— but the rush of college work, sharpened as it is to touch up the stragglers, is a danger too. In the zest for books, thinking may be at a discount. By ill-judged effort and simulation in study a man may lose his elasticity, and, like an overstrained spring, become useless forever. How far this is true each man must determine for himself.

Idlers and “grinds”; popular and unpopular; approved and disapproved — we must stand on our own attainments. And if, like Strepsiades, we try by any clever shift to avoid facing this fact, we shall in the end be kicked and cuffed for our pains. Just as the graceless son was the clever instrument of his mishaps, so it is our very sophistry and cleverness in cheating ourselves that will surely punish us.

But the analogy of the Old and New goes even deeper. It stands as the type of the present moment, the time when every crisis in life must meet us. Yesterday is the old, and its sum total of results is in the present. To-morrow is the new, and before it arrives it must needs have become to-day. The day when we stand arraigned to render account to ourselves for debts incurred,— the day, at once, of awful crisis and splendid opportunity — the reality of realities, is ever the *present*. All that we are, all that we have the promise of being, is crowded into that. And yet it is from this very point in life, that we are being constantly drawn away. We love to dream, be it of the past or future.

One man lingering among the records of the past conceives that the best has been already accomplished ; the art of the past, the literature of the past, the heroism of the past are his ideals. This is perhaps the special danger of the student. He forgets that all past attainment is of worth only as the vantage-ground for a present achievement.

Another man is always making preparations for the future ; he dreams of what shall be. By and by when he has learned more, when he has

made more money, when he has won such and such a position, he will begin to live and reap the joys of his endeavors.

But it generally happens that either he never arrives at the objective goal, or if he reaches it, he has, through long disuse, lost the trick of living, and starves amid the plenty which his own toil has produced.

Now is the proper time to live; it is the only time indeed, that we possess. Thoreau used to say that he never travelled, because he had never yet exhausted the novel sights of the spot where his hut stood on the shores of Walden Pond. It is an old saying, that the man who is not happy where he is, will not be happy anywhere. One might broaden the statement and say that the man who is not living now, the man who does not apprehend the abundant riches of the present moment, will never live, and *that* because he is not a *man* but a *dreamer*—that is, a dreary ghost dwelling in a world of shadows.

We are always wondering at the imagination of the poet, which paints for us a world so much fuller of beauty and significance than the work-a-day environment which our eyes behold. In the poet's hands Nature in her humblest guise

is the mother of mysteries—"the meanest flower that blows can give thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears." Perhaps we have sometimes regarded poets as dreamers; rather, they are seers. Imaginative grasp is only a phase of insight. The poet, like the little child, opens his eyes and looks about him—and the world is full of wonder and beauty. If we, too, desire that, like the poet's, our lives should be beautiful, there are all the elements of beauty close at hand,—we have but to behold it and reflect it day by day, moment by moment. The trouble with most of us is that our heads are so full of schemes, our hearts are wandering so far afield, that we miss the real beauty in following a will-o'-the-wisp which we hope to catch at some future day.

As with the poet so with the hero. Out of what material did he fashion so grand and majestic a life-work? Out of the same material that is offered us—the only difference is, he used it. You cannot manufacture a moral fact out of memories and forecasts. The present movement is the one point of leverage offered to the free will of man by means of which to shape his moral destiny. To neglect or waste it, to esteem it lightly in view of opportunities

offered by the vista of coming years—is moral defeat. True wisdom is to revere it; to account it the most precious of possessions,—to direct it aright is victory, and of the essence of heroism.

Fellow Classmates: Such a theme, as the “Present,” naturally suggests to us the present age with all its vast opportunities, its scientific achievements, its high social ideals, its ever-advancing civilization. These are problems that each man of us must work out for himself. The great question for us to-day is whether we are prepared to face them. If we have learned, in our little world of individual interests and intimate personal relations, the secret of living in the present, then, alone, are we ready for the greater world beyond?

Had we indulged in speculations on world-problems, it would at best have been but doctrinaire treatment. But if we are not even *now* able to think out and reach conclusions concerning what a man must be and do to solve any problem whatsoever, it must be because we have not yet begun to *live*, and have thus been dreaming away our time under the specious excuse of seeking an education.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY ORATION.

Fellow-citizens, I congratulate you. Fellow towns-people, I rejoice with you. Fellow-students, you have my sympathy. Boys, how are you?

It becomes my painful duty to-day to be as humorous as in me lies, and still to speak of George Washington. The incongruity must be apparent. George Washington presents few humorous sides in his character. Like —, his brilliant, entertaining and delicate characteristics shine forth with such a dazzling lustre as to rather dim any minor quality. Besides being funny in the short time I am here, I want to do as much good as possible. I want to educate you in regard to George Washington.

I have consulted several of my class who are taking a course of pedagogics, and they tell me that in all cases of extreme youth or concentrated ignorance the best method of education is by object lessons. By object lessons, then, will I attempt to drill some knowledge of George Washington into your

heads. I propose to go through the epochs of Washington's life, illustrating them by such—I can't call them engravings—but by such chromos as I can obtain from my classmates.

One hundred and fifty-seven years ago to-day, George Washington was ushered into the world, a chubby, red-faced boy. At that period who could have foretold the grand career before him. At the same age, George —— was just such another youth. Since then Washington has become the father of his country—what may not —— become?

Washington was a precocious youth. You have all at some time or other been children, though I rather have my doubts about —— in this respect, and no doubt remember that little tree episode, how George in a moment of frenzy rushes forth and cruelly maltreats the poor old cherry tree, how his father discovers him, and George being caught in the act, makes a virtue of necessity and says bravely, "I did it with my little hatchet." Now, George has been highly praised for his forbearance in this matter. The father, too, has been lauded to the skies, and even the hatchet has come in for no small share of the excitement; but I tell you plainly, all my sympathy is for the

poor old tree, cut off in the prime of its manhood, its work still incomplete. Never again will it hurl from its limbs some too adventurous boy. No more will it dispense doses of cholera morbus to the neighboring urchins. We have seen the expression, "Butchered to make a Roman holiday," and we might say of this tree, slaughtered to make a reputation for George Washington. Ah! 'tis sad to be cut down in the spring-time of youth, either by the blows of an axe or the keener pangs of love. Some of my class have been hit in the latter manner, and if they escape the former at the hands of some long-suffering friend, it will be a miracle. It must not be overlooked that in later years Washington seemed to deeply repent his uncalled-for cruelty to this tree. In fact, a very demon of remorse took possession of him, and he spent a large portion of his time wandering around the country establishing headquarters and planting trees. If there is a single old tree in Virginia that Washington did not plant, you will find upon inquiry that Thomas Jefferson did.

The depth of my feeling on this matter is expressed by the following touching poem:

Little George, he took his hatchet,
Drove it in a poor old tree;
Now did George or hatchet catch it?
No, alas! it was the tree.

Then here's to George, and here's to the axe,
And here's to the father, that's three;
And now we know the inside facts,
We'll drink to the victim, the tree.

George Washington, in this first stage of his life, is well worth intense study. The boy was father to the man. His childhood was short. His youth served merely as a training-school for his future career. At twelve years of age left fatherless, at fifteen his school education finished, he ever showed the same rectitude and virtue, which in later years made him able to turn his back on the vain glitter of the throne, refuse a crown held out to him, and strive only for the prosperity and freedom of his country.

Washington was a soldier. Who can think of him, encouraging his worn and weary army at Valley Forge, bravely crossing the Delaware in the face of fearful odds, or compelling the British to surrender at Yorktown, without a thrill of patriotic reverence.

In looking at Washington as a statesman, we see the purest, if not the most dazzling radiations. This phase of his character is not confined to any one period, but stretches over his entire career. During his youth, a member of the councils of his state, later on taking a leading part in the great events marking the birth-throes of a nation, and at length unanimously elected President of the republic created by his energy and patriotism, he ever shines with the same calm, clear and unfailing brilliancy.

During George's life he had several misadventures in love, though history does not state that he was ever unfortunate enough to have the police force swoop down upon him as he was peacefully strolling in the neighborhood of Lover's Lane. — could give the General points in this respect. It is even stated that George proposed to two different young ladies, and was in each case rejected. —, we understand, was accepted by a young lady, but her father said, "Nay, nay, William, tarry thee in Jericho, and learn to ride a bicycle."

Washington was a thorough business man; he was able to grasp the huge problems of statecraft and at the same time take charge of

the minor details of the domestic circle. — has this same faculty. — is a business man also. — once sent the Lacrosse Association into convulsions by presenting them with a two-dollar bill. It is thought that he did this with the expectation of getting on the team. The Lacrosse Association has had that two-dollar bill framed, and are going to present it, as a valuable relic, to the museum. Washington, being a thorough business man, was a hard worker. Rising early in the morning, he spent a long day in toil. — also has this mania for work. — during one of his slack moments thought it would be a good scheme to hire out as a telegraph messenger. So entering an office he inquired the pay. The manager informed him that the salary was four dollars a week and find yourself. — remarked that the wages were very acceptable, but that he was so thoroughly lost that he despaired of ever finding himself again.

By looking at the programme you will see that the title of this oration is "G. Washington, His Views on Base Ball," etc., and you will probably wonder why I have not kept myself more closely to the subject. I give you the same reason that a well-known author gave on

his book on Iceland for writing a chapter on snakes. "There were no snakes in Iceland." Base ball wasn't invented and George knew nothing about it.

And now, in closing, let us say a few words of George Washington, the story of whose life affords not only food for our admiration, but acts as a guiding hand pointing out the way to high deeds and noble manhood.

In his youth, treading his way through the trackless wilds of a wilderness; a little later virtual leader of an army, fighting over the same ground, surrounded on all sides by a hidden and treacherous foe; at fifty, peacefully tilling the soil and helping the councils of his state; and then again the leader of an army, showing rare generalship and meeting every misfortune with fortitude and bravery; at length President of the Republic he had created, wielding his power with dignity and sagacity; in his grave to-day, beloved by all, his birthday commemorated in every hamlet of this wide land,—where will you find his equal?

Unhappy that man whose future fame rests in cold marble. The pyramids of Egypt were built in memory of—whom? Washington, on the other hand, lies buried in the hearts of his

countrymen, his monument a great nation stretching from ocean to ocean.

PRESENTATION ORATION.

Ladies and Gentlemen; Members of the Faculty—Classmates—Any Pas and Mas here present, and Fellow Sisters: Greeting:

Well, 'tis certainly laughable to stand here and look your organization straight in the eye, I never saw such a mess. Every one looks scared. Don't look so down-hearted. I'll go easy with your checkered careers.

Now, fellows, I have a real jolly Christmas-tree back here and no proctors to interfere, and there will be pop-corn and candy, and cheese and pretzels, and lots and lots of nice things for the dear little boys who have been good all these long four years. But remember, I am no Santa Claus. I wouldn't bargain to fill —'s stockings for a dollar a day, working by the week.

I want it to be understood by all that I cannot help being here to-day. I tried once to get away from that crew down there, and it cost me a whole suit of clothes and a pair of

suspenders. Hence not being able to be anywhere else, I am here, and I want to say just this: Remember, dear parents, any gifts I may bestow upon your sons have nothing to do with their characters or any events that have happened to them. I have merely put certain episodes into a hat, certain gifts and certain names; I have drawn them out one at a time, and made a chow-chow of the whole business; so don't believe all you hear in this speech.

Now, fellows—that we may be understood, I don't want any man to think I have been severe with his frailties or made stuff up about him for personal reasons. It is simply this: I have a duty to perform, and I am going through with it, even if some look six-shooters, and there are tears in the eyes of others.

Somebody has to be scared, and somebody has to do it, and I am now at the bat. I disavow any personal malice, any personal feeling, and can but hope that all will be taken as it is meant—in simple jest and no earnest. May the spirit of fun rule all this afternoon, and may the good old class-love bind us together in one irresolvable unit that cannot be

shaken by any passing word. First, last, and all the time, I would say to all: Don't believe it. It isn't so. If you want truth don't listen to me.

(After preliminary remarks like those above, the orator calls the members of the class before him, and presents to them various objects, such as a porous plaster, a remedy for sickness caused by hard study; a bag of marbles as a device to keep one out of mischief, and a leather medal as a prize for hard study. Two examples of this form of presentation follow.)

Ben, I wish I had a picture of the room you had in Freshman year. The only property in it was a chair, a desk and a picture of yourself.

But you have changed, and the days of sweatshirts and borrowed clothes lie far behind you. Since that trip abroad what a change! When he came back he burned his clothes and returned that pair of borrowed ducks. He certainly was changed. He had an accent, and wore gloves at all his meals. He said "Bah Jove, fellahs! A trip across does show a fellah how to dwess, ye know." He talked of 'is Royal 'ighness and the styles at "Lunnon," and there was but one thing lacking to complete his outfit. Here it is—always wear it. It looks well with a checked suit. (*Presents a monocle.*)

Then, there is Will who knows the lightning's play. He will never make a photographer, he is too positive, and positive people never make good negatives. In electricity a positive and a negative make a shock, and no one wants shocking pictures. He will be at the top of his profession, that is, at the top of the telegraph poles fixing wires. He ought to have an electric plant of his own, and we would like to set him up in business, but this is the best that can be done for him. Plant this seed in good soil, and in a few months you will have some electric plants of your own, at least plants that will produce more shocks to the acre than any electric plant on earth.
(Presents an ear of corn.)

CLASS ORATION.

Abraham Lincoln.

It was a wise custom among the Roman people to erect statues of their heroes in public places, that their youth, in contemplating these statues, might be inspired to emulate the noble examples thus placed before them. Indeed, how can we be better fitted for the stern and

important duties of life than by the study of those lives which have illuminated the dark places of history, and by their struggles and sacrifices have lifted the race nearer to God? What lover of liberty does not feel his country nearer and dearer to him as he thinks of the noble sacrifice of Arnold von Winkelried, William of Orange, or any of those great lives whose devotion to the cause of liberty laid the foundations of our own country? Or what friend of the oppressed and down-trodden of the earth does not feel his heart throb with emotion at the contemplation of that other name, the only one which the muse of history has thought worthy to stand side by side with the name of Washington, that of the hero and the statesman, Abraham Lincoln.

Look for a few moments at the inner life of this great man. He was born in the backwoods of Kentucky, amid the hardships and poverty of rough pioneers. His home was a simple hut, made of logs and limbs of trees; no windows, no doors adorned it. There, in that hut, he passed the greater part of his youth. By day, working hard in the forest, felling trees and splitting rails; at night, for hours after every one else was fast asleep, he would ponder over

his few books by the light of the blazing logs, and then rest his weary body on bags of dry leaves.

The making of a man, although often greatly influenced by his surroundings, depends upon the man himself. Look at Lincoln in his youth, and compare him with Lincoln in his later life. The common rail-splitter of the backwoods is transformed into the hero and the statesman. Is not this a wonderful transformation? Did his education lead to it? Could a few months' training in a common village school fit out a man for the mental struggles and labors through which he afterwards passed? No! there is evidence of untiring diligence and perseverance throughout the man's entire life. With his eyes always open, he learned the lessons which nature is ever teaching. With no one around to help him, he soon learned to rely on himself; and that self-reliance was one of the greatest things which sustained him in the years of trial through which he afterwards passed.

As a boy he was honest and faithful—not only honest in his dealings with others, but honest in his thoughts, his words and his deeds. Faithful in every duty, even though it were of the least importance.

These traits soon won for him the familiar name of "Honest Abe"; and, as he passed from boyhood into manhood, they gradually developed until, in his later life, he stood forth a model of character for his countrymen, and occupied the highest place, not only in the gift, but in the affections of his people.

Abraham Lincoln was a good man. Throughout his entire life his one aim was to bring his acts into harmony with the principles of religion. He was a tender-hearted and forgiving man; no one ever received an unkind word from him. Even the rebels, many of whom were continually plotting against his life, received no words of anger and reproach from him. But as he said to his people, "We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection."

In the legislature he devoted his labors to the interests of the common people. In fact, one of the most striking features of his whole nature was his sympathy with the people.

It was here that he first voiced his sentiments against the fast-growing evil of slavery. But the people could not see its dangers as he saw them. It had settled itself in the South, and

had taken a firm root in her fertile soil. Gradually it encroached upon the rights of the North, until it threatened to spread over all the land. 'Twas then that the people of the North opened their eyes. They saw that its power must be checked ; they said, " So far, and no farther."

The struggle, once begun, was carried on with increased fury. With such a question confronting them, every one saw that civil war could not be averted. Yet both parties were willing to sacrifice their lives for their cause. Such was the condition of affairs when Abraham Lincoln was called from his peaceful home in Illinois to assume the role of chieftain of his country.

Around him the people of the North gathered as their leader, and in but six weeks after his inauguration the country was plunged into civil war. Lincoln set about to defend his cause, and called for volunteers. In response to his call, thousands willingly rushed forward to protect their country. All business was set aside ; the sturdy laborer ceased his toil ; " the sunburnt farmer stayed his plow in the unfinished furrow." No thirst for gold, no desire for fame, gathered these rough, untrained heroes to one common spot. They came to fight for the Republic, for the Union, and for human freedom.

What was the conduct of Mr. Lincoln throughout the war? That of a hero—a true, just, conscientious hero. His one object was to save the Union. He said, “I will save the Union, if I can, with slavery. If not, slavery must perish, for the Union must be preserved.” But in a short time he saw that, to accomplish his purpose, slavery must be destroyed; and, true to his word, he set about to destroy it. What are the results of his efforts? Look at the Emancipation Proclamation, that writing which will stand forever in history as one of the proudest monuments of true American patriotism. Tearing the shackles from the limbs of the abused negro, it bade him arise, free from bondage.

This step found many strong opposers, but through all his trials he maintained that same sweet disposition; no bitter feelings, no desire for vengeance, arose in his bosom. Through these four long years of dark and dreary strife he sat faithfully at the helm of government, and steered the old ship of state through narrows and straits. Now, far in the distance, on the calm surface of the sea of the future, he saw brighter and more prosperous times awaiting him and his people.

What a glorious day to the North when the news spread that the rebellion was at an end. The people were overwhelmed with joy. Now, after that long and bloody war, their peace was assured and the old Union still remained firm. The dark cloud that had hovered so long a time over the American land had poured forth its fury, and was now disappearing from sight.

"Slavery was fast dying; its life-blood was ebbing out of a thousand mortal wounds." But as the serpent, that has been trodden on and mortally wounded in the highway, rises to strike a last desperate blow at its enemy, slavery, with all its hatred, in the very throes of death, rises to strike a final blow at liberty.

In the midst of the great rejoicing came the news that the President had been assassinated. The people were stunned. "The nation stood still." The intense feelings of joy were changed to those of the deepest sorrow. Even the greater part of the people of the South wept, for the assassin, by his cruel blow, had slain the only sincere friend they had among their conquerors. His feelings toward the South were kind and sympathetic; he bore its people no malice, for the South was part of his country, and no one

ever loved his country more loyally than Abraham Lincoln loved his.

Who can imagine his trials and labors from the November of 1860 until the end of the war. Day after day he struggled onward, ever having at heart the welfare of a country which was dearer to him than his life. No heart bore more sorrow, no mind was oppressed with more anxiety than his. He had guided his people safely through the toils of civil war; he had freed the poor negro from bondage, and now death came to him in the hour of his triumph and his glory.

But although he himself has passed away, his works on earth shall never perish. No! as long as earthly works shall be remembered, when all other deeds shall be forgotten, the deeds of Abraham Lincoln will be conspicuous on the pages of history, and enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen. "And let us not only hope that his name and renown will serve as a bond of union to the country which he loved with an affection so partial, and which he served with such entire devotion"; but may the contemplation of his character by the youth of our age lead them to nobler, loftier, and more patriotic aspirations.

CLASS MOTTOES.

1. *Absit invidia*—Let there be no ill feeling.
2. *Haec olim meminisse juvabit*—It will delight us hereafter to remember these things.
3. *Acti labores jucundi*—Finished labors are pleasant.
4. *Ich kann*—I can.
5. *A corps perdu*—With might and main.
6. *Age quod agis*—Finish what you attempt.
7. By our efforts we hope to rise.
8. Seek wisdom.
9. Climb though the rocks be rugged.
10. *Ad majorem dei gloriam*—To the greater glory of God.
11. Prepared for better things.
12. *Non palma sine labore*—No victory without labor.
13. Take no footsteps backward.
14. More beyond.
15. Winds and waves favor the ablest navigators.
16. *Da mihi scire quod sciendum est*—Give me to know what ought to be known.
17. Thus ends our first lesson.
18. *Finis coronat opus*—The end crowns the work.
19. Fortune aids the good.
20. Life without letters is dead.

21. *Festina lente* — Make haste slowly.
22. *Nobilitas sola virtus* — Nobility is the only virtue.
23. *In tenui labor* — There is work in small things.
24. *Jussis mentis educatae parendum est* — When the mind urges it is ready for training.
25. Live not to thyself alone.
26. *Omnia autem probate* — But prove all things.
27. *Non incautus futuri* — Not heedless of the future.
28. *Virtus sola cassis* — Virtue is the only shield.
29. Hammer it out.
30. *Non scholae, sed vitae* — Not for school but for life.
31. The gods sell all things to those that labor.
32. *Animis opibusque parati* — Prepared in mind and resources.
33. *Astra castra, Numen lumen* — The stars my camp, the Deity my light.
34. *Audaces fortuna juvat* — Fortune favors the brave.
35. *Esse quam videri* — To be rather than to seem.
36. *Fama semper vivat* — May its fame endure forever.
37. *Gradatim* — Step by step.
38. *In medias res* — Into the midst of things.
39. *Non nobis solum* — Not only for ourselves.
40. Conquering and still to conquer.
41. *Vestigia nulla retrorsum* — No steps backward.

THE COMPOSITION AND ESSAY.

INTRODUCTORY SUGGESTIONS.

In this section of our book are given directions and helps in composition and essay writing, together with some helpful models for the use of students in higher grades of school and college, and a list of subjects.

It must be remembered in the first place that the sentence expresses a thought, that several thoughts put together in a natural order of reasoning form the paragraph, and that an essay is merely a number of paragraphs properly arranged and connected. First the sentence, then the paragraph, after that the full discourse in the paragraphs. The difficulty of composition and essay work lies not so much in the inability to express thoughts in suitable language as in the lack of thought. Two important questions must be asked and answered in writing an essay or composition.

First—What am I to say? Second—How can I best say it? Difficulties vanish away into thin air when the source of knowledge overflows. Therefore with all thy getting get thoughts. Now, no one, not even a genius, could write anything worthy of reading upon a subject in which he had no vital interest. "Thoughts that breathe and words that burn" must have the inspiring touch of interest.

The first step towards securing desired information is to arouse interest. There are several methods of acquiring this preparatory interest. We may take an interesting walk, we may read an interesting book, we may converse with an interesting person. For the first, the eye may be quickened to curious inquiry; a strangely shaped or brightly colored insect may cross our path and start into play an investigation of a portion of the insect world. This may be the beginning of as interesting essays as delight us in the pages of a Burroughs or a Lubbock. For the second, animated description such as that of Irving when he depicts the face of old Baltus Van Tassel, "round and jolly as the harvest moon," may incite to a historical study of colonial times. For the third, making free with the

language and thought of Sir Richard Steele, to enjoy the opportunities of listening to brilliant conversation is in itself a liberal education. And there is no limit to the suggestions, literary, historical, scientific and political, which may be aroused by the words of bright and intelligent persons.

It is a good practice to make notes as one reads or reflects or thinks of a good idea upon some subject, and also to make the matter a subject of discussion with others; to ask one's self questions and answer them, or go to others or to books for the answers if we ourselves cannot answer them. The reading of newspapers and magazines upon the current matters of interest of the day, locally and generally, and ever vying with "the chiel amang ye takin' notes," are thoroughly good preparatory steps to the gaining of information.

Students frequently are discouraged at the prospect of writing interestingly when they have not had the opportunities of much travel from their homes, but let them remember that the exercise of close and accurate observation is the first step towards success as a writer. It does not require that one should travel in a strange land and scour the earth for novelties

in order to write entertainingly. The delightful charm of writers and essayists like Addison, Hawthorne and Irving lies in the keenness of eyesight and the splendid power to paint in simple and graceful words the changing scenes of every-day life. Charles Dickens, whose eyes never seemed to miss anything, possessed an observing power nine times greater than that of the average man.

The following advice is well worth quoting:

“It is not given to every one to transmute, by magic touches, the dust of the highway into gold and gems. I would place next in order to a close and acute observation, as an essential aid in the formation of a good style the practice of descriptive writing. To any one who would improve in the art of English composition, I would say, describe as faithfully as you can some scene or incident of which you are a part. Seat yourself on a summer day under a native pine, or some height commanding a varied landscape; and with pencil and notebook in hand try to reproduce in words the picture which nature spreads before you. Begin by describing the pine which shelters you. You look up into its dark, dense mass of green with a new scrutiny. You are to sketch its por-

trait. In its stern, grim aspect it seems to say to you as Cromwell said to Sir Peter Lely, ‘Paint me as I am.’ Your eye fastens upon it with a strange sense of wonder. You measure with your glance the height of the giant trunk ; you trace the dark, rough outlines of the huge outspreading branches ; and as you seek for the secret of its unlikeness to all other growths of the forest, you discover as if for the first time that it is a leafless tree, thick set at every point, with bristling needles of polished green, tipped perhaps with dewdrops or raindrops like diamond points, and throwing back the sunbeams as from an emerald wall. This tree, if you study it, is a revelation, and perhaps when you have written down its true description, and from it, as a central point, have traced all the familiar but ever-varying objects which make up the landscape, a new power will be revealed to yourself of using, in the description of natural objects, the words you have often striven in vain to combine for the expression of thought and feeling.”

In narrative and descriptive writing the language should be simple as though the writer were talking. The writer should not dwell with equal detail upon all features of the des-

cription. Incident and action may be introduced to enliven the work.

When the subject is chosen and the information from all sources is at hand, and note-book and all things are ready, a written outline may be prepared, giving briefly the important thoughts and the order in which they should be taken up. Nearly all outlines can be brought under three convenient divisions: 1. Introduction. 2. Discussion. 3. Conclusion.

We should be as natural as possible in the arrangement of our thoughts upon a topic or a theme. If we were called upon to decide any line of action or to secure our own way in doing things, we would think of all possible objections and answer them in our minds. An outline is simply writing down our thoughts as the lawyer prepares his brief or the clergyman his sermon. When our interest has been aroused and information gained, then a convenient and natural arrangement of material, amplified and put in the simplest language that can be used to express clearly and exactly the meaning we desire, will give us a more or less successful composition or essay.

Let us take the theme — A Visit to Washington.

Model Outline of Composition.

Introduction: (1) Where. (2) When. (3)
With whom.

Discussion: What we Did each Day.

(1) A Visit to Congress.

 Incident — The Speech of Senator
 Mason on Cuba.

(2) A Bicycle Ride.

 Incident — An Accident to Two
 Members of the Party.

(3) Arlington.

 Incident — The Drill of a Crack
 Cavalry Regiment.

Conclusion: The Pleasure and Profit of the
Trip.

The essay is a more elaborate form of composition. It does not pretend to be complete, but in a simple manner designs to give the writer's thoughts upon a given theme in an intelligent form. In narrative and descriptive writing the acquirement of information depends on the use of the five senses, but in essay writing the reasoning faculty is brought more into play. Treatises, editorials, reviews, and criticisms are different kinds of essays.

Let us take for the theme of our brief model essay—Amusements. Collecting our material we may make the following outline:

Theme : Amusements.

Model Outline of Essay.

(1) Introduction: Amusements should not be considered the great object of life.

(2) Discussion :

 1. What amusements are for :

- (a) Relaxation.
- (b) Diversion.
- (c) Recreation.

 2. How are they best enjoyed ?

- (a) By previous labor. Illustrations.
- (b) In a rational manner. Examples.

(3) Conclusion: There must be proper exercise of mind and body in preparation for the right use and true estimation of amusement in our lives.

Upon such an outline the following *brief essay* may be written :

It is generally taken for granted, by most young people, that diversion is the principal object of life ; and this opinion is often carried to

such an excess, that pleasure seems to be the great ruling principle which directs all their thoughts, words and actions, and which makes all the serious duties of life heavy and disgusting. This opinion, however, is no less absurd than unhappy, as may be shown by taking the other side of the question, and proving that there is no pleasure and enjoyment of life without labor.

The words commonly used to signify diversion are these three, namely, relaxation, amusement and recreation ; and the precise meaning of these words may lead us to very useful instruction. The idea of relaxation is taken from a bow, which must be *unbent* when it is not wanted for use, that its elasticity may be preserved. Amusement literally means an occasional forsaking of the *Muses*, or the laying aside our books when we are weary with study ; and recreation is the refreshing or recreating of our spirits when they are exhausted with labor, that they may be ready, in due time, to resume it again.

From these considerations it follows that the idle man who has no work can have no play ; for, how can he be relaxed who is never bent ? How can he leave the Muses who is never with

them? How can play refresh him who is never exhausted with business?

When diversion becomes the business of life, its nature is changed; all rest presupposes labor. He that has no variety can have no enjoyment; he is surfeited with pleasure, and in the better hours of reflection would find a refuge in labor itself. And, indeed, it may be observed, that there is not a more miserable, as well as a more worthless being, than a young person of fortune, who has nothing to do but find out some new way of doing nothing.

A sentence is passed upon all poor men, that if they will not work, they shall not eat; and a similar sentence seems passed upon the rich, who, if they are not in some respect useful to the public, are almost sure to become burdensome to themselves. This blessing goes along with every useful employment; it keeps a man on good terms with himself, and consequently in good spirits, and in a capacity of pleasing and being pleased with every innocent gratification.

As labor is necessary to procure an appetite to the body, there must also be some previous exercise of the mind to prepare it for enjoyment; indulgence on any other terms is false in itself,

and ruinous in its consequences. Mirth degenerates into senseless riot, and gratification soon terminates in satiety and disgust.

COMPOSITIONS.

Autumn.

These brilliant October days, when there is one glory of luminous blue in the heavens and many splendors of bronze, crimson and purple in the autumnal foliage, are radiant indeed; but there is something lacking in the rich mists of sunlight and the balmy air. The temperature is not markedly different from that of springtime, and if anything it is more equable. There is the same soil in garden and field, but nothing will grow in it even with the requisite conditions of heat and moisture. The chemical elements are there, but power is lacking for their assimilation, so that the subtle processes of growth cannot be promoted. The late-flowering chrysanthemums blossom by virtue of the accumulated store of sunshine and vitality hoarded during the long summer days, but their burned and rusty foliage attests the suspension of the laws of growth. The oaks

in the woodlands obstinately resist the change of season, and display the verdant leaves of early spring until the sharp frosts of November strike them; but even these hardy veterans show signs of exhaustion. There may be highly enriched garden soil with every element needed for the perfection of vegetation, and there may be dew and rain, sunlight and heat, but there will not be growth. Something is wanting, some chemical properties of sunlight, or some other condition of Nature's refined alchemy; and that mysterious something marks the difference between October and May.

Nature seems to exhaust herself every year in working her miracles of creative power. In the early spring the breath of life sweeps over the world, and every inorganic element seems to be vitalized with energy. Every sunbeam is a touch of life; every seed and rootlet feels the thrill of vital energy; the very atoms of soil seem to be in motion as the processes of growth are begun and continued. The work of orderly combination in the laboratory of earth and air goes on without pause until there is a completed and consistent creation. Toward the end Nature seems to labor feebly and pain-

fully, as a painter who has begun his work with ardor and strength of purpose lingers with abated force over the finishing touches of dots of light and lines of shade. Then the creative impulse seems to lapse altogether. The sunlight loses its chemical properties; atoms are no longer dissolved and assimilated; gases required for the breath of tree and shrub are not released; and the mysterious law of life and growth is arrested. October marks this temporary collapse of creative power. There has been perfect order and proportion in the work, but it has been finished.

Nature has her lessons for those who will read and heed them. She is no novice; her hand never loses its skill; she never forgets the secrets of her combinations; but there are times when the power passes out of her deft fingers. Exhaustion follows ceaseless activity and her force is spent. If Nature must needs lie fallow for a season before the creative impulse can return and the old miracles of life and growth can be wrought anew, so must there be periods of inactivity and rest in man's creative work.

The great works of architecture, painting, music and literature, which bear testimony to

the creative genius of the race, are not products of continuons and exhausting activity. An artist can turn out pot-boilers all the year round and year after year, but when he puts all that there is in him into his canvas, he exhausts his force, and, like Nature, ought to lie fallow until the power returns. The modern novelist, who makes a lucrative trade of book-writing, may produce two or three volumes a year, but he is degrading his art, paralyzing his powers and cheapening his work. Complete and consistent creation involves the following effects of rest and quietude. Then the brain teems again with images, and the work is instinct with creative energy.

What Makes the Sky Blue?

Did you ever stop to think or ask what causes the color in the sky? It is dust, the every-day dust that annoys the good house-keeper. So you see how the most despised things contribute toward making the world beautiful. Without dust there would be no blue firmament. The heaven would be blacker than we see it on moonless nights. On this black background the glowing sun would shine

out sharply. The same sharp contrast of intense light and deep shadow would characterize the surface of the earth, and the moon and the stars would remain visible by day.

To the presence of dust in the air is due our soft, uniformly diffused daylight, for which our eyes are specially adapted. Each infinitesimal particle of dust catches up a particle of sunlight and breaks it up, scattering it into every nook and corner of our houses. The moon has no atmosphere, and no dust in suspension, the result being that on that satellite there is no diffused light, but only intense sunlight and intense darkness.

But why is it that while sunlight is white the sky is blue, and less often yellow and red? It all depends on the size of the dust particles. It is only the very finest particles that ascend to the upper regions. The coarser ones float near the earth. The finer particles reflect the blue rays, but allow the longer-waved yellow and red rays to pass. It is only the coarser particles that interrupt the yellow and red waves. So, on the mountains, where the air is too rare to support the coarse particles, the sky is intensely blue, while the lower and heavier strata, which sustains the coarse par-

ticles, range through all the colors to a deep red.

Investigations at Paris have shown that in a cubic centimeter of air, which would be, say, half a thimbleful, there are a quarter of a million dust particles. The air at the level of the top of the Eiffel tower contains about half as many, while in the high Alps there are no more than 200 particles to the cubic centimeter.

The Beauties of Nature.

“Talk not of temples — there is one
Built without hands, to mankind given ;
Its lamps are the meridian sun,
And all the stars of heaven.
Its walks are the cerulean sky,
Its floor the earth so green and fair,
The dome is vast immensity —
All nature worships there !”

Poets have well described and artists have vividly painted the beautiful scenery of this world, but if we would enjoy life fully, we must seek out these grandeurs for ourselves. A person, having a mind susceptible to the beautiful, cannot look up into the summer sky, gaze upon the mountain tops, linger by the gentle rill, or

lose himself among the woodland flowers, without acknowledging that creation is full of beauty. If our minds are shrouded in sadness, and we become the victims of gloomy thoughts, all outward objects lose their beauty; the rose sends forth her fragrance in vain, the nodding daisies are passed by unnoticed, and the good-morning songs of the birds are unheard. But who can fail to appreciate the beauties in nature's temple? The ornaments of nature, the sunshine and shadows, the fruits and flowers, the forests and seas, the lakes and sparkling brooks, are the gifts of a merciful Giver, and are calling upon us to learn their lessons, and to linger beneath their bowers until our spirits shall break forth in adoration and praise to their great Author.

We, who have spent our vacation in the country or by the shore, and have seen the sunrise over the mountains, or "out of the sea," can appreciate the glories of the sunrise. As the grand inspirer of life lifts his head above the eastern horizon, the clouds are tinged with gorgeous colors. Troops of merry sunbeams go dancing o'er the earth, carrying joy and gladness to many a sorrowful heart and darkened home. Even the birds feel the charm of the rising sun, and fill the fresh morning air with

songs of thanksgiving and praise. The flowers open, and send forth their sweetest fragrance, and all nature puts on a lovely gown. Soon this great source of heat and light mounts higher and higher ; the heat becomes more and more intense, until, at noon, all nature confesses the power of that great, fiery globe. Onward and ever on rolls the earth, less and less is the heat from the sun, and soon we see his glorious face sinking below the western hills, bidding us a cheerful good-night. Our old friend does not leave us suddenly, for, even after he is lost to view, his glory is reflected back to us, and we enjoy the calm and peaceful twilight. Tired nature, exhausted by the heat and work of the day, reposes on dewy beds of slumber. Birds fly home to their nests. The curtains of night are drawn, and the world is at rest.

Scarcely has nature put on her shadowy robe, when, turning our eyes to the east, we behold the smiling moon as it emerges from behind the mountains. How calm and beautiful is the scene of a moonlight night. It brings to our remembrance touching scenes of the past, elevates our thoughts above earthly things, and carries us back to the time when that same moon shone upon the first lovers in the verdant

garden of Eden, and its glory shall be the same until time shall be no more. Let us look upward again and gaze upon the "floor of heaven, thick inlaid with patines of bright gold." How strange to think that these stars are centers of other systems of worlds as the sun is the center of the solar system, and that our dark earth is as a glittering star to the other planets! When we look upon nature's lamps, we are filled with wonder, and rapid questions crowd upon us. Are these planets inhabited? Are they worlds like our own? Are they simply floating about in space, destined for no especial use? These questions can never be fully answered, but it does seem probable that the planets are inhabited, for we know that utility characterizes all of God's works. That same divine hand that prepared our earth for us could just as easily prepare other races for other planets. One by one the lights of heaven are extinguished. We are now at the threshold of another day, and light, that wonderful element, is again revealed to us. It is light that beautifies our earth; it is light that gives us the beautiful colors of the rainbow, and paints the evening clouds. This strange element may not appear attractive to us in its compound state, but as soon as a ray

of light passes through the spectrum, and is separated into its prismatic colors, we cannot but wonder at the infinite wisdom of its great Giver, who, when He called forth the light, not only brought the world out of darkness, but painted the flowers, trees and grasses in their various colors.

Winter Leaves.

The leaves are dead, you say?

All summer they danced in the sunshine, and we rested 'neath their grateful shade, at autumn they blushed in the breezes, and veiled every tree-top in crimson and gold ; but now, oh, now, they are dead and buried under the snow. We saw their bright tints fade when winter winds began to blow, we watched them as they fluttered away from the home bough, one by one, and we know the shroud kind winter has woven, flake by flake, to cover their bleakness and desolation. The trees are shorn of all their glory, and the leaves, alas, are dead !

Winter reigns, and the world is white, dreary, desolate. Under the snow lie dead leaves, dead hopes, dead lives. And will there be no new leaves, no new hopes, no new life ?

On each of the bare, slender twigs, countless numbers of them stretching imploringly toward the sky, there are myriads of little buds, tiny knots, scarce visible, where last year's leaves had been. The leaf fluttered away long ago, and took with it no sign or seal by which to claim its former place, but it has left a mark of hope and promise on the parent tree, just as the dead dreams of last year's hope leave upon our lives the signs of joy to come. And in these tiny buds, so small and scarcely seen, lie the germs of life for next year's leaves.

Through all the dreariness of winter the tiny life lies still. Cold winds may blow, and chilling flakes may fall, but hid safe under its scaly covering the hope lies warm and snug. No storm disturbs its sweet repose; it is only waiting for the soft breeze and golden sunshine of the April-time to push forth into life and beautify anew the grand old tree. So in our hearts lie seeds of promise, hopes of better things to come; so we grope blindly toward the light and long for the winter of sorrow to pass and the summer of gladness to come, when our lives shall burst forth into new beauty, new hope, new joy.

At last it comes. Slowly the snows melt; the sunshine becomes softer. Can this be the eventful moment? The thrill of hope awakes the dormant life within the bud, the scaly fetters fall away, and the new leaf presses forward. Forgotten now is the long dark dream of winter, the fears, and dread of final failure, the long, weary watching for the morning, and in the glow of perfect sunshine that greets the new, frail leaf is remembered only joy. So let us, "forgetting the things which are behind, press forward," forgetting the care and trials of the winter of sorrow, press on into the hope and promise of a new spring and a new life.

Soon our lives, like the grand old trees, shall receive "the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

So each year the transformation goes on. The trees put forth leaves and are beautiful, the leaves must die but the buds remain, and will in time bring forth new beauty. So joy will always follow sadness. So let us find in the bud-life a type of the higher life, and in the new leaf a symbol of life eternal.

ESSAYS.

Beatrice.

Before all this "much ado about nothing" there was doubtless many a night when a sighing swain carried from the halls of Leonato his hopeless heart and wounded vanity. And who of the happy family group within would ever think twice of his woes? Not "gentle Hero," "too brown for a fair praise, too little for a great praise," and as yet too unsophisticated to look beyond her father's face. Nor "white-bearded" Leonato, who shielded with tenderest care his only child, and observed with an amused admiration the caprices of his lively niece Most surely not the saucy Beatrice herself, endowed with a heart that "keeps on the windy side of care," and a sharp little tongue; doubtless only too delighted to relate the discomfitures of the departed youth. Between Beatrice and Hero existed the closest relations of confidence and affection, as between an older and a younger sister; Hero, however, hardly understanding the mocking laugh and ready retorts with which Beatrice ever greeted her suitors.

To Leonato, Beatrice seemed like another daughter, and of her he said: "She is never sad but when she sleeps"; hardly realizing himself how often he found cheer from the cares of state in her quick repartee and lively sallies.

At the first glimpse of Beatrice, we are attracted by her undulled girlishness. She has such high fun in twisting the words of others with tantalizing contrariness; in seeing and relentlessly exposing the ridiculous in those around her. Thoughtlessly unsympathetic fun it may have been, but all the more girlish for that. She pierces with unfailing effect the petty pride and favorite weaknesses of her admirers, with quick sarcastic speeches whose sharpness she is far from realizing. She loves to declare her ideals, especially that of her Prince Charming (what girl does not?). And he is not the absolutely perfect, perfectly impossible man of a very young girl's imagination, but a sound, healthy ideal: "Half signior Benedick's tongue in count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in signior Benedick's face," says her uncle, and she adds:

"With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world,— if he

could get her good-will." This is not altogether a worldly ideal, as might appear, if we catch the significance of the last clause. Beatrice is free from the cares of the serious and unconcerned with their judgments. Still young and girlish in thought and speech, she is as gay as a dainty butterfly, and as evasive.

This is Beatrice as the play opens. And must we believe that Cupid's skill in arms is lost? Miss Beatrice may herself support the charge. In the first scene the praises of the valiant Claudio fail to interest her, and she turns her attention very composedly to the clever and antagonistic Benedick. Under cover of a light raillery of the old bachelor's fondness for material good things and of his confirmed fickleness, she plies the messenger with quiet questions, learning much of Benedick's brave conduct in the war and of his noble friends; perhaps trying to discover if his heart has yet been conquered. When Benedick himself appears, she immediately picks a quarrel with him on no grounds at all, covering all possible feeling under a suspiciously bold assertion that her heart is still untouched, and playing her wit so neatly that he is obliged to give way in an unmistakable retreat. When she overhears that

Benedick loves her, her eyes are opened to her girlish foibles and she enters upon a more womanly course. Without losing her sprightly individuality, and in a circuitous way, she allows the puzzled Benedick to begin to hope. When at last he proves his real devotion in accepting the defense of Hero, she pledges herself to him as unreservedly in heart as Hero does to Claudio, but still in the teasing way without which she would not be Beatrice.

Beatrice is no child, falling "in love with being loved." She can pledge herself only to him whose trustworthiness has been proved. Is not her conversation with the messenger a secret attempt to learn all she can of this man, who has interested her, at first perhaps because he was such a confirmed old bachelor and as openly uncomplimentary in expressing his views, as she in hers?

Time passes and she knows him better. When his love is made known to her, she says :

"others say thou dost deserve ; and I
Believe it better than reportingly."

His love stirs her heart and wakens her latent womanliness, and the days of girlish extremes in pride and scorn are past. After she is

first acquainted with Benedick's true feeling, her short soliloquy is most characteristic. Nobly recognizing and renouncing her faults, it expresses the genuine true-hearted woman, though reserved and controlled as Beatrice ever will be.

Then comes a little scene where she half conceals, half reveals her love in the most unfeminine instinct to tell somebody all about it; and meanwhile submits to be covertly teased with evident satisfaction.

The disgraceful scene at the church: Claudio's womanly behavior, Hero's distress and Leonato's grief, reveals clearly the strength and generosity of Beatrice's character. Is not her first exclamation, as Hero swoons, most significant? "Why, how now, cousin! Wherefore sink you down?" Without one instant's hesitation, it expresses her entire confidence in Hero, which remains unshaken too, even after every one else has been convinced by seeming proof. Are we not justified in seeing in it the expression also of Beatrice's more positive character? Under similar circumstances Beatrice would never have swooned. Where Hero was crushed, she would have been furiously angry. What completely overcame Hero's more yielding na-

ture would only have strengthened her native control. It is fine : this whole-hearted companionship of her cousin. It is this, her generous feeling for her friend that moves her to tears. Where else does proud Beatrice shed a tear ? Not when her failings were discussed by two of her own sex, though many another girl would have felt justified then if ever. Not when her lover with vows still on his lips flatly refuses to do her first bidding. It is only this, her tender love for another woman that bursts the bonds of personal restraint in a passionate storm against Claudio, wakes a fierce desire for revenge and evokes a scathing thrust at the unmanliness of man. We are glad that she is passionate here : it reveals but the more strongly her ardent generosity, her beautiful nobility. After this stirring scene where Beatrice is too agitated to be anything but sincere, can we ask, as some have done, if she treated Hero in a domineering way or if she was too cynical and shallow ever to love truly and deeply ? Nay verily ; the sudden and cowardly attack upon her cousin's honor stirs her soul to passionate waves of noble sympathy and generous anger.

There is no jest here between Beatrice and

Benedick; she says: "Defend the honor of Hero or say farewell to me." Just after she avows her love with as much openness as she ever uses, comes the sharp command: "Kill Claudio."

Through as constant a faith to his friend as Beatrice has felt for hers, the unfortunate Benedick is betrayed into an instant refusal. But her decisive and relentless answer is as quick: "You kill me to deny: farewell."

In the last scene, Miss Beatrice allows herself to be formally betrothed; even then it is with the most tantalizing indirection: "I would not deny you; but by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and partly to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption."

The story of Beatrice is the story of a spirited and independent girl developing into a strong, generous woman. She is a little Undine of gayety, pranks and wilfulness; but as truly as Undine finds her human soul in the love of her knight, so Beatrice reveals to us, in her ardent loyalty to her friends and the fine strength of her affection, a widening life like the revelation of a new soul.

Independent Character.

Emerson has fitly said in true sentiment: "It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of a crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude." True independence of character is a virtue that but few men possess. No man who cannot, dispassionately, from two sides, view a question, can ever hope to secure independence of character. Historical research demonstrates that few really great men were capable of listening with dignity to views and opinions advanced by their opponents. Devolving upon every citizen is the solemn duty to analyze and studiously consider the peculiar measures and doctrines agitating our country from time to time.

Dispassionately hearing the advocates of both sides, judicially hearing and considering the evidence adduced, he should discover the probable effects of the rejection or adoption of the arguments and questions under discussion. Such decision being formed, he should have courage and conviction to maintain under all

circumstances his position, and the good taste of listening with deference to the opinions of his antagonists. In this way true independence of character may be developed. By this method only can free institutions be preserved. With citizens of this description, able to think for themselves, a nation is both unconquerable in war and unsurpassable in peace.

Ruskin's "Ethics of the Dust."

Whatever place the sense of one's own insignificance may hold among the feelings which possess the sympathetic reader of the works of some eminent man, this feeling is sure to become the dominant one when the sympathetic reader is called upon to turn critic. When we come to consider the matter in the ethical writings of John Ruskin,—so vast and elevated in comparison to our own puny and undeveloped culture,—we feel that we cannot have the presumption to place ourselves upon a plane so near to his, as to criticize a man whose moral nature is so exceptional, and "whose every purpose is of a loftiness and unselfishness which we can only honor from below."

It will be, then, not in the nature of a critical review that we shall discuss "Ethics of the Dust." While the botanist, in order that he may examine and closely analyze the flower in all its parts, tears it to pieces petal by petal, and thus robs it of its beauty; the artist, without any destructive agency, notes and transfers to canvas its beauty of form and color. Ours shall not be the work of the botanist,—by minute and laborious analysis to tear apart this flower of literature,—but rather, like the artist, to try to get from it and retain whatever ethical teachings and points of beauty we may be able to perceive.

One of the most deplorable facts with which we have to deal is that we every-day mortals are so unobservant of what is really about us. "If in our moments of utter idleness or insipidity we turn to the sky, . . . which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says that it has been wet, another it has been windy, and another it has been warm. Who among the whole chattering crowd can tell one of the forms and precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that girded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south and smote upon

their summits until they melted and mouldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves?" While it is true that we cannot all behold things with the eye of an artist, we can nevertheless look at them with our own eyes,—which is what we, alas, too often fail to do. Every day of our lives the things which are most important are allowed to go by unseen and unregretted, because they do not seem to be extraordinary. "It is not in the clash of hail, nor in the drift of the whirlwind that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not in the earthquake nor in the fire, but in the still small voice."

To us, then, in this sleepy and apathetic state, comes John Ruskin,—himself possessed of a keen insight into things which to us have been obscure, and, through the pages of his "*Ethics of the Dust*," shows us what great lessons are to be learned from the smallest things of God's creation; and desires us to learn these by taking a vital interest in everything that comes to our hand. His words come to us with especial force and authority,

because we know how well qualified he is for giving such advice. Even in his youth and young manhood, by his unceasing interest in everything with which he came in contact, he was ever finding new things and new forms of beauty before unnoticed. And when maturer, "without any pretensions to profound scientific knowledge, he had an extraordinary natural gift for observation, seeming to know by instinct what to observe," thus obtaining an insight into things which others did not have. It seems that particularly in the realm of nature, — with all her various forms and phenomena, this spirit of observation and inquiry in Ruskin had an especial sweep. Every natural thing, every flower and stone, seemed to him to be wonderfully revealed. "The living habitation of the world," he says, "the spiritual power of the air, the rocks, the waters, to be in the midst of it, and rejoice and wonder at it, this was the essential love of nature in me, this was the root of all that I have usefully become." As a lover of nature Ruskin is indeed a charming figure. He is Wordsworth in prose, and resembles Keats in his love of the beauties of nature; but, unlike Keats, he was a preacher and a prophet, and instead of being

entirely wrapt in nature, “could come into the market-place to warn and rebuke.” His creed is admirably given in a letter to a friend; by rightly understanding as much of the nature of everything as ordinary watchfulness will enable any man to perceive, we might, if we looked, find in everything some special moral lesson or type of particular truth, and that then one might find a language in the whole world, before unfehl, like that which is forever given to the ravens or the lilies of the field by Christ’s speaking of them. All this revelling in the lessons and beauties of God’s creation he embodies in his work, and “prompts us to leave the conventional for the true, and, quitting the cant of gallery connoisseurship, to find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

We can now see why it was that Ruskin could find “sermons in stones”; how he could see so much in a mere chip of rock, in which we would take no more interest, perhaps, than to skip it over the surface of some pond or stream; and how, in “Ethics of the Dust,” it is his desire to impart this same spirit to us all. It would be a pity indeed if we were to

carry away only single and isolated thoughts of good and beauty from the reading of the book, and miss the writer's generous purpose in it all.

But what lessons were there that Ruskin's insight led him to see in the material creation about him?—and what are they which he wants us also to learn? To him the study of nature was not merely a geological analysis with text-book, hammer and magnifying glass. A mind so devout as his was above that, God was in the "still small voice,"—the voice that spake to him from every rock and stone. "External nature has a body and soul like a man, but her soul is the Deity."

Just as the pupils of the Old Lecturer, after having been shown the order and harmony of the universe by the beautiful representations of the object-lesson crystals, were ready to have lessons drawn from the moral, social and religious world; so we, having found how and what to observe, are now ready to learn what "sermons" the rocks and stones preach to us. They are uttered in the beauty of the crystal formations as contrasted with what our human life in great part is. The primary design of our Creator in bringing into existence man—

with all his noble attributes and capabilities for good and usefulness—has, through man's sin and fall, in great part failed; while the material creation, also the work of God's hands, goes on year after year in harmony and with precision. Thus the atoms and molecules of the material creation,—that is, the "dust,"—preach to us, so to speak, a system of duty,—"ethics,"—that man may well heed.

We are shown, then, through the talks of the Old Lecturer with the children, that just as God's Personal Creative Power is manifested in the creation and preservation of man, so it is manifested in every form of the material universe; and the ethics of the dust has then its meaning in this, that whereas human life and human institutions exhibit much of discord, lack of interdependence, insubordination and a want of harmony, material nature works as yet fresh from the hand of God, in unerring sequence and harmonious adjustment. It is, then, these "sermons" or "ethics" that the material creation is thus fitted to teach us, that are dealt with in unity and development through the book. This, in our conception, is the line of thought in "Ethics of the Dust."

In considering the subject-matter of the book, the ideas of thought and beauty in which the whole teaching is expressed,—there will be no attempt at disputing any point in Ruskin's moral views or his theology. However much or little they may differ, perhaps, from preconceived though unsubstantial notions of our own, it must be remembered that when we come to moral problems, so profound and momentous in comparison with anything we know, we enter into a world where only the Judge of all life can pronounce. And the consecration of Ruskin's life to the advancement of truth gives him an authority with which we cannot debate; our opinions, though not slavishly following his, must be respectful.

It must also be remembered that "Ethics of the Dust" must in all justice be viewed as an artistic expression of all the lessons it teaches. For this reason, any attempt at making artificial or sharply defined divisions of it, or of noticing in detail mechanical features, would not only be unjust, but would mar its delicate perfection. It does not concern us to know whether or not the book was written in dialogue, except so far as that was an excellent way of teaching the young. Neither do we care to know whether

Ruskin carried out his work in ten or twenty lectures, any more than when standing in admiration before some masterly painting of an Apollo or a Venus, with its perfection of form and softness of tinting, we care to be suddenly reminded that the human body contains two hundred and eight bones.

But let it not be supposed, because so bald and blank artificial analysis is followed, that therefore passages that shall be quoted and comments made shall be merely at random. Far from it. The quoted passages,—expressing as they do the main ethical teachings that, through Ruskin's guidance, come to us from the crystalline formations,—gradually unfold and bring to climax the following line of duty. It is this: by avoiding and condemning certain evils of character, and coming to realize the manner of God's working in all the order and system of nature—of which plan we too are a part on a higher order,—and from a daily knowledge of the virtues, the quarrels and the caprice of men, having thus gotten a correct understanding of our duties to ourselves and fellow-men; by working unselfishly and with open eyes, even amid sorrows and difficulties, we shall, like the elements of the earth, at last

become purified and ennobled by the plan of God which pervadeth all things.

It is with this thought of unity and development of the whole that the following few gleanings of good and beauty must be read, in order that, in the apparently diverse quotations, there may be traced the gradual unfolding and climax of the ethical teachings.

Figurative language does not possess alone the worth of being attractive, its true value lies in its efficiency as a weapon in a crusade against some firmly rooted evil. It is thus being employed by the Old Lecturer when he tells the children gathered around him of the "real Valley of Diamonds"; which is "a metaphorical description of the pleasures and dangers of the Kingdom of Mammon, or of worldly wealth; its waters mixed with blood; its fruits entangled in thickets of trouble, and poisonous when gathered; and the final captivity of its inhabitants within frozen walls of cruelty and disdain." The whole is a forcible warning against the pursuit of riches to the exclusion of all the finer feelings of individual manhood.

In the representation and explanation of the lower Pthah, with his hammer and pincers, and boast—"everything that is great I can make

small, and everything that is little I can make great," Ruskin typifies and severely condemns the mercenary and excessive mercantile spirit, of which he was so intolerant, and which scarred and blackened some of nature's fairest scenes with its railroads and factories. He says elsewhere that if the British public were assured by engineers that a railroad could be built to Hell, they would invest in the concern to any amount, and stop church-building all over the country, for fear of diminishing the dividends. The baseness of the lower Pthah is ever at work, and we notice its results on every hand. It is our duty to avoid in our lives all such avaricious greed for wealth, and not to allow the mercenary spirit to dominate anything we do.

With how much greater charm does the poet or the artist tell us things than the cold and calculating scientist. Doubtless we would be wearied by the geological text-book account of crystal formation, if we would read it at all; but when Ruskin tells us of the manner in which the myriads of atoms come together to make up the fine crystal, we are charmed by its beautiful simplicity and directness. A castle is to be built ; the bricks and variously shaped stones, — each destined for a proper place, — are lying

about in confusion. A “benevolent fairy, in a bright brick-red gown,” comes and touches the confused heap : — “ Bricks, bricks, to your places ”; and the bricks all mount into the air as with wings, and assume their proper places, and — the castle is built. How simple and forceful is this, and how beautiful withal.

Equally as beautiful, and even stronger, is the other illustration of crystal formation, the meeting of Neith and the greater Pthah. At the command of Neith the heaps of clay spread themselves to the north, to the south, to the east and to the west, and, coming together with the spreading of Neith’s wings, in a mass of sudden flame, — the pyramid stands forth in completed majesty and strength. Not only does it impress a knowledge of the Egyptian mythology, but it beautifully represents, with all its majesty and force, the orderly workings of the divine Creator in the smallest formations of nature.

Ruskin’s object in so beautifully bringing us to a knowledge of the crystal formations in nature, is that we may realize that similar action is in progress in our human life ; and that, recognizing it, by right conduct we may aid it.

Ruskin held strongly to the doctrine that

ignorance is no excuse valid enough for faults or wrongs committed. "We didn't know any better" is a weak plea when one is detected in evil; and our author severely condemns it in the very strong utterance, "You have no business at all to go wrong, nor to get into any way that you cannot see. Your intelligence should be always far in advance of your act." We can see how sensible this is, although upon hasty judgment it may have appeared too severe.

Another and more reprehensible form in which so many are untrue to themselves is the spirit of personal abasement,—which leads a man to say "my heart is only evil continually, and there is no good in me." It does not follow — though he thinks so — because a man's nature is so inferior to God's, and so debased, that therefore every thought he thinks and every act he performs is evil, and with a wrong motive. In the dialogue with Lucilla in *Crystal Virtues* he completely annihilates this false and "horrible creed of modern social science." The whole extended conversation,—which must be read entire to be appreciated, as must indeed every one of the passages to which we can but refer,—teaches us not to despise, but have a

due appreciation of ourselves and talents. We are to form the habit of measuring and reverencing our powers and talents that we may kindly use them, and thus develop the real powers and honorable feelings of the race. We cannot assist God's crystallizing force in our behalf by debasing ourselves, for the law of His kingdom is advance and improvement. Our duty then is very clearly shown.

Being just and true to ourselves involves a like conduct to those about us. We cannot think of our relations to others without calling up the expression "self-sacrifice." We are so accustomed to award honor and praise to those noble beings — told of in history and in song — who have given up everything, even their lives, for the sake of others or for their country, that we are somewhat surprised at first to hear Ruskin say, "The self-sacrifice of a human being is not a lovely thing." But upon the fair consideration that should always be given Ruskin's characteristic utterances, we must realize that we are not required to bring sorrow and dense gloom into our lives for the sake of others. If all were to do that, no one would be happy. The Lord wants us to have all the joy and sunshine come into our lives that is possible, for

there will be enough sorrow and disappointment without hunting for it. "It is the will of God respecting us that we shall live by each other's happiness and life ; not by each other's misery or death."

Our duty to ourselves and to those about us is thus briefly though forcibly and comprehensively set before us — it is for us to perform it.

In our lives and activities we may gain from the crystals even the lesson of unselfishness. All selfishness is especially condemned by Ruskin, for he of all men was most ready to help others. While the maxim, "No cross, no crown," is not to be controverted, we must still remember that we are not to take up the cross for the mere purpose of receiving the crown. The Old Lecturer tells us that "taking up one's cross" does not at all mean having ovations at dinner parties, and being put over everybody else's head. In all our working and sojourning here we are to bear what is given us manfully and with a straight back, without boasting of what is upon it, and "without making faces or calling people to come and look at us." Our entire line of conduct is to be wholly unselfish.

As we have seen before, it has Ruskin's sin-

cere purpose and desire to correct in men their unobservant attitude toward the things of interest and value about them, as illustrative of God's plan in nature. In showing to the children the "streaks" in marble, the Old Lecturer calls attention to the fact that men have, for all ages, failed to ask "what painted the rocks?" although they have been using them constantly, and adds, "we are all, and always, asleep through our lives; and it is only by pinching ourselves very hard that we ever come to see or understand anything." It should be our ambition to do more than merely keep awake.

There is even provision for us in time of sorrow and difficulty. "One can generally make something, or (better still) nothing, or, at least, less of them (the difficulties), if they thoroughly know their own minds." This simple and philosophical way of considering trials and sorrows must be a point of guidance and a sustaining thought to many.

If we can but learn to follow these several lines of duty,—always to act unselfishly and to be alert and wide awake in our every line of conduct, we shall surely be assisting our Creator in the way he wishes us to, in the sphere in which he has placed us.

Our book concludes with perhaps one of the most beautiful conceptions in it, and an application drawn from that conception which is an expression of the whole development of the thought throughout the book.

At the request of the Old Lecturer, Mary reads an extract from the Law of Help. "As an example of the nature and power of consistence there is taken from the outskirts of a manufacturing town an ounce of slime or mud, composed of clay, mixed with soot, a little sand and water. All these elements are at first at war with one another; and then the whole mass is left at rest and the development or purification begins. The clay becomes a sapphire; the sand an opal; the soot a diamond; and the water crystallizes into a snow-drop. And for the ounce of slime which we had, by political economy of competition, we have, by political economy of co-operation, a sapphire, an opal and a diamond, set in the midst of a star of snow."

From such a beautiful conception only the beautiful truth could be drawn that is drawn. Just as the elements of physical earth do not attain their perfection by accident, but by "the agency of external law," so we, as a part of

God's creative plan,—“the human clay now trampled and despised,—will not be, cannot be, knit into strength and light by accident or ordinances of unassisted fate,” but will be purified and ennobled by God, each one of us assisting Him by working rightly in our own proper place. In this the Old Lecturer gives the children, and so Ruskin gives us, the “grave enduring thought” of “Ethics of the Dust.”

Our regret is indeed very keen that so many of the most beautiful things could not even be touched upon. Ever since *Modern Painters* was finished, since the time Ruskin felt himself called upon to be the champion of humanity, his style has “lost in pure beauty and gained in pure force.” In giving, then, the teachings of the book, we have found Ruskin’s views, although beautifully put, as we have seen, yet devoid of that adornment noticeable in his *Modern Painters* and *Seven Lamps of Architecture*. The points of pure beauty scattered throughout the book have thus of necessity been left untouched.

“Ethics of the Dust” is one of those books that appeal to one’s finer feelings and tastes, and which make one realize that, if he will but

rightly listen, "Dollars and Cents, Dollars and Cents" will not be the only tune that he will hear played upon life's organ. To us all there comes a time when we are apt to get the idea that "meat is more than life, and raiment more than the soul; at such times let us turn to Ruskin. He sees the glorious world as we have never known it, or perhaps have forgotten to look upon it, and is himself penetrated with the glory and beauty of it all, and of the harmony into which we are set."

Whatever loftiness of taste for the beautiful may be developed, and whatever good we may attain from reading "Ethics of the Dust," of this we may be well assured, that hereafter we will appreciate nature better, by discovering what was before hidden and unnoticed, and so begin to see the creative plan of God in it all, as in ourselves. Our tastes and faculties will have taken this turn under the generous guidance which Ruskin has given them.

Edward Rowland Sill.

Five years ago, in an obscure village of Ohio, a poet died. So modest had he been in regard to his verses that he has scattered them

here and there over different pseudonyms, till his genuine lyric voice was mingled with the noise of the magazine poets, and lost. Shortly after his death his poems were collected and published. Then people became aware that a true singer had been among them—a wise and kindly man. Placed side by side in the volumes, the lyrics emphasized one another and became the revelation of a strong spiritual personality. In short, there was found a new “friend and helper of all who would live in the spirit.”

Without attempting technical criticism of Sill’s poetry, I wish to consider it as the revelation of the manner of man he was. One may best form a notion of his character by considering his attitude toward nature and his religion.

Sill brought to the observation of nature senses wonderfully keen and delicate. He walked abroad with every sense open to the least whispered suggestion from the external world. Out of hardly more than the mere elements of color and light he has wrought a poem which shines with the iridescence of an opal:

“ Sky in its lucent splendor lifted
Higher than cloud can be ;
Air with no breath of earth to stain it,
Pure on the perfect sea.

“ Crests that touch and tilt each other,
Jostling as they comb ;
Delicate crash of tinkling water,
Broken in pearlind foam.”

Too much the artist was sill to deny the charm and power of pure sensuous beauty, too susceptible of the most intense pleasure of mere sight and sound.

Notwithstanding this delicacy of sensation, there are few of his nature-poems that are not absolutely suffused with spiritual meaning. Well he knew that the charm of outward sense, however delicate and refined, if allowed exclusive influence, is a seduction and a snare. He knew what fever had burned in the veins of John Keats. He has dedicated his most considerable poetic utterance — The Venus of Milo — to the expression of his philosophy of the beautiful. The Venus of Medici is the type of “outward, earthly loveliness,” the Venus of Milo “the inner beauty of the world,” “the soul of all things beautiful.” Beauty of sense

is only "the lesser Aphrodite"; what, then, is the greater?

"The unseen beauty that doth faintly gleam
In stars, and flowers and waters where they roll;
The unheard music, whose faint echoes even
Make whosoever hears a homesick soul
Thereafter till he follow it to heaven."

Many there are who regard the Words-worthian interpretation of nature as a dream—pleasant enough in the telling, but no better than a dream, after all. Is it irrational, however, to believe that nature is somehow finely fitted to minister to the wants of the intellect and the heart? To reject the fact of such ministrations because one cannot understand its cause and manner, is neither scientific nor sensible. "This brave o'erhanging canopy" is not the roof of a house, but of a temple.

No one can read Sill without finding traces of the scepticism which kept him out of the Christian ministry. Deeply did he feel the "riddle of the painful earth." The agony of his own mental confusion was intensified by the feeling that he ought to be a religious teacher of men—"A hand that touched him

lightly and a voice that said 'Declare!'" That voice he wished to obey—that voice he did obey, though it was to him only a voice spoken in the dark. Many there are who find in the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam an expression of the sceptical temper of the present time. Life, say these despairers, is but

"A moment's halt, a momentary taste
Of Being from the Well amid the Waste;
And lo! the phantom caravan has reached
The Nothing it set out from."

The Persian poem, even when it rises above hopeless despair of any knowledge of man's destiny, asserts that the conduct of men has been determined from the first dawn of creation, that there is therefore no moral responsibility, and boldly lays upon the Creator no small share of the world's iniquity. To fill every moment with pleasure, to waste no particle of the short three-score-and-ten in the vain pursuit of knowledge, this is the utmost wisdom Omar can find.

Very different is this from the temper of Sill. It is one thing to say that the moral universe is hopelessly askew—quite another to confess an inability to comprehend the scheme

upon which the moral universe is ordered. To confess blindness, is not to deny the sun. Sill was confident that "the great schoolmaster Death could take him through the higher mathematics of the religious principia." His attitude toward death was not quite the brave confidence of Robert Browning, who "greeted the unseen with a cheer," but an eager and reverent spiritual curiosity of his own.

Meanwhile there is much to be learned and accomplished in the homely present; and after the early, almost boyish, pessimism, Sill set to work with his might upon whatever useful task his hands found to do. A wide circle of his acquaintances give testimony to the number and generosity of his deeds of practical benevolence. "Work is the sober law," he said. During the last few years in the Ohio village this idealist, this ponderer on the old questions of life and death, was glad to engage in such unromantic works as the establishment of reading-rooms for street idlers. One of his most pathetic poems is the expression of a noble ambition he had cherished and was now constrained by approaching death to dismiss — the ambition to find with his active brain

and warm heart some teaching or guidance
for his fellow-men :

“I tried to find, that I might show to them,
Before I go,
The path of purer lives: the light was dim,
I do not know
If I had found some footprints of the way;
It is too late their wandering steps to stay,
Before I go.”

Something better than he sought has Edward Sill left us—the revelation of his own spirit. The poetry which contains that revelation passes triumphantly the supreme test—it is fitted to become a vital interest on character. Is it strange that a man so honest, so unselfish, so spiritual, should look fearlessly on death?

“Naked from that far abyss behind us
We entered here.
No word came with our coming to remind us
What wondrous world was near,
No hope, no fear.

“Into the silent, starless night before us
Naked we glide.
No hand hath mapped the constellations o'er us,
No comrade at our side,
No chart, no guide.

“ Yet fearless toward that midnight, black and hollow,
 Our footsteps fare ;
The beckoning of a Father’s hand we follow ;
 His love alone is there,
 No curse, no care.”

These words are the full, eloquent and sufficient commentary on the life of Edward Rowland Sill.

*Intellectual Improvement, an Aid to Works of
the Imagination.*

Every age and every nation has its distinguished men. It has had its heroes, poets, orators, philosophers and statesmen. Whether we go to the abodes of civilization, or to the haunts of savages, we shall find men who are properly the master spirits of their age, and who are destined to give direction to the opinions and actions of their fellow-men. This arises from the very constitution of society, and each of the several classes of which it is composed are in some degree dependent on each other. The fame of the hero depends on the historian and poet, and, in return, the achievements of the former afford the most fertile themes for the latter. Some periods, however, are more

favorable than others for the development of a particular kind of talent. The ancients recognized an iron, a bronze and a golden age, and no impartial reader of history can doubt the justness of such a classification. The golden age was the age when literature and the arts flourished, when civilization had gained the ascendency over barbarism, and when the rights of the individual had begun to be respected.

There is, undoubtedly, an opinion prevalent, that intellectual improvement is unfavorable to the imagination,—that the reasoning power cannot be cultivated without impairing it. But such an opinion has no foundation in fact, and is entitled to no more respect than a thousand other notions that are handed down from age to age, and are regarded as true. The enemies of free government tell us, that learning cannot flourish where all are acknowledged free and equal; that learned men cannot grow up except in the sunshine of royal favor; and that religion cannot work its benign effects except on an ignorant community, and under the guidance of an established church. The different relative progress of the sciences and works of imagination can be accounted for with-

out having recourse to the theory above mentioned. A science is nothing more than the combined experiments and discoveries of men in all ages, while a work of imagination is, to a certain extent, the work of a single person. The philosopher can begin where Bacon and Newton left off, but the poet must begin where Homer began.

There is another cause for the prevalence of this opinion, in the erroneous view taken of the works of an uncultivated people. The wild, figurative language, which arises from its barrenness, is often thought to be conclusive evidence of a lively imagination. As civilization advances, that wildness and extravagance disappear ; as language becomes more copious and fixed, those bold figures are no longer used. But does it follow, that the imagination is less lively ? That that faculty, on which our happiness so essentially depends, is thus impaired by the very means by which our good is promoted ? It cannot be. The God of nature, who made "wisdom's ways ways of pleasantness," did never decree that the improvement of the intellectual should darken that faculty which is truly the mind's eye, and through which the past as well as the future, and the absent as well as the pres-

ent can be scanned. Imagination does not confine itself to earth, but

“Tired of it
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
Through fields of air, pursues the flying storm,
Rides on the volleyed lightning through the heavens,
Or, yoked with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
Sweeps the long track of day.”

Should we grant that intellectual improvement was unfavorable to productions of the imagination, then we should no longer look for the best works of that character among a civilized people, but should seek them among our native Indians, or the Tartars of Siberia. We should apply the same rules to individuals as to nations. The least cultivated minds would be the most imaginative. We should look to them for bolder flights than to Milton, Pope or Byron; the absurdity of which is seen by the mere statement of it, and the principle is unworthy of serious argument. History as well as common sense refutes it. Who of those bards whose works are as immortal as the spirits which produced them had not a cultivated mind? Which of them did not find their imaginative powers increased by intellectual im-

provement? Though the age of Homer was an age of comparative darkness, yet the sun of literature must have shone on Greece, or the inspired fountains of poetry would have been frozen up. He never would have sung of the heroism of his countrymen had not their feelings responded to his. He never would have written with that correct taste which all succeeding poets have delighted to imitate, had not reason already under her control the wildness and extravagance of the untutored mind.

Our own age bears ample testimony that intellectual improvement does not destroy genius to produce, nor diminish desire to read works of imagination; for there never was a time when so much fiction is written and read as at the present. Poetry is no longer the language of history and oratory, but it is what it ought to be, the language of imagination, clothing in its varied dress human passions and affections. In proof of this we need only refer to that giant mind whose powers have been so successfully employed in the world of fiction, making an almost entire revolution in that department of literature. He has shown that the boldest flights of the imagination are not in the darkness of night, but in the clear sunshine of day;

that as civilization advances, and the human mind makes progress, so will all its powers be strengthened, and all its faculties be enlarged. Science offers to us new realms, and the astronomer, as well as the poet, may picture to himself worlds moving round in one harmonious whole far beyond the reach of mortal view.

The obscure and the uncertain may be necessary for a full exercise of the imaginative powers, but of this there will always be enough until the whole field of knowledge is explored. In truth, with the advance of knowledge and science, mystery does not diminish. New wonders are continually unfolding themselves, and as the field of vision is enlarged, other views are presented ; there still remains beyond the visible and the certain, the invisible and mysterious.

The Survival of the Fittest in Literature.

The law of "the survival of the fittest" is now generally accepted, and widely applied. But nowhere is this law more strikingly exemplified than in the domain of literature.

In this age of steam-printing, machine type-setting and professional authorship, books

spring forth from the fertile mind of man like the multitude of seeds from a single plant, or the countless leaves upon the trees in spring-time, and their mortality is almost as great. Indeed, it has been estimated that of all the volumes published less than five per cent survive seven years' publicity; so that there was more than a germ of truth in De Quincey's statement that "every year buries its own literature."

It is unreasonable to suppose that this mortality of the many and consequent survival of the few is due to any caprice of fortune. Unquestionably there is a law which determines this result; so that we may fittingly inquire, "What are the essential conditions of literary permanence?"

Many assume that because a book has an immense sale it must necessarily be a great and presumably a permanent work. But nothing is more transitory than popularity. To-day something novel and startling appears and the world is ablaze with it; to-morrow it is consigned to oblivion. Thus thousands of books which were immensely popular for a while have disappeared forever.

An author's reputation affords no greater

assurance of the immortality of a book, for even Shakespeare or Milton could not impart equal vitality to all they wrote. Seldom indeed is it that an author rises to such lofty heights in all his works as to ensure to all undying fame.

Neither can it be maintained that books will survive because they embody important truths, or because they are designed to subserve some noble purpose, for the purposes they contemplate may not be sufficiently far-reaching, or the very popularity of a book may fulfill its author's purpose and his book be no longer needed. And this is the most honorable death for a book to die—when the life which it once embodied has passed out into the life of the race. It was neither egotism nor travesty when Emerson said of the rich Cambridge library: "I seldom go there without renewing the conviction that the best of it all is already contained within the four walls of my own study at home—the crowd and centuries of books are only commentary and elucidation—echoes and re-echoes of these few great Voices of Time!"

Thus we may be sure that neither popularity nor an author's reputation, neither the embodi-

ment of important truths, nor the contemplation of a beneficent purpose necessarily indicate the fitness of a book to survive the wrecks of time. The world's immortal masterpieces have more substantial claims to permanence.

Three principles under the law of survival, as it is exemplified in literature, may be formulated as: Vision of eternal truths; adaptability to man's eternal needs; and conformity to permanent aesthetic principles.

The first essential is vision, or insight into eternal truths. No book can be assured of ultimate survival unless it embodies not simply relative and finite truths, but absolute and eternal truths; unless it contemplates not merely beneficent purposes, but purposes of eternal beneficence. It is because the poet is, first of all and above all, a seer that poetry more often attains immortality than other forms of literature. Homer touched the immortal chords of human life in the twilight of the world; Sophocles at later dawn; Dante in the darkness of the Middle Ages; and the immortal bard of Avon amid the glowing light of our own day. They shine as stars in the firmament of letters, and they have survived

because of their vision, their insight into the eternal truths concerning man and nature.

The second principle is adaptability to man's eternal needs. The literature that shall be permanent must be adapted to all conditions and shades of human experience, and must satisfy the cravings of all mankind. For this reason the immortal book is not a national but a universal book. It must live in the heart of the world, and it can only do so by its adaptability. This is the secret of the survival of that book which is, above all other books, endowed with perpetual youth. It is because the Christian Scriptures have such adaptability that the Bible is an immortal book.

The third condition is what Lowell has aptly called "Fame's Great Antiseptic" style. This has to do with the form of literature, and recognizes the permanent requirements of man's aesthetic nature; as the principle of vision which has to do with the subject-matter of literature recognizes the permanent conditions of man's intellectual, and as the principle of adaptability which has to do with the purpose of literature recognizes man's moral nature.

Founded thus upon the threefold nature of

man we see how irresistible and inevitable this law of survival is. The world's immortal seers and sages

“ Those dead, but sceptered sovereigns
Who still rule our spirits from their urns ”

have all exemplified these principles.

They have been men whose clear vision and profound sympathy enabled them to discern, while their aesthetic natures, keenly sensitive to every phase of beauty, have helped them to embody those ultimate principles which lie hidden in the heart of man and nature—those characteristics of essential being which can never die because they bear the impress of the Absolute and Eternal!

“ Una.”

In Spencer's gallery of portraits among many that are richly warm in coloring or dark with passion and hate, the face of “ Una ” shines with a radiant purity. Such a delicate grace of form and feature, such a calm and serious expression of “ heavenly beauty ” born of a deep human affection, could be combined only by a master's hand.

But in "Una," Spencer has given us something more than a mere portrait. We grow to love her as a woman, such a one as Wordsworth would call

"A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, comfort and command
And yet a spirit still and bright
With something of an angel-light."

If in her life as daughter, friend or lover, she sometimes seems "a creature too bright and good for human nature's daily food," it should be remembered that she was Spencer's ideal of womanhood as he conceived would be the result of chivalry in its highest and truest significance. To him beauty was inseparable from purity and whatever was impure was repulsive, although to make wrong more hateful he often cast over his false characters a fair covering which he would snatch away at the right moment, so bringing the ugliness of sin into sharp contrast with the attractiveness of truth.

The impression we receive at our introduction to "Una" is significant of her character. We feel that the snow-whiteness of everything about her except the enveloping black stole typifies her perfect purity of heart oppressed

by filial sorrow. She is first and always a true daughter. Her parent's recovery from the brazen castle is the object of her long journey, and neither the dangers into which her lover knight often falls, nor the hardships of the way, nor yet the fascinations of the brilliant Prince Arthur are able to deter her from her purpose. It is only when the long-imprisoned father at last embraces his daughter that the black stole is thrown off and she appears "faire and fresh, as freshest flowre in May," wearing a garment "all lilly white withouten spot or pride."

It is, however, as a true friend that "Una's" characteristics are most sharply defined. It is she who first recognizes the dangerous word of "Errorr," but unlike her "fearful dwarfe" counsels caution rather than retreat. When the Red Cross Knight is in the grasp of the hideous monster, "Errorr," it is her brave words which incite him to the final victory. Again when her lover, weakened in body and spirit, is tempted to take his life in the "Cave of Despair" it is she who snatches away the cursed knife and bids him flee. At another time when he is bearing a life-and-death struggle with the monster before the castle gates, Una, from the distance to which she had been

bidden to fall back, sees her warrior, as night draws on, apparently overcome ; she does not dream of resting at this critical time, but spends the long night in earnest prayer for his deliverance. Her love, always constant, however fickle her knight appears to be, never allows a reproachful or impatient word to pass her lips. When she is recounting her desolate condition to Prince Arthur she is careful to tell him first of the wonderful powers of her lover, and that, although he had been seduced by the charms of "Duessa," she loved him yet. Her thoughtfulness leads the Red Cross Knight to the house of Holiness to recover his strength lost in the Giant's dungeon. Nowhere does Una show a more disinterested and wiser affection than while he is enduring the severe punishments for sin. She hears his groans and shrieks, but, although in her anguish at his sufferings tears her own "golden haire," waits patiently until his "conscience is cured," and then speaks the soothing words of comfort.

Dutiful to her parents, unselfishly loyal toward her friends, Una carried herself with womanly dignity in the company of strangers. When Prince Arthur meets her in her wanderings she answers his questions in a manner be-

fitting a princess, and although crushed with sorrow does not affect a cringing humility. Arthur on his part uses no flattery, but treats her with a brotherly sympathy. Again Sir Satyrene "wondered at her wisdom heavenly rare," "and kept her goodly company," but when he saw that her heart was tormented with anxiety for her straying lover, put his own desires aside in an attempt to restore her to him.

"To warn, comfort and command," the poet tells us, is the office of the perfect woman. We have seen how Una accomplished the first two duties, the last may be applied in her case to her relation to inferior beings and to the animal creation. The secret of the power which she had over the "rude, mishapen monstrous rabblement" of fauns and satyrs, so weird in their unearthly appearance that the guilty Sarazin fled before them, lay in her purity of heart. At first she is much afraid of them, but soon she understands their well-meant if awkward attempts at sympathy, and losing all fear goes forth as a queen surrounded by her joyous subjects to Sylvanus, who treats her as a goddess. The wood-nymphs and light-footed naiads envy her exceeding beauty, and for this are des-

pised by the satyrs now her scholars and humble worshippers. One of the most beautiful scenes in Una's career is also an illustration of this power of the strength which lies in character over brute force which makes Spencer exclaim,

“Oh how can beautie maister the most strong
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong.”

The scene is a woodland picture. Una tired, from her long wanderings, is lying in a hidden retreat whose shadow is dispelled by the sunshine illuminating her “angel's face.” Suddenly a hungry lion breaks from the thicket and rushes toward her. Something holds him back, he advances slowly, and coming close to her begins to kiss her weary feet and lick her hands. Until killed by the proud Paynim

“The lyon would not leave her desolate
But with her went along, as a strong gard
Of her chast person and a faithful mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard.”

When the curtain falls over the last glimpse given us of Una's career our hearts are filled with mingled respect and pity for the heroine whose wedded joy which she so richly deserves

is dimmed by her husband's long absence in his Queen's service. True, she is "left to mourn," but in that very passivity and submission to duty do we not see a bravery and strength as attractive as that which characterizes her active service? It is the precious metals alone which are worth refining.

We can easily imagine those years of waiting as filled with loving service to her aged parents, her every act significant of her true womanly character which but half concealed

" . . . a spirit still and bright
With something of an angel-light."

Thomas Chatterton.

The third quarter of the eighteenth century is commonly called, in histories of English literature, the Age of the Decadence, and at no period are literary productions more unstimulating and lifeless. The clear, bright gem, into which the sparkling and iridescent glory of the Renaissance had crystallized, was slowly dulling and honey-combing, and not all the art of man could restore it to its former brilliancy. That laudable self-restraint, which has

led the earlier classic writers to temper with mellow reason their fantastic or too ardent bursts of imagination, had grown into a cold reserve, before which the vital glow of passion paled and died away. Swift, Addison, Pope and that fair company of worthies who had given to Queen Anne's reign the right to be called Augustan, were gone, and in their place stood Johnson, the leviathan, with pompous phrase and ponderous sentence striking the keynote to which all others must attune their instruments. And now upon this barren world lit by its chill, white moonlight, there suddenly darts a meteor, small and momentary, vanishing as a lightning flash, yet shining with unborrowed radiance.

As early as 1776 considerable interest was aroused in London literary circles with regard to the poems of one Rowley, a parish priest of the fifteenth century, and, more especially, concerning a Thomas Chatterton, the publisher and avowed discoverer of these poems, whose precocious life and pitiable death in that city, some half-dozen years before, were just beginning to be talked of. So keen was this curiosity, that Dr. Johnson, whose fondness for old English poets was not usually con-

spicuous, took the trouble, on passing through Bristol, the birth-place of the youthful antiquarian, to make careful investigations respecting Rowley and his editor. He even conned the original manuscripts, boldly pronouncing them forgeries, and muttering, as his eye rested on the stained and grimy parchments, or wandered through the mazes of strange-shaped black letter, "This is the most extraordinary young man that has encountered my knowledge."

And the more glimpses of Chatterton we succeed in catching from the desultory accounts of relatives and friends, the more our astonishment deepens, the more ready we are to echo the doctor's assertion. We see him first, a mere infant, a child of five years, sent from school as an incorrigible dunce, from whom no amount of chastisement can extract the alphabet; yet ready with plenty of self-assertion, fond of presiding over his playmates. An old manuscript, a black-letter Bible stirs his imagination, and in a year he is an omnivorous reader. He now becomes moody and solitary, loves to wander off, book in hand, into the surrounding country, or establish himself in some gloomy nook of St. Mary Redcliff's, whose stately tower overshadows the humble cot of

widow Chatterton. Punished for one such absence more protracted than usual, he shows no signs of pain or anger, only stoically remarking, "It is hard indeed to be whipped for reading." And it is this boy scarce in his teens, who, says an authority, "Conceived the project of deceiving all the scholars of his age."

But no one would consider the Rowley poems a mere deception, a work born in the spirit of falsehood. The acute observation, the rich imagination, which they display, are themselves an evidence of their sincerity. And even in their manner of composition and in the fictitious character of Rowley, there is a certain truth and grandeur of conception. Let us follow the boy as he is entering the old church, where he spends so much of his leisure. As he crosses the threshold, he feels himself already in another world; the light glimmers softly through the stained windows, enriched, subdued; the air has a peculiar stillness, as though heavy with the prayers of generations. His steps ring sharply on the stone pavement, with its inscriptions to those of former time — the strong, pulsing time of poetry, when men sought, in graceful arch and fair-carved altar, to sing their anthems to the Most

High. The mundane eighteenth century, with its periwig and polished commonplace, its satisfied conceit and its conventional religion, is left out of doors and forgotten. He is living now in the days of Canyng, that munificent merchant, with whose sculptured figure in the transept, dressed in the dignified robes of office, he has long been familiar. The church is filled with people in the quaint garb of Edward the Fourth's reign; now all vibrates to the swelling cadence of the great organ, and from the vestry a surpliced choir, led by the gentle Rowley, chant in the slow processional.

Such was the environment in which Chatterton passed his boyhood; though not to the entire exclusion of less spiritual pursuits and ambitions. A tall, well-formed youth, remarkably matured, with flashing grey eyes and an engaging manner, he was not one to find satisfaction in immaterial dreams. When a lad but eight years his request was, "Paint me an angel, with wings and a trumpet, to trumpet my name over the world"; and ever since his life has been one of perpetual activity. With mental vigor braced by excessive abstinence, in the short intervals of rest allowed by an exacting employer, he makes some acquaintance with

literature, and accumulates a large mass of chaotic information. Here, then, is a chance to turn his dreams into realities; Rowley shall stand before the world, as he has so long stood in Chatterton's imagination, and the old poet's glory shall reflect a halo round the head of his humble discoverer. The boy becomes an author; and long moon-lit nights are consumed in the production of poems, whose artistic vigor, and warm, lively fancy, coming from a child of small attainments, in a time of literary torpor, have been the wonder and admiration of many.

But Bristol offers new attractions to poetic aspirants, and the youth, not yet eighteen, who believes that "God has sent his creatures into the world with arms long enough to reach anything, if they choose to be at the trouble," seeks fame and livelihood in the great metropolis. Of his proud struggles there, his brightly blooming hopes that wither one by one, his brave determination to hide from those at home the increasing privation and suffering, to encourage them even when his own heart is failing, a few letters give us brief and pathetic glimpses. The contest is too unequal, and, late in August, four months after his arrival at London, is ended by a dose of arsenic.

In the next generation, when a new race of poets began to look to Chatterton as their fore-runner, and to cherish his memory as the first of modern romancers, Keats, perhaps finding in him a prototype, addressed him :

“Thou didst die
A half-blown flow'ret which cold blasts amate.”

And surely nothing could better describe Keats' own sad death. The delicate frame consumed by pitiless disease, the sunny fancy dimmed and frozen by northern cold and fog, might well be likened to a storm-tossed blossom ; but applied to Chatterton the comparison seems hardly apposite. He was too strong, too positive; too self-directed ; his death bears the mark of a clear motive, a determined will.

If we look back through the mists of nineteen centuries to that dark battle-field of Philippi over which Caesar's avenging spirit hovers, our attention would be attracted to the figure of Brutus, the noble Roman, the main-stay of the conspiracy, prostrate, transfix'd by his own sword ; because not content to be led in Anthony's triumph through the streets of Rome.

Such a motive, it seems to me, actuated Chatterton's self-murder. He had left Bristol

in high spirits, with a defiant sense of superior power, a proud confidence in speedy victory. Should he now return defeated, covered with disgrace, his folly and ability admitted, to become the butt of less ambitious comrades, the by-word of respectable citizens? He was but a boy, remember; his sun was darkened by a passing cloud, and he thought it blotted out forever. We are sorry that it was so; and when we think of the future, that might have given to Chatterton undying glory, to England another Shakespeare, we are apt to have a bitter feeling that it should not have been. But let us not forget that it happened through the boy's own weakness: to be among the greatest, one must have prudence and foresight as well as resplendent genius. And because he lacked these qualities, Chatterton has come down to us and will go through all the ages, not as a great poet and sage counsellor, but as an example of magnificent Force, unguided, beating itself out in vain.

Kipling's Religion.

The religion of Mr. Rudyard Kipling and his men is a religion uncompromisingly human.

It could not be other, for Mr. Kipling's whole world is a human world. He says explicitly and as it seems with a touch of scorn, "We are neither children nor gods, but men in a world of men." In this world of men undiluted innocence and divinity do not dwell. Even the six-year-old paladin, Wee Willie Winkie, is, in his daring and disobedience, three-fourths a man, and the only gods Mr. Kipling has ever drawn, "The Children of the Zodiac," were unmistakably flesh and blood. These robust people have no affinity with abstractions: on creeds and sacraments they do not waste a thought: of churches, also, they are neglectful: they listen to no sermons; and even the hymns they chant are not for organ music, but go to the bugle, the banjo and the drum. The religion that these people have is not for saints or martyrs, for angels or children: it is not to dream about or philosophize over, but for Tommy Atkins and the crew of the "Victoria" to live and die by.

Mr. Kipling's religion is not only aggressively human, it is also aggressively masculine. It does not belong to saints, neither does it belong to women, but to unchastened, faulty men,—to Dick Heldar, McAndrews, Sir An-

thony Gloster and Mulvaney. Masculine they are to the core, like primitive heroes, with the wander-fever in their blood, the venture-light in their eyes, in their ears the roar of breakers and of big guns, in their nostrils the odors of the mossy Himalaya forests and the spices of Mandalay to lure them out from comforts and shelter.

Among them all there is the freemasonry of daring that looses the bonds and overleaps the barriers of race. Fussy-Wuzzy and Tommy, Gunga Din and Her Majesty's Jollies here find a common relationship. The freemasonry of courage knows no frontiers: its members belong to the whole round earth: latitude and longitude, and all the lines that keep men asunder, they have broken in pieces. Then in the strength of the bonds they have broken, they make stronger ones—to bind together swarthy-bearded Afghan robbers and blonde English officers in the loyalty of blood-brothers. For, as Mr. Kipling says:

“There is neither east nor west, border nor breed nor birth;
When two strong men come face to face, though they
come from the ends of the earth.”

Like Ulysses of old, these men are rovers and adventurers. From the drummer boys of the Fore and Aft to the Man who would be King, the lust of hardship and danger is upon them all. Captain Gadsby leading the charge at Amdheramman, Mulyaney riding the mad elephant through the streets of Cawnpore, Strickland plunging into the mysterious perils of native India, are only familiar examples. These men seem to belong with Homer's heroes to the childhood of the world, when men were boys and creeds were brief. Yet in the hearts of them and their fellows spring the faith and the practice of Mr. Kipling's religion.

The religion of such men is short and swiftly told. Mr. Kipling puts it all in one of the verses to his friend and hero, Wolcott Balestier, "Who had done his work, and held his peace and had no fear to die." A simple religion, as simple as that of the primitive heroes — of Ulysses, of Sidney and stout Sir Richard Grenville. Two words would hold it all — Courage and Toil: — courage, the merry daring that laughs the world to scorn; toil, the quenchless effort to make the world obey. They who forged this faith surely took counsel of the world's prophets — of Joshua

and St. Paul: of Joshua for the first of it—“Be not afraid, neither be ye dismayed,” and St. Paul for the second—“Endure hardness like a good soldier.”

Do your work and fear nothing,—this is the only gospel Mr. Kipling has ever preached. But he has preached it consistently. Even that flinty young pagan, Dick Heldar, in “The Light that Failed,” preaches work, and the only mission for which in “The Children of the Zodiac” the gods were brought to earth was to preach,—“Thou shalt not be afraid.”

This religion needs no interpretation. They who hold it are not men of speech. Words of their faith are far from their lips, as often the path of their faith is far from their feet; but at sea or ashore they blazon the unspoken creed in unmistakable deeds. Sometimes it is in a revel of reckless adventure that makes a boy’s blood tingle. Then at midnight, and naked, they swim rivers and take towns; they go into battle like devils possessed of devils; they put out in leaky hulks to “euchre God Almighty’s storm and bluff the Eternal Sea.” Sometimes it is in soberer mood. Then they show their devotion to duty, as Bobby Wicks does in “Only a Subaltern,” and as Hummill

does at "The End of the Passage." Boy and man, you will remember, both die; the one nursing an unamiable private in a fever camp; the other solitary in his own unhealthy post, which he keeps to save a comrade from exposure. All this silence, for these men are comrades of toil and death. Their religion is one of action, and yet because they have lived close comrades to Death, and felt their own helplessness, they have learned to believe,—to believe as their fathers did,—in God and Heaven and Hell.

For in hell Mr. Kipling and his men have the most implicit belief. Gunga Din, McAndrews and Tomlinson all hold it as certain as sin, and they treat it seriously. Their hell is not merely a warm refuge for the morally deficient and unfit; as much as heaven, it demands achievement as the price of entrance. All this Kipling tells in his poem, "Tomlinson." Tomlinson died and, being refused admission to heaven, came in time to the gates of hell, where he would have entered, but the Devil stopped him on the threshold, demanding evidence of his right. Then Tomlinson racked his memory for strong sins, but he could muster only copied sins, weak counter-

feits taken from others and from books. These do not pass current at the door of the pit. Therefore the Devil scorns him, and hell spews him out of her mouth. "Go," says the Devil,

"Get ye back to the flesh once more for the sake o'
man's repute.

* * * * *

And look that ye win to worthier sins ere ye come
here again."

This is a thoroughly earnest hell. The men who believe in it believe also in an earnest heaven. That, too, is to be attained only by toil. The mark of the men who hold it is that they have served God's world. This is the heaven of "The Last Chanterey," of the Envoi to "Seven Seas," and of Wolcott Balestier. They who reach it shall still have room to do brave work, where

"Only the Master shall praise us and only the Master
shall blame,
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall
work for fame,
But each for the joy of the working, and each in his
separate star—
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of
Things as They Are."

The God of Things as They Are is the sort of god Mr. Kipling's men should worship—the god of stern realities; of battles and of storms. He is not a god to be wheedled into pity or indulgence. What should the crew of the "Bolivar" or they who were at the taking of Lungtungpen do with pity? These men should say with Stephenson:

"Our God is still the God of might,
In deeds, in deeds, is His delight."

And to deeds they make their only appeal. Even McAndrews, when he comes to lay his case before the Lord, rests it here—

"An I ha' done what I ha' done — judge Thou if ill or well."

There are moments, however, when the stress of life becomes too great even for this stoic spirit. When the tremor of battle falls upon their faces, and their hearts are wrung within them, their humanity shows plain, and they pray, as they do in their "Hymn Before Action"—

“Cloak thou our undeserving,
 Make firm the shuddering breath,
In silence and unswerving,
 To taste thy lesser death.”

Here is disclosed the piety which though so often concealed is unmistakably present in Mr. Kipling's work. In his most personal prayer of all it appears most plainly,—

“The long bazaar will praise, but Thou—
 Heart of my heart — have I done well?”

So Mr. Kipling expresses the sense of innate divinity which is the core of courage and the life of all effective toil. The faith and daring of his rough heroes spring from the same source as all the religion of the world,—from the consciousness that men are not alien to the Universe, but that the heart of the world and their hearts beat to the same measure.

Mr. Kipling began by emphasizing humanity. “We are neither children nor gods,” he said, “but men in a world of men.”

He has ended by showing us that genuine humanity rests on unspoken but actual divinity.

The Reaction against the Classics.

Men and systems change; and in no century has change been more marked than in the present one. The educated man of to-day is a totally different creature from the educated man of fifty years ago. He is molded by a different kind of training. The elements of scholarship are no longer thought to consist in the dogmatical knowledge primarily of the classics and of mathematics. In our Congress, the man who had the indiscretion to quote Horace would be branded as a prig. For the classics are no longer universal; it is now no more surprising for a man to be unfamiliar with Greek and Latin literature than in former times for him not to be conversant with political economy.

The significance of this state of things is not far to seek. Men have revolted against the old perverted conception of scholarship. The clear light of exact scientific thought has banished the haze of convention and dogma which enveloped and transformed knowledge in past ages. The rise of democracy has changed the standard of culture. The classics have been

neglected by the mass of mankind, and have fallen into such disrepute that within the last few years the orator of the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa gloried in the confession that he had forgotten the Greek alphabet.

But every fair-minded man must face this question: Is it not possible that the reaction against the classics has run to an extreme, and that the normal position has not yet been reached? Can it be true that mankind has for centuries been the dupe of a stupendous hoax, and that after all there is nothing to be gained from a study of the classics? The question certainly must have two sides.

I do not propose to insist upon the more practical advantages to be gained from a study of Greek and Latin, although its usefulness to theologians, scientists and philologists is undoubtedly, and the efficiency of the mental training it affords. I must lay more stress upon the point that no one without an elementary knowledge of the classics can have any conception of the possibilities of written language,—of that perfection of arrangement where the inflections keep the order of words from affecting the syntax, where words can be grouped solely with a view to their relative force. This quality in

the ancient languages trains the mind to think of ideas apart from words. The broad conception thus gained of what thought, or language, which is the vehicle of thought, may be, is within the reach only of him who knows Latin or Greek; and this knowledge I believe to be essential to every one who claims to be educated.

It is far from my purpose to maintain that all persons, whatever their natural abilities, should go beyond an elementary knowledge of Greek and Latin. The value of the classics is primarily literary. For, new as the idea may be to some even who have toiled to the higher classical courses of the University, the combinations of words which we have been encouraged to interpret are in reality works of literary art. In them the man of literary appreciation, the thinker, alone can find anything of value to him. And in his behalf I make my appeal. Culture is a far higher essence than a mere familiarity with fact. It is the refinement of taste to be gained only from the assimilation of consummate works of art. By this means a man's higher faculties are developed and his dormant sympathies aroused. The abstract thought of a classic may indeed be translated;

but the true thought in its entirety, and the exquisite art which is a part of its essence, the art by which the thought and its expression become one and inseparable, are absolutely untranslatable.

And yet materialists and men of the world ask what benefit a study of Greek and Latin can bring us. Granted, they say, that the classics are untranslatable, what is the use of fathoming them at all? In this age, when the field of scientific knowledge is so vast, amid the rush of modern civilization, what time have we to give to the past? Another class of objectors go further and ask of what possible use in actual life the humanities can be, especially this obsolete order of the humanities.

My answer is, the object in education is no more to gain material benefit than the object in living is the mere keeping alive. What is education but a preparation for life? And what is life? Surely not the attainment of wealth, honors, or what is popularly termed success. Is not life the expression of ourselves, of that deeper self which is in all of us, which is common to all mankind of all ages, striving continually to find its expression in the life of each individual man, always onward, always

upward? And is not our end in education the knowledge of that self so that we may express it? This self is not a creature of time; it is not peculiar to this century or to the last; it is of all time, the primal principle of every man who ever lived. In our search, accordingly, for this self, the subject of our study is man. If we study only man as he is to-day we have a distorted picture; so should we have if we studied only man of classic Greece. But by a study of man of all times we can obtain a broad conception of how far he is a creature of his times and how far he is universal. We feel the relation of the past to the present, and we cannot understand our present unless we understand our past. Only by tracing the changes in human life, the advance through action and reaction, can we reach the fullest consciousness that throughout all change man is always man, as real in the past as in the present. In this way alone can we obtain a true knowledge of that deeper self of which our life is the expression.

Our primary means of studying man of the past is through his literature. History is but the lifeless form of an age; while the literature is its living breath. And as the breath of the

vital past, the literature of Greece and Rome should receive from every thinking man a due share of attention. The humanizing effect of the study is its chief feature. And the man must in truth be a dullard who has not felt an expanding of ideas, a thrill of pleasure at the thought of the dignity of man, as he reads the sufferings of Odysseus, the trials of Oedipus, the heroic appeals of Demosthenes in behalf of his country's liberty, and feels that they, too, were men like himself, and that human nature is eternal.

Such is the power of the classics over those who can feel it. The reaction has gone to an extreme, but it has done its work well. It has destroyed the cant which surrounded classical learning. But it has gone too far. It has gone to the length of driving away from classical studies almost all men except those who make the study their profession; and they have inevitably imparted to their subject a pedantic dryness. Their professional zeal, perverted by the pernicious influence of German learning, too often destroys the poetry while giving undue importance to the mere mechanism of the language. This is perhaps the reason why the classics are for the moment

deprived of the allegiance of many men who are by nature fitted to be their best exponents. But the reaction has reached its extreme; and I believe that the time is not remote in which the classics, unhampered by convention, shall take their rightful place as a formative influence upon human thought and life.

Memory's Message.

Memorials are always evidences of the highest civilization. The ancient Egyptians, who taught the world astronomy and the arts, embalmed their dead and buried their bodies in lofty pyramids or in tombs hewn out of the solid rock. And Time has not done to these tombs in four thousand years what the hand of the modern vandal has done in the past half-century. The funeral oration of Pericles over the dead who fell at Marathon and delivered two thousand five hundred years ago is as eloquent a tribute to-day as ever it was. Take at a bound the twenty-five centuries that have elapsed between the high civilization of Greece and the high civilization of the nineteenth century, and seek for something of this age that will compare with this tribute of Pericles,

and you will find it in the tribute of the great Lincoln at Gettysburg to the memory of those who died on that bloody field. The English nation has honored its Wellington and its Nelson. Its kings and queens sleep under fretted roofs and Gothic arches in a grand and stately company. And in our own land there are monuments that keep the memory of the great undimmed. All our landscape is dotted by shaft and lofty pillar-like pencils on the sky that tell of the gratitude of a great Nation to those who have preserved it from its foes, have kept its honor unsullied and its glory undimmed. And for every one of the greater memorials there are hundreds of beautiful and eloquent tributes that tell of gratitude and affection to those who, in the associations of friendship or the ties of blood, have made life's pathway less rugged for others.

Forgotten? No, we never do forget. We let the years
pass,
Cleanse them with our tears, or leave them to bleach out
in the open day
Or pack them carefully away like dead friends' clothes
Till we shall dare unfold them without pain —
But we forget not, nor can forget.

Before the strained and anxious gaze of a

mother who bowed herself in the abandonment of grief over the couch of a suffering child, the angel of Hope appeared. It was a dream, for the mother had fallen asleep exhausted with the vigil and with weeping. Sleep had put its pitying touch on her eyelids and was balm to her hurt mind. And Hope was so rosy, so radiant, so smiling that the mother stretched out her arms and would have clasped the image to her bosom. But as she did so Hope receded — silently — silently as a shade. And the face that had been so radiant took on an ashen hue. And the eyes that were sparkling and bright grew heavy and dull. And Hope said, "Nay, it is ordained that I am not to be thy solace. But my sister Memory I leave with you. But the mother's heart yearned for Hope, and she fell a-sobbing and woke. The child was breathing out its life. The brow was heavy with the coming of the end. But Memory given in the hour of suffering never deserted the mother, and Memory was her solace always.

And look what lustre is added to the English tongue by those noble spirits who have sung to Memory — sung so sweetly that the words have sunk into the heart's inner cham-

bers. Their tombs are Meccas all over the earth. Where the ivy trembles and glistens in the sunshine, and where the summer winds play over the spired towers and dusky walls. There is that lovely old church that shadows the tomb of Thomas Gray. Ah, what a gap it would leave in the English language if that *Elegy in a Country Churchyard* were left out of it — that sublime and tender reverie upon the most appealing subject that can engage the human mind.

And there is Cowper, the recluse of Olney — the stricken deer that left the herd. One upon whose heart the sufferings of God's people lay like a weight. What is his tribute to Memory? It comes in the most pathetic poem in the English language. Fifty years had passed since his mother had been laid away at rest, but her memory was as green as the turf that covered her, and as fragrant as the roses that nodded in the summer air beside her tomb. Fifty long years? As a boy of six he had seen her loved form carried away forever, and at fifty-six a relative presents him a likeness of that mother which calls out this impetuous utterance of grief and retrospect:

"O that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine,—thine own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;"

There was Charles Lamb who felt all the bitterness of parting when his sweet Alice was lost to him—lost because he had pledged his life to a sister, whose insanity recurring at intervals had led to the murder of a mother. But Alice lived in his memory, and years after he writes the idyl of memory the "Dream Children." And none can read without that swelling of the throat, without being a partaker of his simple grief—without heaving a sigh for that lonely life.

Recall the sturdy, varied, pathetic life of Dr. Samuel Johnson. As long as he lived he kept the anniversary of his wife's death sacred to memory, and some of the grandest thoughts of his magnificent intellect were called out by memory's touch.

And let us not forget that mound in the old Temple Garden of London where sleeps one of the noblest hearts that ever beat. And as in imagination we stand there, there comes into the imagination those lines of beauty, those lines in the "Deserted Village." Could

any tribute to the scenes of childhood—to those honest simple folk be more sweet? And there in that poem is the curate who, in the endowments of the mind and the graces of the heart towered above the turmoils of life, but whose sympathies were as ready to be touched as the folds of his gown.

“As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swell from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.”

Words like these could never come from one except his heart had vibrated to the touch of the world’s suffering. No wonder that as he lay there in that garret tossing in the delirium of fever that the poor and the friendless, those who had known his bounty and his generosity should climb timidly up the rickety stairs or stand in the street below waiting for some words of hope. No wonder that as they carried the lifeless clay to the last resting-place, Nature’s tears should fall as the tears of her children fell. These immortal legacies have been an abiding influence for good. The world is happier and better because of them and because of the many honest lives and

earnest characters that these examples have inspired.

The memory goes out to all who have felt the touch of bereavement. The imagination reaches forth to other days when with heavy hearts and dimmed eyes we have watched the life of father or mother, sister or brother, ebbing—days when wounds were inflicted too deep it would seem for even the healing touch of time; when “the sun’s rim dipped, the stars rushed out, at one stride came the dark.” How we trembled and hoped against hope; how we watched until the shadows became the blackness of night; how we felt on our own heart-strings the icy touch that had prostrated a dear one; how we too almost ceased to live, it seemed—then; how we knew that Memory was the only thing that grief could call its own. Scenes like this sink into the heart and Memory keeps them forever.

But we have had time to think since then perhaps that sorrows break down our self-satisfaction; that the furnace of affliction burns out the dross and makes of the residue a golden chalice in which to bear consolation to others. We have had time to realize that in suffering

our lives were taught their sweetest songs. A German Baron stretched wires between the towers of his castle to make a German harp. Then he waited to hear the music from it. For a time the air was still and no sound came. The gentle breezes blew and the harp sung softly. At length came the winter winds, strong and full of the storm. Then the wires gave out majestic music that was heard throughout the castle. There are human lives that never yield their sweetest songs in the calm of quiet days, but when the winds of trial sweep over them they give out murmurings of song, and when the storms of adversity sweep over them they answer in notes of victory. And Memory, the only paradise from which we never can be shut out, thus becomes not only beautiful, but of practical good. It has erected memorials of bronze and stone. It has built halls of learning. It has established institutions for drying the tears of the orphan, and for vouchsafing material help to lift them out of poverty and distress. This is the true charity of the world. It has melted the icy bars of the heart until the fountains of sympathy have gushed forth into the sunshine. That is Brotherly Love. It has sounded the voice of honor.

That is Justice. It has kept faith with the departed. That is Fidelity. And Memory has summoned these four. It has made them living, breathing, fruitful.

There comes into the mental vision at this time the face of a sainted woman who had seen her family, her friends, and most of those she held dear fall around her like leaves in wintry weather until she, too, like the sorrower in Moore's exquisite verses felt like one who treads alone some banquet-hall deserted, whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead, and all but her departed. But her face was one of beauty and peace. The lines of suffering had been drawn with so gentle a touch that they seemed almost to wreath her features into a holy radiance. "And how can you look so calm—so restfully calm," she was asked, "with the Memory of all these troubles?" "Nay," she said, "speak not of troubles. I have had my sorrows, but not troubles." Wonderful philosophy! A philosophy that held her anchored to Faith, and that guided by its radiance all who came within that vision.

And what is the message we wait for to-day — a message that shall cast a hallowed light over this scene as we shall hereafter recall it.

To those of us who wait here the days will grow to weeks, the weeks to months, the months will add themselves and make the years, and each hour of these with its wonderful possibilities. Shall we not make Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity beautiful in practice as well as in song and story. These words are full of eloquence — an eloquence that never could be put on the printed page or fall from the lips of mortal. These four words form a chord of harmony — harmony as magnificent as the diapason of the waterfall; as the unwritten music of the forest giant as it crashed down through the branches of the wood; harmony as delicate, as appealing as a gossamer-thread, as a star-beam; harmony as penetrating as a silver-trumpet note, as the thrill of a harp-string. Heard from far beyond where the phantom clusters of astral world fire grow pale by reason of distance; from far beyond where meteors flutter and fall into the night gulf — so we hear that music. And with our response to that thrill those who sleep, but whose hearts wake, will hear the full carol, and Peace will brood over their hearts. And Peace — not to these only, but to all who practice these four cardinal vir-

tues, and joy will well up in the heart every day to make them wonder at its richness and meaning.

This is the giving of self to others. And the message, and what grander message could there be, is: We have no right to add to the world's discord, or to sing any but sweet songs in the ears of others. We should start no note of sadness in this world, which is already so full of sadness. Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity, so rich, so full of harmony, so eloquent, are words like the sounding brass or the tinkling cymbal, unless we mold them every day to add to the world's happiness. And if we do, and succeed, when others shall do for others what we do to-day,

“We shall live in hearts we leave behind, and that is not to die.”

Manual Training and Intellectual Development.

He who knows the history of the human family, will not hesitate to say that physical training marks the beginning of education among men. No doubt, it was in complete

harmony with divine arrangement, nevertheless, with the advance of civilization, with the progress of philosophy, science and art, man discovered that he possessed a mind — a soul that is related to the body as master to servant, king to subject, and as God to the universe.

It is a peculiarity of human nature to seize novelties and carry them to excess, regardless of previous achievements or future possibilities. Consequently, history records a system of education involving the extremes. First, the all-physical at the expense of the mental ; second, the all-mental at the expense of the physical.

The question now is : how, when and where may the two meet and compromise ? How may the one be conducive to the other ?

Manual training is the skillful use of tools employed in manual labor — that training of the hand to materialize our mental pictures and concepts.

It originated from two sources. First, as a growth of the trade school, an institution which is gradually replacing the old form of apprenticeship — introducing machinery — forming factories — sub-dividing labor crafts. Second, from the conviction now wide-spread, that during school life more books should be studied.

Trade schools differ from schools of manual training in that trade schools aim at the nearest root to the dimes and dollars. Manual training aims at the production and perpetuation of an industrious and intellectual nation. Intelligence and efficiency are its ideals. Judgment and reason constitute its steady and unshaken base. It finishes no material for the market. Its whole end and aim are educational in as much as it evolutionizes both physical and mental capacities. It develops the underlying principles—the science as well as the art—a why for every how.

It is often said, that children can learn manual training at home and be of service at the same time, but this constitutes one of the greatest errors of the age, and accounts for the vast multitudes of unskilled laborers, who throng our country, disorganize our labor system and harass the government. It is a grievous fault, yet true nevertheless; and is practiced at our doors, in our homes, around the fire-sides, in this goodly land of our national republic.

It may be comparatively easy to teach books at home, for the laboratory for such experiments is always found under the hat. But to acquire the mastery over the laws of mechani-

cal processes necessitates a well-equipped physical laboratory — a competent instructor and manager, that which no ordinary family can support. Therefore the necessity for schools.

Now, what part does it play in intellectual development, — that drawing-out or augmentation of the mind through which all thought and reason have their origin — that harmonious and equitable evolution of the whole human being?

Proper education equips and stimulates the individual for the immediate duties and responsibilities of life. The student should come out of school with elements of high character, a vigorous and healthy body, able to put forth the combined efforts of hand, head and heart — to enter readily into sympathetic co-operation with the institutions of his country and time. And the education which fails to supply these demands is wanting in its parts.

The ultimate aim of education is, to cultivate just relation and familiarity between mind and matter. Manual training is the medium through which this may be accomplished most effectually. For by way of it we are enabled to study things, not signs — we can acquire

more readily and maintain more lastingly, for we will then have a combination — both the theory and the practice.

The province of manual training is, to elevate and spiritualize labor, to shed new light and vigor upon the humbler walks of life — to give pleasure and beauty to the seeking pearls beneath the soil as well as to legislation in the Congress Halls. To appreciate road-making equally with the study of Greek, to see that a house is as rational as the geometry of its construction. Ditch-cutting contains as much logic and science as canal construction for everything that is properly done, must be done according to fixed laws and high principles. Such is the aim of manual training. Is it not then educational in its value ? The trained hand furnishes food for the body and sustenance for the mind. The cunning fingers cover our waters with sails and crowd our ports with products, for that reason manual training claims independence and precedence to mental. But this argument is equally true of the reverse ; for though the hand accomplishes the physical work, the mind does the thinking and planning, sees the conditions and puts forth the volitions. Intellectual development is

correlated with manual training ; and though we may discipline the mind without training the hand, we cannot train the hand without involving the mind. For the hand is the mind's agent, and in training it the mind receives crude matter to be digested into elements of real knowledge ; which broadens the field for mental activity, making even the strong mind more resolute and comprehensive.

Manual training, properly conducted, begins with the study of tools. The material of which they are made ; the land whence they come, their value and strength. Thus we see, manual training wisely directed includes the elements of every science requisite to a general education.

Psychologically considered, every voluntary act, not circumscribed within the narrow limits of reflex action, involves thought, reason and judgment. Before the eye can detect that a line is straight or crooked, the mind must have examined, compared, reached and rendered the decision. Manual training, then, is conducive to intellectual development in as much as it secures self-activity. For the human being in all his faculties is developed upon such conditions.

Manual training is not only essential to the

intellectual growth of the individual, but upon it rests the responsibility and pride of the nation. For the strength and renown of every nation depend upon the manifest inventive and constructive genius of all its inhabitants. What personal existence, humanity and God require of us are: a heart to resolve, a head to contrive and a hand to execute. And without such unison and concurrence in the different walks of life, human greatness would become imperiled, national honor would be set at naught, and the eternal and immutable fabric of creation would become drunken with stagnation, and would totter and fall.

Now having seen the two analyzed and defined — the province of one as related to the province of the other — their mutual dependence yet combined validity in promoting a progressive and intelligent people, let the materialists no longer claim that industrial education alone is the only open sesame to the holy of holies; let the rationalists cease to dream that book knowledge alone constitutes the highest good — the *summum bonum* of life. Neither is complete in itself; for both “are but parts, of one stupendous whole whose body nature is, and God the soul.”

True Nobility.

As long as the three great problems, which Victor Hugo mentions, of the age — the problems of every age — the degradation of man by poverty, the ruin of woman by starvation, and the dwarfing of childhood by physical and spiritual night, are unsolved ; as long as

“ Man’s inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn,”

the presentation of a subject of this kind may not be in vain.

All ages have admired nobility. Poets have sung and historians have recorded with glowing admiration the noble examples of self-sacrifice and love — both of kings on the field of battle and peasants in the lowliest walks of life. Of these the young have read with throbbing breast and heroic resolutions to become true and noble; the old have meditated on them with tears. We see illustrious men, of every period in history, rise from the daily conflict of greedy selfishness and low ambition like bright luminaries that shed their radiant light on a dark and struggling world illumin-

ing and warming the hearts of men, impelling them to generous and lofty actions and restraining them from selfish and evil deeds.

True nobility seldom accompanies the pomp and pageantry of monarchs; *seldom* is it cradled in palaces decorated with rich furniture, ornamented with the choicest works of art and embellished with an abundance of gold. But it often rises out of obscurity, from among the sons of toil, surmounting misfortunes and difficulties, unnoticed except by the few who enjoy the magnanimity of its unselfish spirit. The aim of truly great men is to mold character. With the rough and scanty material at their command they toil incessantly. The arduous tasks teach courage and the humble surroundings, sympathy—these form an ideal character on which, alone, true nobility rests.

The phrase, true nobility, comprehends so many virtues, such as self-sacrifice, courage and sympathy, that it *cannot* be defined. It must be felt rather than understood. One of the most chivalrous examples of self-sacrifice belongs to the fourteenth century. When Duke Leopold crossed the Alps into Switzerland with his strong Austrian army, he was confronted by a small band of heroic patriots

struggling for liberty. The Austrians formed into solid phalanx. The little band made an impetuous charge on their invincible oppressors. They were repulsed with severe loss, while the unbroken and impenetrable wall of steel threatened them with destruction. To advance was death; a retreat made them slaves. While they stood confounded, a heroic peasant stepped from their midst with a gleam of hope flashing across his bright countenance. "I'll make a way for you, comrades," cried he, "take care of my wife and children!" As these words left his lips he ran to the wall of bristling lances, gathered a dozen in his grasp, buried them in his gallant breast, and with his weight bore them to the earth. His brave companions rushed across his bleeding corpse, through the breach thus made, defeated the Austrians with tremendous slaughter,—and Switzerland is free. A beautiful monument has been dedicated to the honor and memory of Arnold of Winkelried, but far more beautiful is the monument of love erected in the hearts of his countrymen.

The pages of history are replete with examples of true nobility. The period of chivalry, when men championed right and battled with

wrong, because they saw it was noble and incumbent on their manhood, illumines the dark ages. In this age lived and died the true exponent of chivalry, that flower of manhood, whose name is dear to all Englishmen. He was not a great general or perfect scholar, but he held a fond place in memory, because he had a truly noble character. The battle of Zutphen was not a great, not a decisive battle like that of Waterloo; but it has become renowned through the generous act of Sir Philip Sidney, who, lying mortally wounded amidst the din and roar of battle, took a cup of water, from which he was about to drink, handed it to a private soldier, with the memorable words, "Thy need is yet greater than mine."

But we need not go to another nation. The truest examples of devotion, patriotism and beautiful character are found in our own history and on our own soil. Neither the story of Winkelried nor that of Sidney surpasses the life of him whose last words were, "I only regret I have but one life to lose for my country."

The noble patriots, whose voices rang for freedom, breathe to us the loftiest sentiments

that ever swelled in the breasts of men. No other man has attained a higher place in the affections of a people than the founder of this Republic.

We venerate him who guided the nation through the storms of civil war, and we, an inseparable nation, bowed with reverence at the unveiling of that great general's monument, which shall stand as long as the nation.

But we need not go to history. The altruistic spirit of chivalry has come down to us, through the centuries, with augmented power. It pervades whole nations. We have just witnessed in the Orient a most unequal struggle between Cross and Crescent. Whatever may be the ultimate result, whether Greece triumph or fall under the oppression of the merciless Turk—nothing should be allowed to impair our admiration of her noble cause. The same spirit that animated the Greeks is manifest in our own more enlightened country. The cries of starving and persecuted Cuba sent a thrill of pity through the bosom of every unselfish American. True men and noble women are devoting their lives to the alleviation of suffering and the securing of justice. Sympathetic and liberty-loving men, like the immortal La-

fayette, have left cheerful fire-sides and friends to share starvation in the desolate camp and suffer the terrors of battle and death with the unfortunate Cubans.

“But whether on the scaffold high
Or in the battle’s van,
The fittest place where man can die
Is where he dies for man.”

Nobility does not require the jeopardy of life. Many are the noble characters in every vocation and profession who devote their lives to the welfare of their fellow-creatures. Some of the greatest benefactors of mankind have lived and died unknown outside of their own communities. She who directs the steps of the little ones, imbuing their innocent minds with the germs of nobleness, thus filling the world with noble men and women, deserves as much the diadem of praise as any hero who sacrifices his life that a nation may live. On each one of us depends the future of our country and the progress of the world. The army we join in the constant struggle between good and evil is the test of true nobility. With each one rests the responsibility to hasten that glad time when all men

shall learn that noble defeat is better than ignoble victory; when they shall cease to employ unjust means to gain success; when they shall cast away ambition for nobleness; then will come that bright millennial dawn, the golden age of which poets have sung and prophets have spoken, when all men's lives shall reflect the life of Him who is the consummate example of true nobility.

SUBJECTS FOR COMPOSITION.

Narrative.

1. The Story of a Battle-ship.
2. First Week at School.
3. How we Spent the Fourth of July.
4. Three Weeks' Camping in the Adirondacks.
5. A Visit to a Large Newspaper Office.
6. The Story of a Bank-note.
7. To the North Pole in a Balloon.
8. Madam Grundy.
9. A Few Notes from an Old Piano.
10. Experiences of the Old Town Clock.
11. An Umbrella's Vagaries.

- 12. That Other Fellow.
- 13. A World without Sunlight.
- 14. Henry Hudson Revisits New York.
- 15. In Moon Land.
- 16. Number One.
- 17. The Planet Mars.
- 18. Old New England.
- 19. School Friendships.
- 20. A Place for Revery.
- 21. The Mountain Tops.
- 22. Looking Forward.
- 23. Noblesse Oblige.
- 24. A Day of Mishaps.
- 25. Experiences of a Circulating Library Book.
- 26. Three Phases of School Life.
- 27. An Eccentric Villager.
- 28. History of a Pen.
- 29. A Story of Pride and Prejudice.
- 30. Reflections of a Belle.
- 31. My Idea of a Gentleman.
- 32. What is it to Succeed in Business.
- 33. The Good Mother.
- 34. The Long Vacation in Winter rather than in Summer.
- 35. The Honor Method in Examinations.

Descriptive.

1. The Thermometer.
2. Your School-house.
3. The Thousand Islands.
4. The Falls of Niagara.
5. A Modern Newspaper.
6. Your Own Native Town.
7. The Alhambra.
8. A Winter Sunset.
9. The Microscope.
10. A Country Fair.
11. Gipsies.
12. A Beautiful City-park.
13. The Eye.
14. A Street in Japan or India.
15. The Suez Canal ; its History and Importance.
16. Plants ; our Fellow Workers.
17. In a Japanese Tea Garden.
18. The Clock at Strasburg.
19. The Battle of Gettysburg.
20. Mount Vernon.
21. A Bird's Nest.
22. A Nutting Party.
23. A Day's Fishing at the Sea-shore.
24. Shopping in New York.

- 25. Arbor Day.
- 26. Out of Door Studies.
- 27. The Hanging Gardens of Babylon.
- 28. The Indian School at Carlisle.
- 29. The Mound Builders.
- 30. The Statue of Liberty.
- 31. The Great Wheat Fields of the West.
- 32. A Visit to a Minneapolis Flour Mill.
- 33. King Cotton.
- 34. Life in the Klondike.
- 35. The Diamond Fields of South Africa.
- 36. The Manufacture of Illuminating Gas.
- 37. An Ocean Voyage.
- 38. Pink Skeletons, Coral.
- 39. A Round Trip with the Blood.
- 40. A Call on the Telephone.
- 41. A Day in a Steel Mill.
- 42. How Uncle Sam Welcomes the Immigrant.
- 43. Launching a Ship.
- 44. The Shot Heard round the World.
- 45. Taking a Census.
- 46. Around the World in Seventy Days.
- 47. An American Poet.
- 48. Perseverance.
- 49. How to Observe Nature.
- 50. The Preservation of our Forests.

51. American Roads.
52. The Education that we Receive from our Ancestors.
53. The History of a Pin.
54. The Good and the Evil of being Common-place.

THEMES FOR ESSAYS.

1. Independence of Character.
2. The Influence of a Great Novelist.
3. Beauty and Fashion.
4. The Value and Effect of Criticism.
5. Sensational Journalism.
6. An Anglo-American Alliance.
7. Compulsory Education.
8. America, a Reunited Nation.
9. The Disappearance of the Fire-side.
10. Intervention for Humanity.
11. Progress in the Art of Healing.
12. National Honor and War.
13. The Burden of Neutrality.
14. The United States as a Colonizing Nation.
15. Personality in Journalism.
16. The Power of the Human Voice.

- 17. Intellectual Dissipation.
- 18. The Possession of Wealth not a Cause for Envy.
- 19. Religious Intolerance.
- 20. The Harmonies of Nature.
- 21. The Influence of the Theatre upon Social Life.
- 22. Chivalry in the Nineteenth Century.
- 23. The Choice of a Profession.
- 24. "Whatever is, is Right."
- 25. "Best Men, Molded out of Faults."
- 26. The Dignity of Virtue.
- 27. Politics a Better Field for the Exercise of Talents than Literature.
- 28. The War Spirit in Republics.
- 29. The Influence of Devotion on the Happiness of Mankind.
- 30. Love of Country or Love of Life.
- 31. Formation for a Standard of Taste.
- 32. The Literary Character of Doctor Samuel Johnson.
- 33. "Cui Bono?"
- 34. Culture in Emergencies.
- 35. The Voyage of the Fram.
- 36. Gladstone's Influence on English Thought.
- 37. Diplomacy a Cause of the Failure of Arbitration.

38. Social Evolution.
39. Civilization and Decay.
40. Washington's Maxim—"To be Prepared for War is the most Effectual Means to Promote Peace."
41. Morality and Efficiency.
42. The Monroe Doctrine.
43. Arbitration of Railway Disputes.
44. "Anglo-Saxonism."
45. The Eastern Policy of European Nations.
46. Privateering and Neutral Rights.
47. The Benefit of Church Institutions.
48. Constitutionality of the Income Tax.
49. The Test of the Greatness of a Novel.
50. Evolution through Degeneration.
51. Home and its Queen.
52. Songs that are not Sung.
53. The Mission of Flowers.

AFTER-DINNER SPEAKING.

INTRODUCTORY SUGGESTIONS.

AFTER-DINNER speaking is an art. Our literature has preserved many eloquent sentences and apt stories of the successful post-prandial orator. Many of the most carefully prepared addresses of the greatest orators of our time have been delivered around the festive board.

Banquets are given for various purposes. Sometimes it is with the purpose of honoring a distinguished man ; sometimes they have a purely social function. A college alumni association makes it the occasion of honoring its Alma Mater. They are often given in honor of some special historic day, as those of the New England Society celebrate the Landing of the Pilgrims. They are more or less informal. The dinners of the Gridiron Club, composed of newspaper men, have a delightful informality

about them. Here are gathered the brightest men in political, legal, clerical and journalistic circles. Wit and wisdom lend a peculiar charm and good cheer, choice speaking and good feeling attend the festal scene.

The two requisites of after-dinner speaking, in general, are brevity and humor. But on very formal occasions, such as when an officer of the government is present, a serious address of greater length is allowable. For at this time every one is expecting a formal statement of the government's policy. Secretary of the Treasury, Gage, recently made such an address on Currency Reform before the Board of Trade of one of our largest cities. One must make especial effort to be entertaining in the after-dinner address. The form of speech may be instructive, reminiscent or eulogistic, but above all things in spirit it must be interesting. On such occasions audiences are extremely good-natured and expect to be kept so by entertainment. Of course speakers may be entertaining in various ways, but perhaps in the most effective way by an appropriate use of a good story. This when well told, and this is especially important, and when apropos, will bring down the house.

A toast-master, chosen for such occasions because of his ready wit and grace and polish as a speaker, makes a few remarks of welcome and introduces each speaker with a complimentary allusion, brief, and to the point. The habit of some speakers to make no allusion to the toast assigned them, in their reply, should not be followed. Besides the model responses to the toasts which we have given in this connection, a list of toasts suitable to many occasions is appended.

AN ADDRESS OF WELCOME AT AN ALUMNI DINNER.

Brother Alumni,—In your name I salute and welcome the guests who do us the honor to be present with us on this memorable day; and, assuming for the moment the part of representative of our Alma Mater, in her name I bid them and you all welcome, and then, as your representative, I offer to her our common salutation, — *Salve sancte parens, felix prole virum!*

Richer by the acquisition of a not unfruitful year, more vigorous, more bountiful to her sons than ever, and at length reaching out her help-

ful hand to our sisters who have long stood waiting and wistful at her gates, she presents herself to us to-day with a stronger appeal than ever, and a clearer right to every service we can render to her,—service which, at its best, will fall far short of the dictates and desires of our gratitude and our affection. Within the lifetime of the youngest of us she has changed as never before. The change is as from youth to maturity. She has become capable, as never before, of fulfilling her large and ever-increasing duties to her children, and through them to the Commonwealth and to the Nation.

With every year of our vast, magnificent and perilous experiment of Democracy, the importance of the University as the headwaters of that stream of education on which the life of the Nation depends, becomes more and more evident. As our brother by adoption, whom I am proud to call my friend, Mr. Leslie Stephen, has lately said, “How the huge, all-devouring monster which we call Democracy is to be dealt with, how he is to be coaxed or lectured or preached into taking as large a dose as possible of culture, of respect for true science and genuine thought, is really one of the most pressing of problems.” For the solution of

this problem, so far as it may be capable of solution, Harvard, with her sister institutions, holds the key. That key is the providing, on a scale proportioned to the growth of the Nation, the most complete, the best attainable education for such of the youth of the country as are privileged to seek it. If the higher institutions of learning fail to train an abundant supply of men not merely of learning, but of high moral character, of disciplined intelligence, capable of rational thought and of clear and forcible expression of it, the education of the common school, the academy and the technical school, lacking inspiration and guidance, will fail to give to the huge monster, Democracy, the culture indispensable for his own safety. The field of Waterloo was won, said the Duke of Wellington, on the playground of Eton. The victory over the hosts of ignorance which threaten the future of our republic is to be won now, not on the playground, but within the walls of Harvard and Yale, and Columbia and Michigan, and Johns Hopkins and Chicago.

If all her children be not worthy of our Alma Mater, if now and then some of them conspicuous in public life do little credit to her teach-

ings, this is but incident to the defects of human nature itself. The son of Harvard who, in public station, shows himself a bitter, intemperate and prejudiced partizan, or who palters with his own intelligence and renounces his principles at the call of personal ambition, or who makes himself a broker of office for party ends,— such a son of Harvard is false to her spirit and to her instructions, and is a traitor to Democracy itself.

The development of Harvard as the leading, national, democratic institution of the higher education in the United States has been of unprecedented rapidity and steadiness during the past quarter of a century. The enlargement of her resources, the elevation of her standards, the extension of her courses of instruction, the deepening of her sense of relation to the life of the nation and the strengthening of that relation, have all been in accord with the general progress of the country, and that they have been so is due, more than to any other single agency, to the character of the man who, during this period, has been at her head.

YALE AND PRINCETON.

(Response to a Toast.)

Yale and Princeton stand to-day as the leading types of sound conservatism in American higher education. This is an age of educational progress, but what is sometimes reported as progress is proved by the test of time to be merely gyration or flying off at a tangent. One of the most discouraging things in the educational world to-day is the readiness of educators to seize new ideas, without waiting to prove them sound and true. This is less true in higher than in elementary education, but it is beyond question that the so-called progress of some of our higher institutions has been more rapid than wise, and it is altogether probable that some steps have been taken that will have to be retraced. Yale and Princeton are not standing still. They are advancing, and advancing steadily, but they refuse to let go those things which have been proved good, until they are assured that they can replace them with better.

Two things in particular they have retained

which in many institutions have been sacrificed. In the first place, they have held fast to the college ideal. The aim of the college is to turn out scholars. Yale is a university by virtue of her group of professional schools, and of her graduate school. Princeton will never do much in the line of professional education, but for years she has been building up a graduate school, in which is done advanced work of a high grade. She has advanced so far in the direction of her goal that she now feels justified in assuming the title of university, but while Yale and Princeton are universities, they have never sacrificed the college ideal. They have done much, and will do more, in the turning out of scholars, but their chief glory and their pride will always be, as it is now, in their college work, and in their turning out of men rather than of scholars.

In the second place, Yale and Princeton have retained that intangible something that binds their sons to them with a love and a devotion unknown elsewhere. Among all the colleges of the land, these two stand out pre-eminent for the enthusiastic devotion and support of their students and alumni. This is due not to excellence of scholarship, not to athletic

achievement, although these have their part, but it is due to the fact that we gained there some of the most precious and helpful things in our lives. This is why I find myself joining in your enthusiasm. I am not ashamed, therefore, to sing your songs, and to cheer your cheers; and to do so indicates no disloyalty to my own Alma Mater. I join with you in your enthusiasm, because I know the tie which binds you to Yale is the same that binds me to Nassau Hall. I am glad and proud to bring to you, the sons of Yale, greetings, heartfelt and sincere, from your friends and neighbors, the sons of Princeton.

THE PURITAN AND THE DUTCHMAN.

(Response to a Toast at a Banquet of the New England Society.)

The analytic method applied to Puritan and Dutchman would as thoroughly eliminate or efface them as the like method applied to Paul neutralizes or effaces him in the opinion of those who are interested in his reduction. We must not, however, fall so much in love with our methods as to feel certain that the results

of applying them must be correct because of our conviction that the process is infallible. Such a form of reflected egotism may recoil. If Paul, for instance, was so full of mistakes that he could not be held to understand what he wrote himself, the impression that he would have made a strong editorial writer is wrong. Nevertheless, I share that error myself, and as its possible victim I shall hold on to Paul as I estimate him, for as long a time as I can. It is the same way with Puritan and Dutchman. We are told that the first snuffled and sang through his nose. But as George William Curtis said: "If they snuffled in prayer, they smote in the fight; and if they sang through their noses, the hymn which they chanted was Liberty." We are also told that the Dutchman smoked long pipes, meditated until he was stupid, and, resisting all innovation, originated nothing.

Better the spirit of things defines them than their terms. Better the scent of the rose identifies it than its name — by any other it would smell as sweet. Dutchman means foundation. Puritan means energy. Dutchman means force. Puritan means fire. To each are due all his belongings. Dutchman undergirds and over-

arches all that life which flows in history from Flushing to Stockholm, with its contributory streams, from Switzerland, Germany and France. Morally, Dutchman owns not only William the Silent and Philip Artevelte, but Gustavus Adolphus, Calvin, Zwingel, Luther, aye, and Servitus, too, as well as the Huguenots and the Waldenses. European Protestantism is the Dutchman, just as all the waters between the Alleghenies and the Rockies are the Mississippi. So, too, Puritan has a moral fee from Lands End to John O'Groats and from Fastnet Light to Londonderry. Protestantism in the three islands is Puritan. Protestantism on the Continent is the Dutchman.

Division and sub-division of both are manifold. They are not without interest or value. They give to historians an excuse for occupation. They supply to sectarians text or pretext for heresy trials. They assure to national societies a justification for annual dinners. As Shakespeare's head was greater than the comb which went through his hair, so is truth greater than the men who carve it up. It is the body of facts in the world. History is man's discovery through the little end of the opera glass of estimate, focussed on patches of truth.

Theology is but the skin of truth set up and stuffed. So, when we speak of Dutchman and Puritan, we treat likeness of spirit in unlikeness of form. The Dutchman was the Puritan of the Continent. The Puritan was the Dutchman of the Isles.

I am not speaking of nations, though they combine and shade off into many. I would speak of a primordial type of the race. Nor are we speaking of churches or of creeds, though they converge and diverge into not a few. Let us consider this subject as that of a cast of thought which prefers that communication between itself and Deity should be as direct as possible, with a minimum of instructional intervention. Dutchman and Puritan in a crisis of the world's history appealed from Holy Church to Holy Scripture, from organic authority to private judgment and from justification by obedience to justification by faith.

As both stand for historical and contemporary Protestantism, so have both a natural affinity for democratic-republicanism in government. As they realize their common origin and mutual tendencies, so will they be better fitted for their still unaccomplished duties. Of the final religion, something is in every creed

and all of it in none. The key-note of it will be the fatherhood of God, and the refrain of it the brotherhood of man. Sects are but discords to be drowned out by that harmony or dropped out of it. So will the final government be the republic. But till it shall come, let us be patient with the props of imperialism, the scaffolding of dynastic claims and the mural decorations of caste or class. Let them play, until they shall play out, their passing part in the purpose of Providence and in the pageantry of earth.

Meanwhile let Dutchman and Puritan, in the nineteenth century and here, keep their powder dry and be true to the present problems and to the next war of ideas. They were united when the Puritan started from Delft Haven in Dutch shoes to plant his considerable feet on Plymouth Rock. They were united when, as colonies, they planted the church and the school-house side by side. Together they grew to learn how to keep them parallel, yet apart; contemporaneous, yet distinct.

Together they learned that democracy is a better form of rule than theocracy under human construction and administration of it. Together they made a church without a bishop

and a state without a king. While they think kindly of churches with bishops, they look without envy on countries with kings. Twin factors they have been for faith and for force in American life. Each claims first to have established home rule and free schools, but each concedes that the other instituted them. They debate which first exercised religious toleration, but agree that both ordained it. New Englanders think that the Puritan was ahead in these things. New Yorkers know that the Dutchman was. Of a truth, both were in the world's van for the affirmative of what is best for the world. Contention for priority enables books to be written, speeches made and dinners to be eaten. Statesman, philosopher and publicist, however, cares little for such contention. He just takes what is best in the record of both and says, "This is their joint and resplendent contribution to humanity."

Their work is not yet done. It will last until the millennium and its influence will outlast that. That work is very plain. It is to infuse with vigor and virtue the life of each generation, that the men of to-day may do, with the things of to-day, what their fathers would do, if their fathers were here. Thus

shall be carried the old character into the new conditions.

On that confluent character in the seventeenth century were laid the foundations of American political ethics and of American political freedom. The superstructure of elective government built thereon shall never be displaced. The closing years of this century, which is the century of emancipation, should generate for the ensuing time an aggressive and defensive spirit of true Americanism worthy of the faith, the fortitude, the firmness and the foresight of our fathers, and of which our children need never be ashamed.

THE PLAIN PEOPLE.

(*Response to a Toast.*)

The plain people have reason to be proud of their appellation, though I do not know where the phrase originated. It is from them our greatest men have sprung. Lincoln was one of the plain people, and I think they are not properly regarded by a great many of us, especially those of us who have a great idea of the men of study and culture, and believe the

country ought to be ruled by people who are not the plain people. I observe in the first place that the plain people are a majority and rule this country and are going to rule it. There was a man named Low—he was an English Low and a member of the House of Lords, who made at least one very able remark. General suffrage had been discussed in England to a considerable extent. He said to his fellow-Lords, "Gentlemen, educate your masters." That was very good advice to give. The plain people are in the majority, and how much can we expect of them that is good? Why should we be pessimistic and painfully anxious about the future of this country? The plain people have proved themselves very good rulers indeed, though not always able to pass a civil service examination.

The plain people furnish the mass of our armies, the mass of our fighters and the best of our leaders. From the plain people come those who know what the plain people like. They know the meaning of their daily lives, the sorrows and sympathies, joys and hopes. Such men are needed by the plain people, and they appreciate their faculties and trust in them. Abraham Lincoln was such a man. He knew

the plain people, and they almost worshipped him. So was General Grant. Every soldier in the army felt as if he knew all about Grant and understood what sort of a fellow he was. He was a man of unlimited courage. I don't say he never knew what fear was. The man who says he was never scared is to be doubted. As a rule, a man cannot be a successful or great general unless he has learned to be a good captain, who has marched on foot with his men and knows how much they can do.

The plain people bravely, aye, and proudly, died to save the nation. I shall never forget the brave lad in my regiment who said in answer to my anxious inquiry, "Why, my dear colonel, I am not sorry. I would do it again." Have you ever considered the engineers? Have you ever thought of the man who goes through a tremendous storm, hour after hour, with the life of hundreds of human beings dependent upon him? Have you ever thought of the heroism these men display when they go to death with their hand still rigidly grasping the throttle? Look at your own firemen. They might not pass an examination, but they can and do pass into the burning buildings and many times lose their lives in saving others,

young and old. The plain people are ever ready for any emergency. I never saw the time when you could not have volunteers for any forlorn hope or desperate enterprise. They will venture anywhere and do anything for their country or their fellow-men.

Nineteen-twentieths of the men who made the brave soldiers of the war were the plain people, and they were particularly brave when they were inspired by their belief in God. I remember a desperate chance in a certain battle, and I asked a colonel if he could raise 200 or 300 men for the work. "Fiddlesticks," said he, "send my whole regiment." We need not be alarmed about the future of our country, so far as the plain people go.

WOMAN.

(*Response to a Toast.*)

No two are alike, and no one is alike more than once. Should I attempt to go back to the days of Eve and follow the subject down to this hour, each one of you would seek the woman to whom you account for your whereabouts and whatabouts and leave me talking.

Besides, we don't know a great deal about her anyhow. She could not have had much fun. There was no woman in the garden for her to be jealous of or make miserable by flaunting her good clothes or fine jewelry in her face.

Whatever Adam might do around their garden-house, she was never suited, always finding something wrong, simply bound to raise Cain. So we won't say much of anything else. She is rather a dry and dusty subject at this time at the best. No doubt a good enough woman in her way, but she was not in society. We never met her, and her daughters are a very great improvement on her. Their deeds illumine every page of sacred and profane history. They stand out like mountain-tops upon which the sun first rests, leaving the valleys to be later enlightened. In the early dawn of Christianity, there on the mount of Crucifixion she was the last at the Cross and then first at the sepulchre, and in Mary, with the infant Jesus in her arms, one of our largest religious sects has almost deified motherhood. I suppose it is natural for us to love women, at least we all do it. Why we even love those tiny little bits of girl babies not more than two feet long, and

when they are larger grown we never tire of watching their sweet motherly ways as they toddle around nursing a doll as large as themselves, and in their dear warm hearts enjoy all the pleasures of motherhood without the fear that their darlings might grow up humpbacked, or worse still, marry out of their church. As the years roll on and they become young ladies, why we just adore them, and if one of them in the infinite goodness of her heart consents to marry us, why, we love her still.

Probably there are few voyagers on the matrimonial sea who have not been more or less disturbed by squalls, hurricanes, and it may be tempests, but these don't disturb the depths — it is like other seas. Philosophers tell us that in old ocean, though the waves roll mountain high, and navies founder, a few thousand feet down the waters are undisturbed. No man has sounded the depths of a woman's nature. No sane man ever dreamed that he understood the subject. She is utterly incomprehensible with her ways past finding out. The earliest painters having nothing brighter or more beautiful in their imaginations, pictured their angels as women, not women as angels, and the heathen mythologists painted their

Furies as women with snakes for hair. We see women governing the world by her influence, and putting yards of loose dry-goods on her shoulders and an immense hat, loaded with flowers and dead birds, on her head for ornament, vexing her very soul over the color of a flower in her bonnet, and then quietly facing death without a murmur, caring for her husband or children, screaming at the sight of a spider, and then on the deck of a sinking steamship carefully doing her back hair up snug so that she should not be hideous when she was dead. One could scarcely believe that those fashionable women, with their paint and powder, immense hats and tooth-pick shoes, dragging their skirts through the filth of the streets, were of the same flesh and blood and moved by the same impulses as that dear old mother of ours, the author and builder of our first pair of trousers and the little blue jacket with brass buttons on. Still less could we compare that fashionable woman with that old mother when with a forgiveness almost divine she gave us ginger tea to cure the colic caused by eating her stolen preserves. Yet they are alike, properly husbanded and cared for, the one will develop into the other. All the furbe-

lows, folderols and nonsense are but the froth on the wine.

We hear a great deal about the new woman, as though there had been an improvement made. That is not true — she never was patented and can't be improved. But she certainly is doing many things undreamed of by her in my young days. She has got into our hats, collars and cuffs. She is in all the professions. As a lawyer she will draw your will, just like a man, in such a way that the attorney for your executor, the county register and the advertisers will get the bulk of your estate. As a doctor she will physic, blister and poultice you until life loses all charm and you long for a quiet resting-place on the other side.

With all her peculiarities she is what makes life worth living. She is the great wielder of the moral pruning-knife — she leads in all movements to make the race better. Every man needs a wife, and he ought not to wait until he is rich before he gets her. Every man can and most men do marry women much better than themselves. She settles the question of your success or failure, and when you have got her she deserves your best treatment. If you are doing anything you can't tell her about,

you had better stop now. No one has or will do as much for you as your wife.

Historians have not written or poets sung of a grander heroism, a more perfect faith, or more enduring courage than has been shown by the women of our age and generation. During the rebellion, all over the land, there were such instances of heroism as that shown by a Union mother of East Tennessee, who, when she heard that her three sons with their father lay dead at Stone River, brought her only child, a mere boy, the hope and prop of her declining years, and presenting him to the colonel of the regiment in which her other sons had been, said, "Take him, Colonel. Put him in the company where the other boys were; he is all I have got, but I am willing to do all I can." Where was the grander courage—in the boy who went or the mother who sent him? She was old, and gaunt and poor, and cheaply dressed—what they call a "poor white" down there—but what a grand soul she had!

And there were those who left home and its endearments to nurse the wounded and fever-stricken in the hospitals. Women, too, maybe, apparently the veriest butterflies of fashion, to whom we never gave credit for a thought be-

yond the cut of a dress or the hang of its skirt; yet the necessities of the hour developed in her a higher and a holier womanhood, till, in the eyes of many a poor soldier, hastening to answer the great roll-call, she came to take the place of mother, home and kindred, and made the poor, homesick, dying boy turn from the glowing sunshine to kiss her shadow.

“Such there have ever been,
Since human grief has followed human sin —
The patient perfect women, as they climb,
With bleeding feet the flinty crags of time —
Not for the praise of man or earth’s renown
They bear the cross and wear the martyr’s crown.
A higher joy their ransomed spirits seek
Where all unknown their silent watch they keep.

Far from the echoes of the world’s applause,
In sultry noon or midnight’s dreary pause,
Where infants gasping part their fleeting breath,
Cradled in sorrow and baptized in death.
Or old age, shrinking from the Tyrant’s grasp
Feels through the darkness for their tender clasp.
Watching and waiting till the rising morn
Shall greet their saintly faces, pale and worn
With their long vigils as they steal away
Through darkened casements at the dawn of day,
And duty done, where’er their footsteps roam
Then turn to grace and gladden every Saxon home.”

A BUSINESS MAN'S POLITICAL OBLIGATIONS.

(Response to a Toast.)

It is both a curious and unnatural condition of public sentiment which makes it a difficult thing in American political life for the successful business man to enter into its activities without subjecting himself to suspicion as to the honesty of his purpose or doubt as to the possibility of his benefiting his fellows. And yet it is not inexplicable. The reason lies in the long neglect by him of political action during the years of his accumulations and his sudden awakening to gratify an ambition which lies beyond the domain of mere wealth. The business man cannot afford to rest content with simply voting on returning election days and be careless as to the men selected for public positions or the acts performed by them.

If he does he must expect, when, after years of such indifference, he, of his own volition, thrusts himself into the arena of strife for place and power, that his sincerity will be inquired into and his motives doubted. In no other country, even of less liberal laws and re-

stricted field of action, is wealth considered even a hindrance, much less a complete bar to a full and direct participation in legislation and the conduct of governmental affairs. It was not so with the American elector in that earlier day, when no one was too absorbed in matters of private gain to neglect the things which were essential to the public good. The strength of such a view of duty on the part of the citizen was manifest in that high esteem in which official place was held by all the people, no matter in what walk of life or the extent of their interests. No one aspired to position without acknowledged qualifications, and the interrogatory as to his capabilities and honesty meant more than idle questioning. Even under an intense and unreasoning partizanism fitness was still made the test, and the needs of the public service made him prominent.

Within the decades which have witnessed the business man withdrawing himself from a continuing interest in political affairs, in order to devote his talents to the acquisition of wealth, the public has lost its high esteem for the office itself, and with that want of respect more than one position of trust, of great and far-reaching importance, has been permitted to

fall into unworthy hands. The taxing power in states and municipalities is now more often under the control of those who are without any direct personal interest in the rate of tax to be imposed than of those whose property must bear its burdens. Not infrequently the prosperity of the practical politician finds its source in following a line of action which, through a city council or a state legislature, either increases taxation by means of extravagant appropriations to aid private undertakings, or lays blackmail upon business interests to curtail the same.

The business men who neglect their political duties to simply gain wealth pay for their folly by finding themselves without the power to protect it from public assault, unless through either direct or indirect purchase of that right. I have no sympathy with those who, having entered into a conspiracy against good morals and the public well-being by making possible, for the sake of individual comfort, the robberies of the political highwayman, are at last driven to complain, on finding their property rights jeopardized and their accumulations threatened. The purchase of immunity from legislative attack may at the outset be less ex-

pensive and easier of method than a manly defense of guaranteed rights and active participation in political strife, but in the end there comes the immeasurably greater evil of a debauched citizenship and a corrupted law-making power.

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE UNITED STATES.

(Response to a Toast.)

There is no doubt of the sovereignty of the United States throughout the United States, but it is in the one instance a civil sovereignty as distinguished from a military sovereignty, and it is this civil government which I insist must be maintained if we hope for devotion from those upon whom the defense of this Government must rest if the hour shall ever arise in which its existence is assailed—the mass of common people, Mr. Lincoln's "plain people," for whom the Government was constructed, and for whom it must be maintained, if maintained it is. Power, wealth and influence from whatever source do not need government for protection. They guard themselves within the power of their possessions and the seclusion of their surroundings.

It is the weak, the uninfluential and the poor who must go out into the world's highways to find opportunities for existence, who need the strength of a just Government under which they may toil and be protected in the results of their struggle, and it is for these, in the name of the sacrifices of their fathers, and of the endurance of those who are around and about us, that I now plead and ask that their rights as individual citizens be preserved, and that representative government be not permitted to vanish and merge itself into the existence of an aristocratic and monarchial form of government in which the powerful shall overawe the weak with the shadow of death.

Let us not forget that even at this hour there are those around us who are seriously questioning whether our present form of government has not reached the highest altitude of perfection. Bishop Potter, in his pulpit in the great city of New York, says that "we are now passing to the age of decadence, and from henceforward must decline." Bishop Worthington says that this is true, because the poor are too highly educated (?), while ex-President Cleveland, in his address at Princeton, charges that the Government cannot continue in its

course towards the fulfillment of its real objects unless some strong hand shall seize it and control the careless and irresponsible.

For nearly a century we who love the form of this Government and its purpose have condemned the declaration of Alexander Hamilton, saying that "only college-bred men should hold high places or positions of counsel in the Government, and that the common masses should be controlled by a strong hand and guided under orders to their tasks." We little dreamed that there would to-day be found those who, viewing the surroundings which to-day exist, would say that the hour had arrived when Mr. Hamilton's prophesy has to be fulfilled.

Surely if there is any one duty above all others ordered of a true democracy to perform, it is to curb and prevent these high-handed assaults on the Constitution by the men who fear liberty lest, in the existence of it, their offences overtake them. The crowning of all men with an equal justice, the endowment of all men with equal opportunities to pursue happiness and resist the oppressor, must be our mission. The warfares we wage are to be for the Constitution, not against it.

We shall have liberty and justice by the Government, and not despite it. We are the open friends, not the secret enemies, of the Republic.

I do not lose sight of the fact that there are those around us who see the fulfillment of Carlyle's prophesy precursing the downfall of this Republic. I do not forget that there are those who, wearying with their overwrought wrongs, dream of a vengeance that must overtake our country, as befell Sparta and Carthage. To these we send our greeting — bid them look up to the light of a new hope. It is the star of the new Democracy, Mother Liberty's first offering to her redeemed generation. But, sirs, we defy those who are anxiously waiting with a hope born of their own efforts to wreck the system, those who court the alluring vision of a republic shattered, upon whose crumbled stones will arise — as when fell the first free France — some Louis as monarch, who would punish with death the voice that cried out against the divinity of wealth, while knighting the hand of the baron which slew his laborer.

To all such, wherever they be, we send defiance, shouting, "This Republic was not born

to die!" Our fathers who laid its foundation in their death-bleached bones, whose sanctified spirits keep vigil from the fadeless ramparts of Bunker Hill, bequeathed to their blood-bought land blessed immortality! Yea, more, that the sons of these fathers — our brothers — locked in the shock of a brother's duel ordained from the bloody chancel of Gettysburg, that this "home of the brave" shall be the "land of the free!"

Upon the faith that the people will ever protect the Government which Heaven has ordered them to preserve, let us, this sovereign House, send our country to the New Year laden with our dearest hopes and pledged with our endless labors to secure freedom to the citizen.

Though we now stand 'neath the dripping eaves of a melting structure, let us hold aloft the Constitution, pledging our renewed faith and devotion to its preservation, and as a Christian to his Christ, the worshipper of God in the tabernacle of his Father, let us all again swear an allegiance to a free Government, to which we dedicate our efforts while living — our last bequest when dead.

Equal rights to the poorest citizen and sov-

ereign citizenship to the humblest American shall be the creed of our life "that free Government may not perish from the face of the earth."

RECOLLECTION, THE STRONGEST INFLUENCE.

(Response to a Toast.)

The strongest influence in the world is recollection. We are governed and the events in our lives are shaped by all those motives that enter the complex product of existence. There is nothing so small but that it pulls us a little to one side or the other, up or down. If we pursue a course intended to be straight ahead it will move a little out of line, because the incidents along the way, while they could not defeat, have still modified the course of the dominating spirit that marked it out. Everything in the universe, they say, feels the existence of every other, and to some extent is molded by it, and the influence will continue, though its source may be invisible. The rock may be far under ground, but the needle will quiver when it passes over it. There is no freedom which does not bow to its surroundings. There is

no realm where any finite power can say its dominion is complete.

The puny circle of our own affairs repeats the rule to which every power in creation must always yield. Urged by ambition, discouraged by need, strengthened by affection, but always within the narrow limitations of their own capacity, men go stumbling from their last achievement poorly done to the next, to be still more imperfectly performed. In the multitude the unit is nearly lost. But in all this confusion there is with every man some influence which he knows to be the strongest, and if you follow him when he thinks he is alone, you will see him go so slowly that perhaps you may believe he is reluctant. It is not reluctance, but only caution lest some one may learn the secret which he never shares. And when he uncovers it in solitude, perhaps in tears, you will see it is some memory, perhaps so old it has upon it the dust of many years. But it is the rock to which he has clung in storms. It is the anchor which has kept his head to the wind. It is the balm which has steadied him in defeat and ennobled him in the hour of triumph.

Those in whom this influence is strongest are themselves made stronger by it. By so

much as their lives are governed by it, by that much will their deeds be more enduring. It is because I think I see in the New England people this emotion in its fullest strength that I always pay my homage to the New England character. New England is a rugged country; its winters are too cold and its summers are too warm; its grudging soil yields only to the hardest fight, and yet from its humble and unpretending homes have walked out through all its splendid history those characters whose deeds have changed the current of the world, whose renown is the possession of mankind.

There is no place which has not felt the tread of some New England child, no enterprise which has not felt his hand. In conflict he has stood always with the foremost and in peace with the most forgiving. Wherever his varying career has taken him or whatever new alliances his fortune has joined him in there has always been with him the benign and sobering influence of his early recollections. Without loyalty the world would fall apart. Whenever it leaves the human character, that very instant, hand in hand, self-respect and love depart, for loyalty is but affection, and

affection feeds with never-satisfied desire upon the recollections of the past.

You asked me to speak for the State of New York, but I decline. I claim the right in deference to the remembrances I have praised to speak this once for the State of Maine. Tides will rise and fall by an influence whose source may be remote but ever present. As a son of New England I make the grateful acknowledgment that my tides have ebbed and flowed through influences which, though remote, have never lost their power. In the few words I have spoken it may seem as though the thought of women did not enter, but those women who are present I know will understand that in some member of their sex has often entered those recollections which, sanctified by years, have been the mainsprings of the world.

THE FUTURE OF THE NATION.

(Response to a Toast.)

The country is now emerging from trying conditions. It is only just beginning to recover from the depression in certain lines of business long continued and altogether unparalleled.

Progress, therefore, will naturally be slow, but let us not be impatient. Rather let us exercise a just patience and one which in time will surely bring its own high reward.

I have no fear for the future of our beloved country. While I discern in its present condition the necessity that always exists for the faithful devotion of its citizens, the history of its past assures to me that this will be, as it always has been through every struggle and emergency, still onward and upward. It has never suffered from any trial or been unequal to any test. Founded upon right principles, we have nothing to fear from the vicissitudes which may lie across our pathway. The Nation founded by the fathers upon principles of virtue, education, freedom and human rights, molded by the great discussions which established its sovereignty, tried in the crucible of civil war, its integrity confirmed by the results of reconstruction, with a union stronger and better than ever before, stands to-day not upon sifting sands, but upon immovable foundations. Let us resolve by our laws and by our administration of them to maintain the rights of the citizen, to cement the Union by still closer bonds, to exalt the standards of American

civilization, encourage the promotion of thrift, industry and economy, and the homely virtues which have ennobled our people, uphold the stability of our currency and credit, and illustrate the purity of our National and municipal government; and then though the rain descends and the floods come and the winds blow, the Nation will stand, for it is founded upon a rock.

AN AFTER-DINNER STORY.

(Published for the First Time.)

At a dinner in London a short time ago Beerbohm Tree, the famous English actor, told the following on himself. Zangwill the novelist and himself, said Tree, were invited to a dinner. Zangwill told Tree that he had a very good story to tell, but the name of Hercules must be referred to in order that he might have the opportunity of introducing appropriately the story. Tree promised Zangwill that he would help him out by mentioning Hercules at the first chance that presented itself. At the dinner Tree had forgotten the circumstance until by Zangwill's agonized expression his attention was attracted

and he immediately prepared to give his friend the chance he desired to air his good story. Turning to his host he said, in a loud tone of voice, "The strength of *Samson* would be augmented by the delicious soup before us." He looked to Zangwill for the story, but he was surprised to see no interest in his face except one of disappointment. Surprised at this, but thinking that his friend considered the time inopportune, he resolved to wait until later. And so after some time had passed he raised his wine-glass before him and said, "If this wine could have flowed through the veins of *Samson* he would have been able to do mightier things than he did." Again he waited, but there was no story, and his friend only looked more keenly sorrowful. After again mentioning the name of *Samson* and meeting with no response, he thought his friend had probably forgotten his story, and he began to feel angry that he had been induced to promise anything of the kind. What was his surprise to have Zangwill say to him after the dinner, "What was the matter with you to-day, Tree, you acted in the silliest way, making constant allusions to *Samson*. Everybody thinks you are going crazy." Then Tree be-

came indignant at the apparent ingratitude of his friend and told him so, and at the same time reminded him of the promise exacted of him. "Who said anything about *Samson*," Zangwill said, "Hercules was the word agreed upon."

A LIST OF TOASTS.

1. Currency Reform, Now or When.
2. The Army.
3. The Navy.
4. The Relation of Science and Commerce.
5. Vox Populi, Vox Dei.
6. Poetry.
7. The Class of —

"Our Greatest Glory Consists not in never
falling,
But in rising every time we fall."

8. The Editor.

"To write well is to have at the same time,
mind, soul, taste."

9. Music.

"O music sphere — descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid."

10. Woman.

“But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth, the
overflowings of an innocent heart.”

11. Alma Mater.

“To love her was a liberal education.”

12. College Days.

“Fond memory brings the light of other days
around me.”

13. The Dinner.

“We can live without friends, we can live with-
out books,
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.”

14. The Absent.

“Though absent, present in desires they be,
Our souls much further than our eyes can see.”

15. Appetite.

“Now, good digestion wait on appetite ;
And health on both.”

16. Parting.

“To know, to esteem, to love — and then to
part,
Makes up life’s tale to many a feeling heart.”

17. My Country Home, its Charms and At-
tractions.

“None can describe the sweets of country life,
But those blest men that do enjoy and taste
them.”

18. Romance.

“He loved the twilight that surrounds the
border-land of old romance.”

19. The Photographer.

“His conversations always full of developer,
hypo plates and printing,
And half the time (it is the rule) he's through
his darkened camera squinting.”

20. Farewell.

“Farewell! a word that must be, and yet hath
been—
A sound which makes linger—yet farewell.”

21. Athletics.

“Mens sana in sano corpore.”

22. The Faculty.

“Genus nobile fratum.

23. A Choice Profession.

“He is gifted with genius who knoweth much
by natural talent.”

24. The Alumni.

“The world knows nothing of its greatest men.”

25. College Brotherhood.

“Men of honor and truth.”

26. Gentlemen of the Old School.

27. Patriarchs.

28. The College Girl.

- 29. Heresy.
- 30. Our Country.
- 31. The Day we Celebrate.
- 32. Our Revolutionary Fathers.
- 33. Our Fire-sides.
- 34. The Nation.
- 35. The Flag.
- 36. Liberty.
- 37. Peace.
- 38. Free Speech.
- 39. Our Honored Dead (for Memorial Day).
- 40. A Merry Day that Leaves no Heartache
(for Christmas).

FLAG DAY.

INTRODUCTION.

IN the free schools of our country one day of the year is set apart for a patriotic celebration which is called flag day. On this occasion all the children are gathered at their respective buildings, sing national airs, and take part in other patriotic exercises. The features of the day are the raising of the national flag and an address by some able and well-known speaker. The children themselves often take an important part in the interesting exercises by reciting patriotic poems or declamations.

We give two selections appropriate to this day. One which may be recited by a boy or girl of the school, and one which may form a model for the remarks of a maturer person. It is quite difficult to find the words of our national airs in one and the same book, and so we have inserted here the words of the best known and most popular.

THE FLAG.

(Flag-Day Recitation for a Boy or Girl.)

It waved o'er our fathers
In years long gone by,
When for home and for country
They went forth to die—
Our beautiful flag,
With its stripes and its stars,
Its gleamings of blue
And its brave crimson bars.

It led on our dear ones,
Who marched forth to bear
To downtrodden millions
Sweet freedom so fair —
Our glorious flag,
With its stripes and its stars,
Its gleamings of blue
And its brave crimson bars.

It beckons our brave boys
Forth to the fray,
Remembering our martyrs,
To break tyranny's sway —
Our world-honored flag,
With its stripes and its stars,
Its gleamings of blue
And its brave crimson bars.

They'll fight on unfaltering,
While we watch and pray,
Till it waves over Cuba
In freedom's full day —
Old glory, our flag,
With its stripes and its stars,
Its gleamings of blue
And its brave crimson bars.

OUR COUNTRY.

We cannot honor our country with too deep a reverence; we cannot love her with an affection too pure and fervent; we cannot serve her with an energy of purpose or a faithfulness of zeal too steadfast and ardent. And what is our country? It is not the East, with her hills and valleys, with her countless sails and the rocky ramparts of her shores. It is not the North, with her thousand villages and her harvest-home, with her frontiers of the lakes and the ocean. It is not the West, with her forest-sea and her inland isles, with her luxuriant expanses clothed in the verdant corn, with her beautiful Ohio and her verdant Mississippi. Nor is it yet the South, opulent in the mimic snow of the cotton, in the rich plantations of

the rustling cane and in the golden robes of the rice fields. No! These are but the sister families of one greater, better, holier family, our country!

THE STARS AND STRIPES.

All hail to our glorious ensign! Courage to the heart, and strength to the hand, to which, in all time, it shall be intrusted! May it ever wave in honor, in unsullied glory and patriotic hope, on the dome of the Capitol, on the country's stronghold, on the tented field and on the wave-rocked tempest!

Wherever, on the earth's surface, the eye of the American shall behold it, may he have reason to bless it! On whatsoever spot it is planted, there may freedom have a foothold, humanity a brave champion, and religion an altar! Though stained with blood in a righteous cause, may it never in any cause be stained with shame!

Alike when its gorgeous folds shall sport in lazy holiday triumphs on the summer breeze, and its tattered fragments be daily seen through the cloud of war, may it be the joy and pride of the American heart! First raised in the

cause of right and liberty, in that cause alone may it forever spread out its streaming folds to the battle and the storm! Having been borne victoriously across the continent, and on every sea, may virtue and freedom and peace forever follow where it leads the way.

OLD GLORY.

We are here to-day to fling a new banner to the breeze, "OLD GLORY," the emblem of our national sovereignty. And why should the flag of such a young country be called old glory? Because it is twenty-three years older than the present flag of Great Britain, seventeen years older than the French tri-color, nearly a hundred years older than the present flag of Germany and Italy, and eight years older than the flag of Spain. When the Continental Congress found that the political bands which connected us with the mother country had indeed been perpetually broken, they appointed a committee to devise a flag that should stand for the nation; independence, dignity and power. George Washington was the chairman of that committee and, upon re-

ceiving his report in 1777, Congress resolved, "That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; and that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." At first a new star and a new stripe were added for each new state, but our vast territory was molded into new states so rapidly that this arrangement became cumbersome, and in 1818 Congress passed an act returning to the original thirteen stripes, but added a star for each new state. That is the law to-day, so that this flag has thirteen stripes, seven red and six white, and forty-five stars, representing a nation of seventy millions—not counting the population of the Philippine Islands!

But why should this flag stir your hearts and make your spirits burn within you? Because immortal honor hangs thick on every square inch of its fabric. It was adopted when the American people were but a human fringe on the sea-coast, their way into the interior blocked by the red savages and howling wolves of the wilderness. The whole inspiration of our life as a nation flows out from the waving folds of this banner. Our flag has its origin in that conflict whereby we achieved our inde-

pendence in the last century. Again, in 1812, it vindicated the principle that American seamen should not be impressed into service on foreign ships. In 1845 it again gave liberty to Texas. In 1861 it carried freedom to four million slaves in this country. It has been stormed at with shot and shell and torn to tatters in a hundred battles, but it has always waved for freedom, and after every conflict its advanced position in a better civilization has ameliorated and improved the conditions of human society. It stands now for a united people; it is beloved in every section of our territory; and when it waves aloft it's all one to us whether the band plays Yankee Doodle or Dixie. Emblem of freedom and civil equality, who will say that it shall not gild the last sky-lines of this dying century by spreading abroad the spirit of true liberty in Cuba?

This flag will serve two purposes. It will promote patriotism by keeping alive the traditions of our fathers, and it will elevate the standard of citizenship in the present and future by illuminating its exalted quantity in the past. I venture to coin this maxim: He who loves an ancestor will love to be an ancestor. When some of the French nobles taunted one of

Napoleon's famous marshals with his obscure birth, he replied: "You are descendants indeed, but I shall be an ancestor." In like manner every American who loves the flag, because it is an emblem of his country's spirit, will be inspired to become himself an entity in the sum of national strength.

Eminence in every nation comes from praiseworthy deeds, and the people who venerate heroic ancestry ought to be trusted to rear an upright posterity. The best educational system — and we have the best in this country — is not enough for the salvation of the people until it is joined to patriotism; then you have a national fiber that will resist every strain.

I have alluded to our ancient wars with England, but we ought to remember that that strife occurred in the distant past, and I feel sure of echoing the best public opinion of this community in expressing the earnest hope before God that the peace between the mother and the daughter countries will never again be disturbed by the rude alarm of war. England and America may well rival each other in a friendly commerce and an elevated national development; but when danger confronts one the great heart of the other will beat in unison.

We are in a death-grapple with Spain. But we are like the Christian knight who went forth armed capable to succor the oppressed and to bind up the wounds of the stricken. We have no purpose of territorial aggrandizement. We have no aim for empty glory. We have no cruel pride in the supreme knowledge of our strength. But we stand for the right as God gives us to know the right. Our implacable foe has sought dominion and gold against the rights of nations and individuals from her earliest history. She has achieved an immortality of infamy in every decade from Pizarro and Cortez to the unspeakable Weyler. But now she has come face to face with her destiny; the old wolf stands affrighted and grieving to the quick with a sword through her vitals, and in the welter of death there is no vision in the ages of her power, but greed and torture and an unquenchable thirst for human blood.

Fling out the flag. Let us hope that this splendid banner will give us a higher ideal of national character; an ideal that will exclude the jingo, the bully and the public charlatan, and an ideal that will dedicate the national conscience to a still deeper love of country, to a more reverent regard for its institutions, to a

higher civilization and to peace, yea, to eternal peace among the nations of the earth. This flag means that or it means nothing.

THE VOICE OF THE FLAG.

If yonder flag, hanging in graceful folds, could find expression, it might say to the world, "I had my birth in Philadelphia; my stripes of red and white and field of blue and thirteen stars were first kissed by Pennsylvania sunlight. I was the first to reach the top of your tower on Independence Hall; I was first to point out from whence came the music of your Liberty bell; I led the vanguard of the Continental Army from Valley Forge to Yorktown; I festooned the capitols of every state until, instead of thirteen, I displayed five and forty stars; I first blushed in protest against slavery in my native Keystone State; the lilies of France once floating over Fort Duquesne were lowered to the lion of St. George floating over Fort Pitt, but both gave way to me when the wind from the free Alleghenies unfurled my colors above the waters of the Ohio at the town of Pittsburg; I led

your conquering armies from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico ; I was trailed in the dust, but rose again to feel the loyal grasp of Lincoln and Grant, and to give inspiration to the millions of men and women who loved the country and the cause for which I stood, and to-day I float in peace and in glory over every capitol in this broad land. I stand for liberty, for the noblest ambitions of humanity, for peace throughout the world, and for the dignity and honor and protection of all who love liberty and equality, and who claim the sheltering protection which I have always given."

WORDS OF THE NATIONAL AIRS.

COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.

O COLUMBIA ! the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When Liberty's form stands in view,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white and blue.

Chorus : When borne by the red, white and blue,
When borne by the red, white and blue,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white and blue.

When war winged its wide desolation,
And threatened the land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
Columbia, rode safe through the storm;
With garlands of vict'ry around her,
When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the red, white and blue.

Chorus: The boast of the red, white and blue,
The boast of the red, white and blue,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the red, white and blue.

HAIL COLUMBIA.

Hail ! Columbia, happy land !
Hail ye heroes, heaven-born band,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won ;
Let Independence be your boast,
Ever mindful what it cost,
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.

Immortal Patriots ! rise once more !
Defend your rights, defend your shore ;
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies,
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize ;
While offering peace sincere and just,
In heav'n we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice may prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail !

Sound, sound the trump of fame !
Let Washington's great name
Ring through the world with loud applause !
Ring through the world with loud applause !
Let every clime to freedom dear,
Listen with a joyful ear :
With equal skill, with steady power,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war, or guides with ease,
The happier time of honest peace.

Behold the chief, who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands,
The rock on which the storm will beat !
The rock on which the storm will beat !
But armed in virtue, firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on Heaven and you ;
When hope was sinking in dismay,
When gloom obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free-
Resolves on death or Liberty.

Chorus : Firm, united, let us be.
Rallying round our liberty.
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

AMERICA.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing ;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
 Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
 Thy name I love ;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills,
 Like that above.

Our Father's God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
 To thee we sing ;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us with thy might,
 Great God, our King !

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song ;

Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Oh ! say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last
 gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous
 fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly
 streaming ;
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
 Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.

Chorus: Oh ! say, does that star-spangled banner yet
 wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
 brave !

On the shore dimly seen thro' the mist of the deep,
 Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence
 reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
 As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses ?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
 In full glory reflected, now shines in the stream :

Chorus : 'Tis the star-spangled banner, Oh ! long may it
wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave !

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country they'd leave us no more !
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footstep's
pollution ;
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave.

Chorus : And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall
wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave !

Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their lov'd home and the war's desolation ;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n rescued
land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a
nation,
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, " In God is our trust."

Chorus : And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall
wave,
While the land of the free is the home of the
brave !

OUR FLAG IS THERE.

Our flag is there ! Our flag is there !
We'll hail it with three loud huzzas !
Our flag is there ! Our flag is there !
Behold the glorious Stripes and Stars !
Stout hearts have fought for that bright flag,
Strong hands sustain'd it masthead high,
And oh ! to see how proud it waves,
Brings tears of joy in ev'ry eye.

Chorus : Our flag is there ! Our flag is there !
We'll hail it with three loud huzzas !
Our flag is there ! Our flag is there !
Behold the glorious Stripes and Stars !

That flag has stood the battle's roar,
With foeman stout, with foeman brave,
Strong hands have sought that flag to low'r,
And found a speedy, wat'ry grave !
That flag is known on ev'ry shore,
The standard of a gallant band,
Alike unstain'd in peace or war,
It floats o'er Freedom's happy land.

Chorus : Our flag is there ! Our flag is there !
We'll hail it with three loud huzzas !
Our flag is there ! Our flag is there !
Behold the glorious Stripes and Stars !

SPEECHES FOR NATIONAL HOLIDAYS.

INDEPENDENCE DAY ADDRESS.

THINK well, I beg of you, of the Fourth of July. Let it take rank second among the feast days of the earth. Scorn the man who scoffs at it. Train your pulses to thrill on this dawning of days. Reflect upon the signing of that world-emancipating Declaration of Independence. Imagine that you can hear the ringing of the Liberty bell in every breeze that fans your cheek. On every recurring day read the great Declaration, and warm the corners of your hearts with its majestic fire. Let the old flag fly from your window. Light the persistent crackers by day, and pierce the sky of night with the meteoric rocket. Let eye and ear herald to the brain that a nation's natal day has come.

On the altar of all hearts, O young American patriot, kindle the fire that burns on your own. Fan it with hope, enlarge it with the oil of glory. For the sun of our greatness is not yet

half way to the zenith. And while Columbia's sons still love the stars and stripes, while they revere Bunker Hill and honor the name of Washington, while they greet with hearty cheers each returning Fourth of July, that sun shall never decline to evening.

This is the best country; the greatest race of a riper time finds here its richest home. Blest is the child that is born here; wise is the man that uses the good that awaits him here. Far across the chill waste of Atlantic's waves has come an army of peace that has conquered our bravery. On its unsympathetic ears our cheers for the Fourth of July fall flat. Before its indifferent eye our flag is but cloth. To its million of children our history is a closed and unknown volume. Open that book, I beg of you, and read to them the noble deeds of American free men. And as you read the eye will glisten, the face will flush, the voice will grow eloquent with meaning. For you read great things from the brightest page in the world's history. From the love in your hearts glorify the flag and all that it stands for. With patriotic fervor teach the listening children the music of "Hail Columbia." Let the music of "The Star-Spangled Banner" be heard in a

mighty chorus of youthful voices, and let the whole land be attuned to the words of that grandest of patriotic hymns, "America."

LIFT UP YOUR HEARTS.

(*Fourth of July Oration.*)

Sursum corda. We have in our own time seen the Republic survive an irrepressible conflict, sown in the blood and marrow of the social order. We have seen the Federal Union, not too strongly put together in the first place, come out of a great war of sections stronger than when it went into it, its faith renewed, its credit rehabilitated, and its flag saluted with love and homage by sixty millions of God-fearing men and women, thoroughly reconciled and homogeneous. We have seen the Federal Constitution outlast the strain, not merely of a Reconstructory ordeal and a Presidential impeachment, but a disputed count of the Electoral vote, a Congressional deadlock, and an extra constitutional tribunal, yet standing firm against the assaults of its enemies, while yielding itself with admirable flexibility to the needs of the country and the time. And

finally we saw the gigantic fabric of the Federal Government transferred from the hands that held it a quarter of a century to other hands, without a protest, although so close was the poll in the final count that a single blanket might have covered both contestants for the Chief Magisterial office. With such a record behind us, who shall be afraid of the future?

The young manhood of the country may take this lesson from those of us who lived through times that did indeed try men's souls — when, pressed down from day to day by awful responsibilities and suspense, each night brought a terror with every thought of the morrow, and when, look where we would, there were light and hope nowhere — that God reigns and wills, and that this fair land is and has always been in His own keeping.

The curse of slavery is gone. It was a joint heritage of woe, to be wiped out and expiated in blood and flame. The mirage of the Confederacy has vanished. It was essentially bucolic, a vision of Arcadie, the dream of a most attractive economic fallacy. The Constitution is no longer a rope of sand. The exact relation of the States to the Federal Government, left open to double construction by the authors

of our organic being, because they could not agree among themselves, and union was the paramount object, has been clearly and definitely fixed by the three last amendments to the original chart, which constitute the real treaty of peace between the North and the South, and seal our bonds as a Nation forever.

The Republic represents at last the letter and the spirit of the sublime Declaration. The fetters that bound her to the earth are burst asunder. The rags that degraded her beauty are cast aside. Like the enchanted princess in the legend, clad in spotless raiment and wearing a crown of living light, she steps in the perfection of her maturity upon the scene of this, the latest and proudest of her victories, to bid welcome to the world.

Need I pursue the theme? This vast assemblage speaks with a resonance and meaning which words can never reach. It speaks from the fields that are blessed by the never-failing waters of the Kennebec and from the farms that sprinkle the valley of the Connecticut with mimic principalities more potent and lasting than the real; it speaks in the whirr of the mills of Pennsylvania and in the ring of the wood-cutter's ax from the forests

of the lake peninsulas; it speaks from the great plantations of the South and West, teeming with staples that insure us wealth and power and stability, yea, from the mines and forests and quarries of Michigan and Wisconsin, of Alabama and Georgia, of Tennessee and Kentucky, far away to the regions of silver and gold, that have linked the Colorado and the Rio Grande in close embrace, and annihilated time and space between the Atlantic and the Pacific; it speaks, in one word, from the hearthstone in Iowa and Illinois, from the home in Mississippi and Arkansas, from the hearts of seventy millions of fearless, free-born men and women, and that one word is “Union!”

There is no geography in American manhood. There are no sections to American fraternity. It needs but six weeks to change a Vermonter into a Texan, and there has never been a time when, upon the battle-field, or the frontier, Puritan and Cavalier were not convertible terms, having in the beginning a common origin, and so diffused and diluted on American soil as no longer to possess a local habitation or a nativity, except in the National unit.

The men who planted the signals of American civilization upon that sacred Rock by Plymouth Bay were Englishmen, and so were the men who struck the coast a little lower down, calling their haven of rest after the great Republican commoner, and founding by Hampton Roads a race of heroes and statesmen, the mention of whose names brings a thrill to every heart. The South claims Lincoln, the immortal, for its own ; the North has no right to reject Stonewall Jackson, the one typical Puritan soldier of the war, for its own ! Nor will it ! The time is coming, is almost here, when hanging above many a mantel-board in fair New England — glorifying many a cottage in the sunny South — shall be seen bound together, in everlasting love and honor, two cross swords carried to battle respectively by the grandfather who wore the blue and the grandfather who wore the gray.

God bless our country's flag ! and God be with us now and ever. God in the roof-tree's shade and God on the highway, God in the winds and waves, and God in our hearts !

LINCOLN THE IMMORTAL.

From Caesar to Bismarck and Gladstone the world has had its soldiers and its statesmen, who rose to eminence and power step by step through a series of geometrical progression, as it were, each promotion following in regular order, the whole obedient to well-established and well-understood laws of cause and effect. These were not what we call "men of destiny." They were men of the time. They were men whose career had a beginning, a middle and an end, rounding off a life with a history, full, it may be, of interesting and exciting events, but comprehensible and comprehensive, simple, clear, complete.

The inspired men are fewer. Whence their emanation, where and how they got their power, and by what rule they lived, moved and had their being, we cannot see. There is no explication to these lives. They rose from shadow and went in mist. We see them, feel them, but we know them not. They arrived, God's word upon their lips; they did their office, God's mantle upon them; and they passed away God's holy light between the world and

them, leaving behind a memory half mortal and half myth. From first to last they were distinctly the creating of some special providence, baffling the wit of man to fathom, defeating the machinations of the world, the flesh and the devil until their work was done, and passed from the scene as mysteriously as they had come upon it; Luther, to wit; Shakespeare, Burns, even Bonaparte, the archangel of war, havoc and ruin; not to go back into the dark ages for examples of the hand of God stretched out to raise us, to protect and to cast down.

Tried by this standard and observed in an historic spirit, where shall we find an illustration more impressive than in Abraham Lincoln, whose life, career and death might be chanted by a Greek chorus as at once the prelude and the epilogue of the most imperial theme of modern times.

Born as low as the Son of God in a hovel, of what real parentage we know not; reared in penury, squalor, with no gleam of light, nor fair surroundings; a young manhood vexed by weird dreams and visions, bordering at times on madness; singularly awkward, ungainly, even among the uncouth about him; grotesque in

his aspects and ways, it was reserved for this strange being, late in life, without name or fame or ordinary preparation, to be snatched from obscurity, raised to supreme command, and entrusted with the destiny of a nation.

The great leaders of his party were made to stand aside; the most experienced and accomplished men of the day, men like Seward and Chase and Sumner, statesmen famous and trained, were sent to the rear; while this comparatively unknown and fantastic figure was brought by unseen hands to the front and given the reins of power. It is entirely immaterial whether we believe in what he said or did, whether we are for him or against him; but for us to admit that during four years, carrying with them such a pressure of responsibility as the world has never witnessed before, he filled the measure of the vast space allotted him in the actions of mankind and in the eyes of the world, is to say that he was inspired of God, for nowhere else could he have acquired the enormous equipment indispensable to the situation.

Where did Shakespeare get his genius? Where did Mozart get his music? Whose hand smote the lyre of the Scottish plowman?

and stayed the life of the German priest ? God alone ; and, so surely as these were raised up by God, inspired of God was Abraham Lincoln, and, a thousand years hence, no story, no tragedy, no epic poem will be filled with greater wonder than that which tells of his life and death. If Lincoln was not inspired of God, then were not Luther, or Shakespeare, or Burns. If Lincoln was not inspired of God, then there is no such thing on earth as special providence or the interposition of divine power in the affairs of men.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY ADDRESS.

On this great memorial day of the American nation we turn naturally to the life and words of the " Father of our Country " for instruction and inspiration. The lofty lessons of love of country and pure, unselfish patriotism, may well, with each returning year, be learned anew from the fountain head. As the years roll by, there is, if I mistake not, more loving thought bestowed on Washington the statesman, than on Washington the general. In Washington's noble and tender Farewell Ad-

dress to the American people we see the result of a pure, unsullied, unselfish life, in the clear and distant vision which is sometimes granted to the pure in heart. But let us not think that Washington's words of a hundred years ago have nothing to teach us to-day. He saw also plainly the pass to which blind adherence to party has brought us in the closing years of the nineteenth century, and our complete subserviency to the party leader.

We cannot, I think, more fittingly celebrate the birthday of the greatest of all patriots and more effectually review our own patriotism than by discussing the great modern movements and tendencies in our political and social life. There is one way, and one way only, to protect ourselves, as a nation, against ignorant, foolish and dangerous legislation, and to take from the political demagogue his power of doing harm, and that is by education of all youth of the land, in the lowest as well as the highest schools, in the fundamental principles of good government, and by the instillation of the duty of intelligent citizenship. Listen to the words of Washington, "Promote then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge; in proportion as the

structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened."

Let us hope that both the schools and colleges will not fail to take these words to heart that the educated men of our country will realize that the responsibility of upright and honest government rests mainly on them.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

It is not every day that is Washington's birthday, to start with, though he deserves greatly more than one. Nor is it every day that I am called upon to pay my tribute to the memory of one who I may say is the father of us all. But there is this about Washington—and I apologize, for I do not think it a good thing that I am going to say, because I never heard it said before, and if it were good some one else would have said it. But it seems to me that the great blessing that Divine Providence bestowed upon us in giving us Washington is, that it put before us at the very earliest day of our national history an exemplar which we could all take, a model to which

we could all look, and a man whom we could try to imitate. Where else in the history of the world, in the history of the whole world, will you find one man of whom this can be said, that his life was so pure, his ambition so noble and his deeds so great that you might say to your fondest child, to the son that you love above your life: "There is your example; follow it; look to him and to his example; it will be excelsior as long as you do live"?

Criticism finds nothing in him to carp at. Envy finds nothing to decry. Jealousy stands abashed as he stands out as our model, our example and our loving and beloved ancestor. This is one of the things that we have to boast of. I say "boast," because I do not know any other word. There may be some in the language that would more appropriately indicate the feeling that we have on these our festal days when we look at the things that we should be thankful for.

We have had great lessons. We have celebrated to-day the birthday of the first of our great men, and to-day has also been mentioned the only man who stands next to him, second to him, and that is Abraham Lincoln. And the nation that can boast those two has a

priceless heritage that it may never be ashamed of as long as it exists. I think we should all feel, when we look upon this record of one hundred years, and when we see the finger of Providence from the first day setting up the men whom we can imitate and reverence and love, giving us other men, with the great crisis of our history, we can say that the great motto of "Praise God" protects the United States. But we must look to it that we carry out the great work with our own hands and our own hearts and our own brains.

Teach the children; let the man go if you can hold the children. It is the child of to-day that holds in his small hand the future of our country. It is the boy in his knickerbocker that will rule a hundred millions of people.

TREE PLANTING.

(*A Poem for Arbor Day.*)

A boy strolled through a dusty road,
"What can I do," said he,
"What little errand for the world?"
"I know — I'll plant a tree."

The nursling was taken by mother earth,
Who fed it with all things good:
Sparkling water from mountain springs,
And many a subtle food

Drawn from her own wide-reaching veins,
From the treasures of the sky:
Far spread its branches in affluent grace:
So the steady years went by.

The boy who planted the little tree,
By a kindly purpose led,
One desolate, dreadful winter day
In the brother-war fell dead.

But the gentle thought at the great elm's root
Burst forth with the spring's warm breath,
And softly the fluttering foliage sang,
“Love cannot suffer death.”

The elm's vast shadow far and cool
Fell o'er the dusty way,
Blessing the toilers at their rest,
The children at their play.

And panting horses felt the air
Grow sudden full of balm;
Great oxen with their weary loads
Caught there a sudden calm.

So little acts of kindness
Spread every branch and root
And never guesses he who plants
The wonders of the fruit.

I often think if blessed eyes
The old home scenes can see,
That heaven's joy is heightened by
The planting of the tree.

DECORATION DAY ADDRESS.

Blessed are the dead whose memory is perpetuated by the flower service of a grateful people. How truly immortal are those who give their lives for liberty. To have lived long, purposeless, neutral years, is nothing — to have lived a few glorious hours, to have bravely faced the infinite, to have calmly met the Master in humanity's cause, is sublime. Why mourn these dead of ours? They sleep in the bosom of the land they loved. Here where the ground once shook beneath the tramp of contending hosts they are at rest. The sentinels no longer patrol the banks of the Potomac. Grant and Lee both lived to attest the goodness of a God who preserved the Union. And

over the river, on the beauteous dome of the nation's Capitol, serenely uplifted toward the ethereal blue, kissed by the sun of day, wooed by the stars of night, tranquilly floats the unconquered flag of the greatest nation of the earth.

Why mourn for those who slumber here? Their epitaphs are written in the grandest history of the ages. Before them will reverently pass the procession of the centuries. And every headstone roundabout, even those without a name, will be given honorable place in the mighty monument that is to commemorate the ennobling and uplifting of the human race.

It is a day of memories, a day when we meet in the hallowed past and hold communion with our holy dead. A day when we recall the glorious aspirations which thrilled men's souls in that heroic time, when to love one's country was to lay down one's life; a day filled with that same spirit of freedom, patriotism and devotion which breathed into the common dust of ordinary humanity the sublime inspiration of heroic deeds; a day when we rekindle the fires of patriotism on the altar of our liberties and once again renew the loyal vows that these

our noble dead in the years gone by consecrated with their hearts' blood.

Glorious are the dead who die for liberty. Blessed are they whose blood is shed for the welfare of their fellow-men. The great conflict in which our dead fought was, in the beginning, a contest between men, between sections; it was the Union against the confederacy. But it is evident that over and above the purposes of men was God's purpose. He would not permit the government of the United States to remain under a Constitution that sanctioned human slavery. He would not give victory to the Union arms until with it would come liberty to a race in chains. The careful student of the war of the rebellion has no difficulty in seeing that up to the time of the emancipation proclamation the doubtful tide of battle set most strongly against the Union shore. Disaster had followed disaster until Lincoln himself almost despaired of ultimate victory; until it seemed as if the exulting southern hosts were about to make good their boast of proclaiming the confederate government from the steps of the nation's Capitol. But from the hour of emancipation, from the hour in which the cause of the Union became

the cause of liberty, from the hour in which the flag of the republic became the flag of humanity, from the hour in which its stars and stripes no longer floated over a slave; yea, from the sacred hour of the nation's new birth that dear old banner never faded from the sky, and the brave boys who bore it never wavered in their onward march to victory. With the single exception of Chancellorsville, and that stubborn, doubtful day at Chickamauga, no decisive field of battle was ever lost by the men who sang with redoubled enthusiasm "John Brown's body lies moldering in the grave, but his soul goes marching on." Gettysburg at the east, Vicksburg at the west, ratified the President's action and woke the morning of our national holiday with a grand jubilee of joy. From Chattanooga to Appomattox, from Atlanta to the sea, the hearts of the war-worn, battle-scarred veterans took new courage; all along the line they touched elbows with a steadier purpose, saw in each other's eyes a holier fire, joined with a new inspiration in that glorious anthem, "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord."

I believe our service should be a love service; of prayer and praise and song, that out of the

heroic memories of the past we should draw new inspirations of patriotism and find new ardor for the preservation of the free institutions which came to us through the baptism of fire and blood. But, for the first time in our history on Decoration Day we are at war. Once more upon the soil of old Virginia the federal bayonets are agleam. From day to day the boys in blue pass by; the reveille, the bugle call is heard even in this city of the silent dead. This time, thank God, the war is not sectional. There are no brothers arrayed against brothers; no Americans against Americans. There is only one uniform in all the land, one flag in all the sky, one sentiment in the breasts of all the heroes of the republic.

To-day I see the surviving veterans of the old Grand Army of the Republic, grizzled and gray, some with empty sleeves, some stumping their way on wooden pegs; and I remember that in the years gone by these old veterans were boys; boys who left the plow, the forge the loom, the shop, the office, the college, the sanctuary, to fight the battles of their country. They too broke the clasp of loving arms to go; they too left good-bye kisses on tiny lips; they too had mothers, wives, sisters, sweethearts;

they too turned from home and comfort and peace to follow the flag. God bless them, living and dead. May there be cheers for the living as long as the last survivor blesses the earth, may there be tears for the dead to the end of time.

“*Soldiers, rest, thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more.
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil or night of waking.*”

Yes ! rest in peace, oh, mighty dead. The cause for which you fought can never be assailed again. Rest in peace, the race whose freedom you achieved will bless you with their latest breath. Rest in peace, the Union you preserved remains for ever, and liberty, equal rights and justice is the heritage of your descendants to the judgment-day. God bless the men who followed the flag !

MEMORIAL DAY ODE.

The Nation's Dead.

The winds are sweet with mignonette,
The hills are banked with violet,
And we to-day, with reverence true,
Extol our patriot dead, anew.
When we remember how they died —
By dank bayou, on mountain side,
Upon the gunboat's splintered deck,
In the flame of the reddened wreck.
With Farragut among the shrouds,
With Hooker fighting in the clouds,
With Sherman marching to the sea,
With Grant in final victory.
And there were partings none can tell
And broken hearts in last farewell,
And pallid lips that breathed the name
Of those who went, but never came.

Again the bugle stirs the blood to war,
And thundering cannons echo from afar;
Old Glory waves defiant in the sky —
Free Cuba ! is the nation's battle cry.
Cuba ! fair daughter of the western seas,
Whose piteous moans rise on the passing breeze;
Sad victim of oppression's ruthless spoil.
While drop by drop her life-blood stains the soil.

Roar, guns, again, with a peace evangel,
Float, flags, again, for the white-winged angel,
Full plumed, is hovering in yon blue sky,
Till war's red horror shall have passed us by.

Again resurgent from the veil of night
Spring's oriflamme of flowers bursts on the sight,
While heaven-kissed earth smiles garlanded in green,
And singing birds emparadise the scene.
Again we kneel beside their sacred bier,
Again we shed the sad fraternal tear,
Again we hither turn with loving breast,
Again we greet them in their hallowed rest.
And though we mourn their most untimely fate,
A grateful nation has proclaimed them great ;
Their deeds, their fame, through all time onward flow
From heights serene, with light undimmed shall glow.
The hero boy who died in tender years
In man's regrets shall live, and woman's tears ;
More honored than in life, and lovelier far
For having fallen in the front of war.

And here they sleep — the nameless dead — the men
Who died in prison, fever swamp and pen ;
Who fell in battle — these dear dead, unknown —
And on the outer picket line, alone.
And many still sleep where they fell, alas,
Beneath the silent, unrememb'ring grass.
Over their graves the fragrant pine cones fall,
And the whippoorwill chants his spectral call.
The echo of bugle or trumpet's blare,
Resonant mandate, or the loved one's prayer ;

Never again shall their long slumber break,
Never again from their sweet sleep awake.
Let mem'ry haunt us with its magic spell,
Let the bells ring, and wild war music swell ;
Fling out the banner, stained with loyal blood,
Extol their names who stemmed mad treason's flood.

Yet fondest greetings give to all who fell,
For friendship, love and unity are well ;
Twine sweet-faced flowers, fresh as blushing May,
O'er both the victor blue and vanquished gray.
For now beneath the all-including sky
In one-including grave, the warriors lie ;
The north sends south its blossom-seeking bees
To gather honey from her meadow leas.
With bay and laurel Romans crowned their brave,
And wreathed with asphodel each hero's grave.
So we, to-day, with choicest flowers, rare,
Bedeck the turf where their loved corse are.
The grand magnolia bring, the victor's bay,
Proud palms, red roses, and the odorous spray
Of yellow jasmine — heap the offering high
To those who answered with their lives our cry.

A few survive — and shall we ere forget
Their gallant service, and the nation's debt ?
Not long they'll need our loving care and thanks,
For death is breaking fast their wavering ranks.
Oh, remnant of that perished patriot host !
Not long, alas, you'll guard the outer post ;
Soon you'll advance and cross that mystic shore
Where wars shall come, aye, never, never more.

Sleep on, ye glory-crowned, in peace sleep on,
While ours the blessing that your blood hath won ;
Your praise is hymned by loftier harps than mine,
Your paeans sung by cherubim, divine.
Sleep on, O comrades, who have gone before,
Your tents are lined upon the other shore
With that glad throng, in heavenly robes arrayed,
Forever more fame's camping ground parade.

Our Honored Dead.

Our honored dead ! how calm they sleep
Beneath the flower-decked sod to-day !
Unmindful of the eyes that weep,
Unmindful of the hearts that keep
Sad vigils o'er their clay.

Their quiet pulses no more thrill
To hear the bugle's stirring call ;
The drum's dull beat, the fife so shrill,
No more they hear, but silent, still,
They lie while sweet notes fall.

They know not that on distant seas
Their brothers meet again the foe ;
They know not that on every breeze
Is borne the measured tread of these
Who forth to conflict go.

'Tis naught to them that o'er the lands
 Sounds once again the battle-cry.
Their work is done; with folded hands
They sleep, while duty's stern demands
 No more their souls doth try.

Sleep on, then, comrades ; rest in peace !
 With flowers we strew thy narrow bed.
Thy deeds shall live, thy fame increase,
Till time shall end and wars shall cease.
 Sleep on, thou honored dead !

OCCASIONAL ADDRESSES.

THERE are so many occasions when speeches and addresses are called for that it will be impossible to cover the whole field in a single book. We can therefore give a few specimens only.

If we were to attempt to cover the field, we should be obliged to consider all subjects that enter into our complex American life. We have therefore endeavored to offer models referring only to certain phases of our educational, political, religious and social life. We have already given under a different heading a number of addresses relating to educational and social life.

All the models given in this book have been tried by the test of successful rendition. But we shall append a few abstracts which may be expanded into full speeches by those who have to perform the duty of public speaking. This is only done because of the limitation in the size of the book, it being altogether more satisfactory to have the full speech given.

RELIGIOUS.

Growth.

(An Address before a Christian Endeavor Convention.)

The Bible is an out-of-door book. It was written by men who lived mostly in the country, or in little country towns. So, naturally enough, it has a fine flavor of the hills and valleys, of the roses and flowers and of the lakes and rivers. The founder of Christianity passed His life wholly in the country. This is why His teachings are so steeped with illustrations drawn from the country. His environment led him to see vines, fig-trees, lilies, grass, mustard-seed, birds, sheep, water, hills and valleys. With what exquisite skill He weaves these country sights into His sermons, parables and conversations. To read the Bible is to take a long walk in the country, and, in Sidney Lanier's words,

“Hear the beatings of the hearts of trees,
And think the thoughts that lilies speak in white
By greenwood pools and pleasant passages.”

The gospel of growth in the Holy Book is

the same gospel found in nature. Wherever we look, in garden, field or forest, we find the gospel of growth preached to us.

Whatever has life is expected to grow. Trees, flowers, grain, birds, animals and fish fulfill this expectation. But man is no exception, for he, too, must grow bodywise and soulwise. We are so apt to magnify growth in body and mind, but forget almost wholly soul-growth. Yet our souls make up the apex of our nature, the part prominently in God's image. This spirit nature must grow in knowledge of divine truth, and of God.

God provides means of growth for every thing that lives. He gives sunshine, gases, air, rains, moisture and earth to the trees and flowers. To the birds and beasts are given seeds, grass, corn and hay. For our spiritual natures what a rich supply of food has God prepared. The Bible is the store-house of nourishment for the soul. Christ is the bread and water of life for many hungry and thirsty souls. He is the true vine from which comes the spiritual sap to permeate the branch and send growth to every part.

All growth takes place by receiving the God-appointed means for growth. The trees

and flowers, the animals and birds, take the provision that has been given them. Man must do the very same. Others cannot receive for us. Each must take for himself.

Growth is often impeded by hostile influences. The recent cold snap injured the orange groves and the peach orchards. A hurricane or a long wet period often harms the garden flowers. The world is full of influences that injure the soul. Bad company, evil habits, impure reading, low conversation, intemperance and cherished sins are some of the winds, frosts and storms that stunt, dwarf and demoralize the soul. It is such a sad sight to see a spiritual nature being injured by hostile influences. It is so easy for it thus to be injured. In that marvellous creation, "The Last Supper," by Leonardo De Vinci, it is said the great painter took Pietro Bandinelli as the one from whom he painted the figure of Christ. Years after the artist took the same man as the model for Judas. Bandinelli had, in the meantime, allowed his spiritual nature to be wholly blighted by sinful influences.

Growth takes time. The acorn becomes an oak in the course of many years. The century plant blooms only once in one hun-

dred years. Winter wheat becomes golden grain in the autumn season. The time element is important in the spiritual realm. Christ emphasized this in the well-known words: "First the blade, then the ear; after that the full corn in the ear." A fine robust, strong and sturdy manhood and womanhood cannot be produced in a year. It takes years. We become impatient sometimes and expect more than we should. We criticise others sharply by looking for greater results than the time will allow.

Growth brings forth results at the proper season. Flowers give blossoms, beauty and fragrance. Trees yield their crops of mellow fruit. The fields are covered with golden grain. The vines are laden with luscious grapes. Each brings forth a product according to its nature. The fruits of the spiritual nature are "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." Such fruits are far more beautiful than that of garden or field, orchard or greenhouse. All our growth should lead to such fruits. Every year should witness in our lives blossoms more beautiful, fragrance more sweet and fruits more mellow.

Growth will continue in the future life. In the Fall of the year the gardener takes in many choice plants and puts them in the greenhouse, where they will grow on. God is the great gardener of the universe. At death, which is the Fall season to our lives, He comes and takes us from our usual places of growth and puts each one in the Heavenly home. There we will blossom, send forth fragrance, and bear fruit forever and ever. Throughout eternity we will be growing in knowledge, righteousness, holiness, goodness and truth. Growth here thus becomes a mere beginning of an eternal growth.

“What is a leaf? It is a little world,
Torn from the whole, and so to ruin hurled.
What is a seed? Within that boundless whole,
Itself a world, a live, unconscious soul.
What is a flower? It is that life in bloom.
Issuing with shapely light from nature’s gloom.
What is fruit? The blossom’s corpse, and both
Cradle and embryo of another growth.
What, then, is man? The leaf without a root,
Torn from the whole; or else seed, flower and fruit,
He may be either as he wills to be.
Entombed in dust, or like the flowers set free;
And nobler far, not only lives and grows,
But God’s own life partakes and knows.”

*To be Kings among Men.**(A Chapel Address by a College President.)*

The story from the first book of Samuel is one of the most beautiful and fascinating in the Old Testament record — the story of the calling of the youth David, the ruddy shepherd boy, from the hills about Bethlehem — the same hills, perhaps, from which the shepherds a thousand years later saw the glorious vision and heard the angelic message which announced the coming of a King of Peace among men — the calling of this shepherd-poet from the peaceful pastures on Judea's hillsides amid the brooks that sang adown them, to Philistine battlefields and struggles with Syrians, to caves of Adullam and combats with giants; the story of the exchange of a harp for a trumpet; of a staff for a scepter; of a rock upon the hillside for a throne; of simple, happy youth for a serious, responsible, purposeful manhood; the transformation of David the boy of the sheepcotes to David the king of a great people.

A prophet — a picturesque figure in that

life of old—comes out from Ramah with a horn of oil, a messenger from One who speaks through those who look forward, who see with longer vision; he pours the oil upon the head of this youngest of Jesse's sons, and the boy goes back to the pastures and sheepcotes, to the brook and the rock on the hillside, to his harp and his meditation again for a time, but a different lad. He goes back with a new spirit, with a sense of larger duty, with thoughts that must have rechristened the things of earth and sky to him, with desires that must have looked out far beyond that narrowing horizon as he gathered again that evening his sheep into the fold. And I can see him that night, sitting beneath the stars "beating with emotion" in companionship with his pulsating heart, that seemed almost to burst with pent resolve and purpose; singing back to the stars in some new melody which he and his harp had found that day, and they to him a new harmony—and so back and forth in antiphonal service, a song from his heart and his harp and an answering chorus from the stars, till the earth grew gray with the dawn. Such a day and such a night only they who have come to their day of anointing can know.

But Samuel was a half-mythical seer ; Ramah was a sort of monastery ; David was a boy who lived three thousand years ago, a semi-barbarian ; and the anointing was a savage custom somewhat refined ! No, Samuel is still living, and he is a man who dwells nearer the Infinite than most of us and hears what we cannot or do not hear for ourselves ; Ramah is not a monastery, but a temple, a place set apart for the study of truth, cut out, cut off for the highest uses ; and Bethlehem is the place of proclamation of truth ; David — David is a youth from these very prairies ; and the anointing is a service too sacred for hands, it is a service of the spirit of man. So the story is not of ancient times, but of the very present. Here in this very college is Ramah, here is the prophet, and here on these very seats are the Davids come to their anointing — their anointing as real kings among men.

And what does the anointing mean ? The realization that you have a high destiny and a high duty and the possession of that spirit which came upon David, a spirit which puts you into harmony with the great will ; a spirit that makes you feel as David felt in his effort to turn away the mad spirit of Saul :

"Could I wrestle to raise him from sorrow, grow poor
to enrich,
To fill up his life starve my own out, I would."

This is the anointing, and it is the happiest day of one's life when he rises to a consciousness of that duty, that destiny, that infinite reach of his life, when the prophet comes with the horn of oil and says to him, "This is he."

Browning in his "*Saul*" makes David say, as you know, "'Tis not what man does which exalts him, but what man would do," and this is the exaltation of a man who has come into a kingdom. The *being* is the important thing; the *doing* may exalt among men, but the persistent desire to do, the devotion to an ideal which is ever beyond reach, is the source of true exaltation. David hoped and desired to build a temple for his God who had walked in tent and tabernacle from the time of the Exodus. He did not, and yet in reality he was not less great, because at his death the ark of God still dwelt within curtains. We have set for ourselves great tasks, and this is right, but let us remember that their accomplishment is not to be, cannot be, the measure of our real selves.

Our God may have to dwell in tent or tabernacle, we may have to live in hut or garret, or in deformed, diseased body, but so long as our hearts worship at the true altar, it matters little whether the walls of the temple be of cedar or gold or curtains merely; whether they be bare or covered with rare tapestries and paintings; whether the light is let in through exquisite harmonies of colors or only plain glass; whether the worshippers be clad in honest rags or silk, whether we are allowed to do much or little. . The anointing is of the heart, of the spirit, and what it *would* do is the proof, or want of it, or the efficacy of our anointing—the proof of what we are.

You are all familiar with the story of the Prisoner of Zenda, which tells how an English traveler becomes by strange circumstances king of Ruritania for a time, abdicating when the real king has been released from prison; and you doubtless remember the remarks of Fritz von Tarlenheim after the exchange: "Heaven doesn't always make the right men kings." Fritz was wrong. Heaven always makes the right men kings, but *we* frequently do not. We are too apt to select an Eliab for king, but there is One who looks upon the

heart and who gives that spirit which cannot fall upon an ill-deserving one, for this very spirit makes a man a king. The story of Zenda is impossible in the soul-realm. The stature and countenance of a king cannot secure for one possession of a scepter. Nor can princes of people take it from one who rightly holds it. Prisons may keep him for a time, traps may lie along his path, dangers may lurk in court and forest, but the rightful king comes to his throne, for God *does* make the right men kings. I mean, of course, kings in the best sense, kings who are rulers not of things alone, but of themselves; who lead to battle not for petty, selfish ends, but for love of God and fellow-man; whose throne is not bought by favor or bribery, or won by sword or siege, but by daily service in the spirit of the Master.

From this place many a young man, many a young woman, has gone back to the farm, the store, the office or the home, as a king, a queen, filled with the spirit which enabled David to sing psalms and slay giants, to conquer evil spirits by his music, and to make possible the building of the great temple — the spirit which has changed many a modest boy of the farm or

village or city, since his day, into a *regal* man, which made Agassiz the boy, dedicating himself at fourteen years of age to learning and letters. Agassiz a king, giving his life to the study of physical phenomena, every one of which was as sacred to him as a moral principle; which made John Howard the boy, diffident, backward, surrounded by every comfort, John Howard a king, giving himself for the outcast of society; which made Garibaldi the modest, quiet boy, Garibaldi the king, fighting for the liberties of his people; which made Jane Addams a delicate, quiet school-girl, Jane Addams a queen, giving her life in service to the poor and unprivileged.

The Culture of the Imagination.

(Address before a Young Men's Christian Association.)

There is one part of our mental nature which, it has occurred to me, is often much forgotten and undervalued by us all, and perhaps not least by young men. It is that room within the soul, lofty and lit from above, curtained round and secluded, where, when a man is alone, he paints on the imperishable canvas of

memory the pictures of his imagination. Some are faces, some are dreams, some are scenes, some are prayers—be what they may, they come from his hand, and there within the walls of his soul they remain. They are his own handiwork, and they are his eternal possession. You put them there, and you cannot, when you please, take them down again. When you come from your work, and the bustle of life for a moment is over, every man has to sit within himself, and his eyes fall upon what his own hands have put around the inner walls of his soul.

Now, I want to place before you two rules for the guidance and the culture of your imagination. And the first of them is this : Every man is bound to keep his imagination, from earliest years, entirely pure. There are certain passions and certain feelings, there are certain lines of thought and sides of life, and if a young man brood upon them he will early pollute his imagination beyond redemption.

Is it nothing that the inner walls of a man's soul are frescoed with unholy thoughts? Remember it is only in that chamber of the soul that you can have fellowship with God, and one of the most terrible judgments that falls upon a

man who has not kept his imagination clean is this: Faces look and mock at him in his best moments that he would fain put out of sight, and thoughts come and tear him away from the footstool of God.

The other rule I would mention is this: That a man should not only keep his imagination clean, but endeavor to give it a great breadth and width. It is a temptation to men of practical nature — those that are most likely to be successful in a commercial city, and who may not have had the advantage of, say, a university culture — to form an ideal which is composed of such elements alone as conventional respectability, worldly shrewdness, cleverness and commercial success. I would not say a word against respectability or against worldly success, but I say a man may have both of these, and be a miserably poor creature when all is done. What we desire is this, not to cramp the imagination with poor and paltry ideas, but to feed it with noble and heroic thoughts. It is dangerous for a young man on the threshold of a business career to put before him nothing but what is called the "comfortable competence," because, in the course of years to come, his imagination, which has got

nothing to feed upon, will so take its bitter revenge upon him that he will not think there is anything better possible for an immortal being than to have so much in the consols and to drive into the city in a carriage. Keep before your imagination something great and true.

And I would say, shortly, two things that will help you. One is this: Endeavor to have before you some type of noble and elevated character. If you come across a young man, for instance, who habitually respects his father and mother—for piety lies at the foundation of character—who always regards women with respect whether they be poor or whether they be rich, who does not think his own precious self the end of his existence, who is willing to live for others beside himself, who never allows an impure word to cross his lips, and would scorn to say anything not perfectly true, and fears God and honors Christ—if you see such a man, or catch sight of his figure in the ways of life, lay hold of that man, and make him your friend if possible. If that is not possible, hear the man speak, and see what he does. For just as when a painter secures a noble face once, you will notice how it goes through all his works, so, too, here, you will find that friend-

ship will have the saving action of sanctification upon your character.

Let me also say, diet your imagination upon noble and princely books.

It is amazing how books elevate the imagination and suggest great types and noble thoughts.

Ah me ! I remember quite vividly, standing in a class-room, with its lofty oaken roof and old stone fire-place, where a number of boys used to gather in their spare time, and where we used to ask one of us to read to us from Macaulay's "Lays" how Horatius kept the bridge. When he read that, although we would have been ashamed to confess it, every fellow's fist was closing, our blood was going faster, and we went out with a wish to keep the bridge. Some of the boys, afterwards, as men, fell upon the bridge ; but I hear of others, from time to time, here and abroad, who are still nobly standing and keeping the bridge as Horatius did in the days of old.

POLITICAL.

The Cross of War.

(Delivered in the Congress of the United States.)

Three hundred and ten years ago our forefathers passed through the same experience. The dark and bloody tyranny of Spain then beclouded the whole world. The mighty Spanish armada, one hundred and fifty warships, strong with the pride of successful oppression and laden with the cruelties of the Inquisition, lay at anchor in the English Channel. On that fair Sabbath morn the church bells of England and Holland were ringing all along the shore. The men and women to whom we owe our life and our liberty were kneeling at the altars of God, praying to be saved from the horrors of a St. Bartholomew's Day —

From the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of
the Lord !

On the hushed, expectant sea, the sailors of
the little English fleet gathered upon the decks
of their vessels and received the sacrament to

strengthen them for a holy conflict. What awful silence, what profound searchings of heart, what consecration, what appeals to the great Lord of Hosts, filled that sacred hour! Not one woman who had sent her husband or her son into the deadly risk of battle, not one man who had offered his life to the fierce arbitrament of conflict, was excluded from the comfort of that communion. They stood beneath the cross of Christ and received its message for the hour of war. They were not less Christians, but more, because they were going to fight against Spain for freedom and righteousness and humanity.

This is no time for idle bravado, for wild and whirling words of pride and passion, for cheap appeals to the desire of fame and the thirst for vengeance. Neither is it a time for outcries of timidity, for the selfish worship of comfort under the name of peace, for sour and futile criticism which weakens, but does not purify the heart. It is a time for sobriety, for prayer, for union, for consecration. War comes to a nation, under God's providence, neither to enrich it, nor to impoverish it, but to test it and to bring out the best or worst that is in its heart. War is certainly not a blessing in itself.

Neither is war a curse in itself. War is a sacrifice. Even when it is successful it involves great sufferings and terrible losses. It is the heaviest cross that a nation is ever called to bear.

The cross of war sometimes lies in the pathway of a nation's duty, and cannot be evaded without turning aside from right. The reason for this condition of things is in the ordinance of Almighty God, who hath established separate powers in the world and appointed the bounds which divide the nations one from another. Between man and man the nation decides. But who shall decide between nation and nation? There is as yet no court with power to enforce its decisions. When arbitration is made final by universal agreement, or when the dream of a world-empire is at last realized, such a court will exist. But until that time war remains, under certain conditions, the only means of securing justice, liberty and order. You see a man in the street trampling out the life of a child. You tell him to stop. He refuses. Two courses are open: You may knock him down if you are able, or you may call for the police. Either course is Christian. The one thing that would be unchristian would be to walk by, and say that the child

was not yours, and that the affair was none of your business. You see a nation trampling out the life of a feebler people. You call to the oppressor to stop. He refuses. This time there is only one thing to do. There is no police to call. You can only intervene, peaceably if possible, forcibly if necessary. If such an intervention means war, then war is inevitable. This is the necessity that has brought our country, by a path not marked by human hands, face to face with Spain, in arms. No reasonable Christian man in this country has wished for a Spanish war, any more than our ancestors in England and Holland wished for it. What could have been done to avert war that has not been done? Nothing — except one. To abandon entirely the duty of the strong to protect the weak. To say at once, and finally, that so long as Cuba belongs to a foreign power it is none of our business what horrors happen there. But to say such a thing as that would involve more than a change of national policy. It would mean a change of national character. The forces that have led to this conflict are far deeper than politics or commerce. They are, in fact, the primal forces of society; the elements that contend forever

in the mighty strife between light and darkness, Ormuzd and Ahriman; the love of liberty against the pride of power; the passion of humanity against the interests of ancient oppression.

Two great types of civilization — one anchored to the past and lying across the channel, the other moving toward the future on the full tide of progress — have come into collision. The shock is dreadful. We shrink from it. We deplore it. But in spite of our reluctance it has come. And now there are only two sides left for honest men and women to take. One is the side of Spain; and that means the side of things as they are, with generations of equally desperate and hopeless combatants, and generations of helpless non-combatants, filling the soil of the "ever faithful isle" with their graves. The other is the side of the United States, and that means the side of things as they ought to be, with a liberated race, under a government of their own choice, working out peace and order. We cannot really take that side and maintain it without a costly sacrifice — the interruption of our prosperous industry, the disturbance of our peaceful ease, the peril and anguish of war.

To put an end to a long record of robbery in peace and rapine in war; to deliver a fair portion of this continent from the incubus of the most obstinate barbarians who exist outside of Turkey; to bring liberty to captives and to let the oppressed go free; to secure permanent peace and righteous order to the remnant of a cruelly broken race; to uphold the honor of our country as an unselfish and powerful friend of the downtrodden; perhaps to bring the oppressor herself, through repentance, to a better mind, and send her forward in a new and nobler career — these are high, generous, Christian aims. If they could have been attained by peaceful means we should have been glad. But the duty of seeking them is not changed by the fact that it cannot be performed in the way that we would have chosen. The lover of peace does not betray nor forsake his love when he accepts the sole condition on which it can be made secure.

There are some things in the world which we can only have when we are willing to bleed and die for them. There are some services which can only be rendered through pain and sacrifice.

Heroes of the "Maine Disaster."

Speech by Representative ROBERT G. COUSIN, in the National House of Representatives, Washington, D.C., March 21, 1898, on the proposition with amendment to reimburse the survivors of the U.S. Battleship "Maine," wrecked by an explosion in Havana Harbor, Island of Cuba, Feb. 15, 1898.

Whether this measure shall prevail, either in the form in which it has come from the committee or in the form as proposed in the amendment, it is both appropriate and just; but hardly is it mentionable in contemplation of the great calamity to which it appertains. It will be an incidental legislative footnote to a page of history that shall be open to the eyes of this Republic and of the world for all time to come. No human speech can add anything to the silent gratitude, the speechless reverence, already given by a great and grateful nation to its dead defenders and to their living kin. No act of Congress providing for their needs can make a restitution for their sacrifice. Human nature does, in human ways, its best, and still feels deep in debt.

Expressions of condolence have come from every country and from every clime, and every

nerve of steel and ocean cable has carried on electric breath the sweetest, tenderest words of sympathy for that gallant crew who manned the *Maine*. But no human recompense can reach them. Humanity and time remain their everlasting debtors. It was a brave and strong and splendid crew. They were a part of the blood and bone and sinew of our land. Two of them were from my native state of Iowa.

Some of them were only recently at the United States Naval Academy, where they had so often heard the morning and the evening salutation to the flag—that flag which had been interwoven with the dearest memories of their lives, that had colored all their friendships with the lasting blue of true fidelity. But whether they came from naval school or civil life, from one state or another, they called each other comrade—that gem of human language which sometimes means but a little less than love and a little more than friendship, that gentle salutation of the human heart which lives in all the languages of man, that winds and turns and runs through all the joys and sorrows of the human race, through deed and thought and dream, through song and toil and battle-field.

No foe had ever challenged them. The world can never know how brave they were. They never knew defeat; they never shall. While at their posts of duty sleep lured them into the abyss; then death unlocked their slumbering eyes but for an instant to behold its dreadful carnival, most of them just when life was full of hope and all its tides were at their highest, grandest flow; just when the early sunbeams were falling on the steeps of fame and flooding all life's landscape far out into the dreamy, distant horizon; just at that age when all the nymphs were making diadems and garlands, waving laurel wreaths before the eyes of young and eager nature — just then, when death seemed most unnatural.

Hovering above the dark waters of that mysterious harbor of Havana, the black-winged vulture watches for the belated dead, while over it and over all there is the eagle's piercing eye sternly watching for the truth.

Whether the appropriation carried by this resolution shall be ultimately charged to fate or to some foe shall soon appear. Meanwhile a patient and a patriotic people, enlightened by the lessons of our history, remembering the

woes of war, both to the vanquished and victorious, are ready for the truth and ready for their duty.

“The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget.”

SOCIAL.

The Obligations of Wealth.

(A Washington's Birthday Address.)

Monuments and birthday anniversaries should be commemorative, not creative—commemorative of deeds that evoke wide gratitude and of virtues that are still imitable. There are men who have so won our hearts that we would recall them if we could. We feel the need of them. No change of dynasties, no outbreak of the mob, threatens their monuments. One can hardly conceive of any civil revolution or any riotous outbreak in our country that would not respect the monuments of Washington and Lincoln.

We assemble on this anniversary of the birth of Washington, not so much, if at all, to bring tribute to him, as to learn at his feet the lessons of a conscientious citizenship; the lessons that he taught, not for the march and battle, but for quiet days when no drum-beat calls to duty—these are the qualities and lessons that should engage our thoughts to-day.

In choosing for my theme “The Obligations of Wealth” I am not wresting this anniversary from its legitimate use. The word “wealth” in its modern use has suffered a limitation, if not a perversion. Originally and strictly it means weal or welfare, external happiness. We live in a time of great agitation. Men, no longer satisfied with what appears above ground, are uncovering roots. There is a feeling that some men are handicapped, that the race is old; that the old and much-wanted equality of opportunity and of right has been submerged. More bitter and threatening things are being said and written against accumulated property and corporate power than ever before. It seems to many that, more and more, small men, small stores, and small factories are being thrown upon the shores as financial drift or wreckage; that the pursuit of cheapness has reached a

stage where only enormous combinations of capital, doing an enormous business, are sure of returns. Wealth should neither be the object of our enmity nor the basis of our consideration. The indiscriminate denunciation of the rich is mischievous. It perverts the mind, poisons the heart and furnishes an excuse for crime. No poor man was ever made richer or happier by it.

The special purpose of my address to-day is to press home the thought upon the prosperous, well-to-do people, that one of the conditions of the securing of wealth is a proportionate and full contribution to the expenses of the State and local government. Equality is the golden thread that runs all through the fabric of our civil institutions. Equality, not of conditions, not of natural endowment, but of rights, is the foundation-stone of our governmental structure.

If we do not hold by this rule of proportion, which I think is an essential part of the definition of taxes, then everything becomes subject to the whim of the legislature. The whole revenue of a State may be derived from contributions exacted from a very small minority of its population, the majority going free. To allow such a system is not only to rob the

minority thus unduly burdened, but is to rob the State of that which is essential to its healthy existence, and indeed to the life of republican institutions.

For very many years an opinion has been prevalent that the great bulk of the personal property of the States, especially of the class denominated "securities," including stocks, bonds, notes, mortgages and such like, has escaped taxation. With a very few exceptions the great fortunes in this country are invested in such securities. Recent investigations of students of political science have disclosed an appalling condition of things. The evil seems to have been progressive until in some of our centers these forms of personal property seem to have been almost eliminated from the tax list. Taxes are a debt of the highest obligation, and no casuist can draw a sound moral distinction between the man who makes a false return in order to escape the payment of his debt to the State, and the man who conceals his property from his private creditors. When to this enormous and crying evil is added the corruption which it is alleged has characterized the appraisements of real estate, we have a condition of things with which we dare not

palter. We must inaugurate, and at once, a system that shall equalize tax burdens. The men of wealth in our great communities should lead the movement.

To do justice is the best safeguard against injustice.

*An Address to Northern and Southern
Veterans.*

The cordiality of your greeting, your unbounded hospitality and your knightly welcome have touched those chords of sympathy and fraternity which, better than words, are told in the trembling lips and tearful eyes of those who are here from the North. Wherever, in this great assemblage, a gray uniform is seen we instinctively feel and know that the gray coat is buttoned across a breast that feels a soldierly sympathy; that the hand extended is the hand of welcome; that the words you utter are the words of sincerity and hospitality; that your sympathies are our sympathies; that your monuments are our monuments, and that the flag that waves before us is the emblem of our common heritage and the shrine of our common devotion.

Standing here on Orchard Knob, where once stood a host of illustrious men, and among them Grant, Rosecrans, Thomas, Sherman, Sheridan and Granger, we turn to Lookout Mountain standing as a silent sentinel of the past, and we may almost see the enduring bronze belted to the rocks to tell the coming generations where brave soldiers scaled the heights, and among them Geary and his men of Pennsylvania. Yonder through the autumn, catch a glimpse of monuments that mark the field of Chickamauga; and there before us are the lowlands across which marched the armies that fought their way to the summit of Missionary Ridge. These are the fields once contested by Bragg, Longstreet, Polk, Breckinridge, Hood and Buckner — commanders and armies, both, whose gallantry and courage evinced the characteristics that make the American soldier the peer of any since time began.

What a peaceful scene is now spread out before us. Time has healed all evidence of conflict. The seams and scars that the war once made have been effaced. Field and forest, farm and garden, plowman and furrow, ripened fruit, and autumn's mellowing colors

of crimson and gold, and sunshine and shadow now decorate the valleys and mountains in nature's full uniform.

* * * * *

You have met in loving and patriotic communion the brave men against whom you struggled, and you have united to-day with them to drop leaves of healing upon the past and upon the future. You have seen the evolutions of a third of a century; and you doubtless wonder why, in the providence of God, it became necessary long ago that veteran should struggle against veteran. * * * How useless and reckless and unnecessary it all must appear to you. But out of the recollection of the thunder of battle how grateful it must be to-day to realize that out of it all has come a nobler and grander nation.

Time is a healer as well as a destroyer. Time has cooled the ardor, has tempered the judgment, has mellowed—aye, obliterated—all sectional animosities. Time was the hospital, the nurse, the Christian commission, the holy evangel that sat by the bedside of war and restored to strength and beauty incomparable a nation almost divided. Time's cruel

sentence is not yet executed, nor will it be for you until these heroic fields shall no longer be the witness of reunions such as these. But those who come after you will surely keep alive the story of your valor and devotion.

To-day as you visit the graves of your fallen comrades, you may say to your companions, "Here lies one who fought with me on other fields or climbed with me the heights of Look-out Mountain; who stood by my side on Chickamauga's field, or fell while scaling yonder Missionary Ridge." But the years will roll on, and the boys and the girls now awaiting your return home may some day walk on these and other fields of conquest. One will say, "My father fell at Gettysburg"; another, "My father fought with Grant at Shiloh"; another, "My father fell in the Wilderness"; another, "My father rode with Sheridan"; and another, "My father went down in the Cumberland."

Your pilgrimage here of love will solace many a widow's and a mother's heart. With them your devotion will be some recompense for those who would fondly kneel by the grass-grown mounds and bedew with tears of love the resting-places of the uncoffined and unshrouded dead. As the two Marys found their

way to the sepulchre of the Redeemer of mankind, so will the children of the future find their way to the graves of the men whose sacrifices redeemed a nation from bondage.

Let us, before these monuments, as before a shrine, mingle our tears and droop our flags and listen to the solemn dirge in memory of the patriotic dead, both North and South. Let us again resolve that the men who fell on these fields shall not die in vain.

Let us see to it that they are preserved to the latest generation; that no vandal hand shall mar their beauty; that they shall be perpetual reminders of American valor; and that those who live in the years to come may know and understand that the victories won and the battles lost were accomplished by heroes, who faced the North as well as the South in an unparalleled struggle, from out of whose sacrifices and bereavements there came the greatest advance in the world's civilization, and untold benefits to the human race.

*An Address before the Order of Elks:
Memory.*

Far up on a mountain side a little brook flows out from between moss-grown boulders. It ripples over white pebbles, pauses for breath in some swirling eddy, laughs and leaps in the rapids, and sings its endless refrain "I go on forever." And, as it flows, it bears a message of life to the lowlands, and turns the myriad wheels of many a busy hive of industry. But the music of its song is also there, if we will but hear. And it grows ever broader and deeper, and becomes a great river, and carries the commerce of nations. But it also reflects the glory of the summer sunset, if we will but see; and, in the solemn stillness of the night, wears upon its bosom the jewels of the sky. And the river runs into the sea. And the mighty ocean ministers in a thousand ways to the physical needs of men. But also, the sublimity of its vast expanse stirs the soul with an inspiration to higher resolve and nobler living, if we will but feel.

As with brook, and river, and sea, so, throughout all the realm of nature, "beauty is

made the bride of use." The physical use of a thing may cease; but the beauty thereof is a "joy forever," for it lives forever, in memory, as part of the life of a soul immortal. So, beauty of thought, of word, of deed, of feeling, of life live on and on in the human breast, to inspire therein the hope that springs eternal. Who has not heard in after-years, in the silence of the night, perhaps, when slumber flees away, who has not heard again a mother's lullaby, with added sweetness gathered from the vanished years? Who has not lived again through some drama of earlier life, it may be, where battle raged, and where a pale rider rode his white horse down the line, and touched with his finger of ice the heart of some hero, whose death was a birth to undying fame? Or who has not felt again the uplift and thrill of some grand majestic music, whose measures came sweeping in stately procession from out of the past, to enthrall the soul once more, and breathe once more a benison into the life? Or who has not seen again, in memory's magic light, some picture of exquisite art, by an artist long passed away, or, it may be no tinted canvas, but a picture instinct with life, and painted by nature's own hand—the sea with its foaming

billows — or a mountain whose snow-capped peak gleamed radiant with opalescent light against the blue of eternal space — or, it may be again, the face of one loved long ago, a fair, sweet countenance, sainted by memory's halo, whose smile, perhaps, still causes the pulse to leap, though long years have passed since that face was clay.

It is not, of course, with material things alone that memory deals. We recall a friend, and we see him once more, hear his voice, feel again the grasp of his hand, it is true, but these are only expressions of something deeper; that treasure of mind and heart, like a magnet of the soul, draws kindred souls and holds them in that mystic adhesion called friendship. So, when we remember a friend, it is not so much what he said, what he did, what he had, that give the remembrance a value, but what he was.

The words of a man may be false, his deeds just as false, his possessions the fruit of oppression or fraud. The only possession that fits him for friendship is character. "You must therefore," said Cicero, "love me, myself, and not my surroundings, if we are to be real friends."

And what is this thing called character? It consists, as every one knows, of two elements: first, the innate potentiality, the latent power for good or ill which our Maker has given us; and, second, the reflex result to ourselves of our use of that power.

A young lad enters a shop as a blacksmith's helper. His arm, at first, is puny and weak. But, as he pounds iron, he not only shapes the iron, but every blow gives back to himself added strength and skill.

He is simply observing a great law of nature, prescribed by the Author of nature, which is, that "To him who uses his talent more shall be given. From him who uses it not shall be taken that which he hath." The result, that is, the reward, of obedience is increase of strength and skill. The result, that is, the penalty, of violation is loss of strength and skill. And so it would seem to be with all our powers, whether physical, mental or moral. Take the last. Every good deed that we do—and that means, in the main, what we do for the good of another—helps that other of course, but its reflex result is to strengthen our own power for good. It is character building. And the structure is what we call virtue. Every bad

deed that we do—and that means, in the main, what we do from selfish motives—adds to our power for evil. That also is character building, and we call the structure vice. Both go up together in every life (though not to be sure, in equal proportions) as parts of one whole. And we say of a man he is good or bad, if from our point of view we can only see, or mainly see, the good or the bad, the Jeckyl or Hyde within him. Both are certainly there, for none is all good save one.

It is not a man's vice but his virtue, be it much or little, that makes him our friend. It is for that we love him in life; for that we hold him in fond remembrance thereafter.

Since last we met in this way, a name has been added to the roll of the absent. A friend has parted the curtain and passed behind the scene whence he came. For a few fleeting moments, we who remain will play our parts in the drama of life, then follow. He who has left us, was one who lived up to that maxim of Emerson, "The only way to have a friend is to be one." Though gone before he has left a rich heritage to us his friends. For us, yet live in memory, the keen blue eye with its merry twinkle, the whimsical humor of speech,

the generous hand, the heart of gold. Let us take and hold as a precious gift the good that flowed from him to us, that was his and is ours, and cherish the hope that some reciprocal good from us to him is his this day and forever more. May the virtues of those who are dead ever live in our hearts, that ingratitude, meanest and basest of vices, may never find entrance there.

“Freeze, freeze thou bitter sky,
That does not bite so nigh,
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.”

How like an angel of charity memory comes; spreading her mantle of kindly light over all the past; brightening brightness, and hiding all darkness away underneath her luminous veil!

Oh! a strange, mysterious, wonderful light is that light of memory! It shines not “on sea or land”; but into the hearts and lives of men. And, as Hope paints the future to youth, so Memory gilds the past to those of riper years. It gives more beauty to beauty. It

touches with rich warm color the commonplace scenes of life. And even our sorrows are seen in a golden glow, that lends enchantment the more as they fade to a greater distance, till the pain of past grief gives place to a sacred sweetness, like to that of some far-away strain of minor music.

And so where memory rules, discord is hushed and only harmony heard; ugliness veiled and only beauty revealed; the bitterness lost from bereavement, while tenderness only remains; the faults of a friend forgotten and only his virtues remembered. Thus memory ever keeps glowing that flame of affection first kindled by love Divine. Twice blessed is that sacred flame; for it warms the heart of him that receives, and of him that gives. A fire it is that burns and burns but consumes not; for charity, sweetest and greatest of graces Celestial, is the heart of that flame in the heart of a friend.

“When to the flowers so beautiful
The Father gave a name,
Back came a little blue-eyed one
(All timidly it came;)
And, standing at the Father’s feet,
And gazing in his face,

It said in low and trembling tones :
‘ Dear God, the name Thou gavest me
Alas ! I have forgot.’
Kindly the Father looked him down
And said, ‘ Forget me not.’ ”

A Poem for a Silver Wedding.

A second wedding ! pray good friends, how’s this ?
The former rite ! Was aught in that amiss ?
Is not the chain that binds you still as tight
As five and twenty years ago to-night ?
“ As five and twenty years ! ” Ah, yes, I see,
That “ five and twenty ” solves the mystery.
You bring us then no flamed and broken chain
Asking our aid to weld the links again ;
Not e’en a loosened rivet asks our care,
So slight has been the strain ye peaceful pair ;
But here we have it, sound in every part,
To tax our skill in decorative art.
A polish now, perchance, somewhat abated
Requires the nuptial chah be silver-plated ?
Our aid we gladly lend — the chain shall shine
Till every rivet glows with lustre fine ;
The radiance shall extend, till silver light
Bathe guests and actors in the marriage rite.

But hold, before you take the new degree —
Your second step in Hymen’s masonry,
Confess ! — your sins and peccadilloes own ;
No pair unshrived ascends the silver throne.

Recall the past, and on your honor, say,
Hath household sunshine always gilt your way ?
Or have not storms sometimes in fury burst,
Or drizzly east winds done their sullen worst ?
You, — will you stake your precious life
You ne'er have, causeless, snubbed your wedded wife,
Impugned her taste, turned up a scornful nose,
And laid her down the law of female clothes ?
Condemned her bonnets, or aspersed her lace,
And vowed her ribbon scandalized her face ?
Blaspheming thus that wonderful attire
Which prudent husbands reverently admire.

Art guilty of these charges ? Wilt confess ?
And firm resolve to mend the past express ?
No ? What say the jury ? For their verdict call ;
“ Not guilty : so says the foreman, so say all.”
Upon that smiling lip and genial face,
No peevish humor ever left its trace.
That merry laugh, and frank and cordial grace
That win in every heart a cherished place —
That nobler charm which strict uprightness lends,
And fills the house to-night with troops of friends —
All these bear witness, as they only can,
And stamp the kind, the generous, honest man.

Our — hath no sins to be confessed !
What sin could live within that honest breast ?
No peevish frown e'er bent that placid brow,
Her voice, Cordelia like, is always soft and low ;
No spleen, or sullen vapors cloud her sky,
But sweet contentment smiles within her eye.

She ne'er regales her husbands leisure hours
With tales of squabble with the kitchen powers,
How Bridget burnt the roast to coals to-day,
Or Biddy washed the buttons all away !
She never envies Mrs. Smith her furs,
Nor vows no lady wears a shawl like hers ;
Nor hints that had she favored Jones's prayer,
She might to-day have been a millionaire.

Pronounce we then, your claims well placed,
And worthier pair the silver rite ne'er graced.
Your marriage vows are faithfully redeemed,
That bliss is realized, you once but dreamed,
More closely mingling, as their course they run,
The currents of your lives at last are one.
Its channel deep'ning, and its onward flow
Move tranquil to the shoreless main below.
The love ye pledged hath sorrow purified ;
The faith ye plighted, time hath vainly tried ;
The heart's pure silver shineth here to-day.
The dross, at last, we trust, all purged away.
These, then, the gifts, that time maturing sends,
Domestic happiness, and troops of friends.
May they attend you, till life's closing scene ;
And then, when death hath lifted the dim screen
That long hath hid the loved and gone before,
May cherub faces greet you as of yore,
And voices, long unheard, but by the ear of love,
Welcome your perfect union in the world above.

An Address at the Dedication of a Memorial Tablet.

Of all the blessings which can befall a community, there is none greater than the choice of it by a good man for his home, for the example of such a man sets a standard of conduct, and his influence tends to lift those who come within its circle to his own level. In the quiet annals of this little town the incident of chief importance to its inhabitants was its selection, in 1865, by George William Curtis for his summer home. Hither for 27 summers he came to find refreshment among these hills and woods, to show himself the best of neighbors, and to exhibit those social virtues and charms which would have made him beloved and admired by any society which he might have chosen to adorn.

It is well that the club named in his honor should set up a tablet to commemorate his residence in Ashfield, in this hall where his presence has been so familiar, and where his voice has been so often heard. It is well that the town should accept this tablet as a permanent record of great services rendered to it, and to

be sacredly preserved so long as its own ever-renewed life shall last. It is well that we, the townspeople, should meet to dedicate this tablet, the inscription upon which records our lasting and grateful affection for the good man whose name it bears.

You have seen him in his daily walk during almost thirty years; can you recall one act, one word, of his that was not friendly and pleasant? I who knew him from youth to age, I whose life was blessed by his friendship for forty-three years, find in my memory of him such pleasantness that my words come short to express it. No one could meet him without being better for the meeting.

When he returned home from Europe in 1850, a youth of twenty-six, he heard the voice of duty saying, "Come, follow me," and he obeyed. The path along which she led was difficult. The times were dark. He recognized the claim which in a democracy like ours the country has on every one of her sons for the best service which he can render. He had a most public soul, and he gave himself without reserve to the cause of justice, of freedom and of popular intelligence.

In August, 1856, at the height of the struggle

between the forces of freedom and those of slavery before the war, Mr. Curtis, then thirty-two years old, delivered at Wesleyan University at Middletown, Ct., an oration on "The Duty of the American Scholar." It was at once a profession of faith and an appeal to the young scholars of the land to be true to those moral principles which, in a period of material prosperity, are apt to be subordinated to mere temporary interests. It was the first of that long series of speeches which secured to Mr. Curtis a place in the front rank of orators.

From the date of this oration to the end of his life, Mr. Curtis never put off the harness or relinquished the arms of public service.

Years have passed since Mr. Curtis' death. The sense of personal bereavement and of public loss does not grow less as time goes on. The great cause of civil service reform has won its triumph, more speedily than he hoped, but vigilance and activity will long be needed to defend its position. New questions have arisen and new perils threaten us. The times have grown darker. No lover of his country can look forward without anxiety. At this moment of popular delusion, of confusion of parties, of excited passions, at this moment,

when only a choice of evils seem to lie before us, we long to hear, alas! that we should long in vain, that clear voice of prudent and sagacious counsel to which we were wont to listen for instruction and guidance. I was wrong just now in saying that we could not hear the voice of Curtis. He speaks:

“Whatever in human nature is hopeful, generous, aspiring — the love of God and trust in man — is arrayed on one side.”

On that side he stood. On that side let us stand.

*Presentation of a Flag to a Regiment
Departing for War.*

Soldiers of the — Regiment: The occasion which has brought together this vast concourse of patriotic people is full of meaning. For more than thirty years the United States has been at peace with all the world. But now, once again, after many months spent by our president and congress in discussion, protest and diplomacy, our young Republic is girding itself for war — our flag is unfurled, not to celebrate an anniversary in our history, or a holiday in our calendar, but to rally our citizen

soldiery for a conflict with one of the oldest, proudest and most austere nations of the earth.

And our citizen soldiery have not been deaf to the call of duty. From the first moment that it became apparent that their services would be needed, the National Guard of Pennsylvania has held itself ready to obey, upon the shortest notice, the order to march. That order has come, and that march has begun.

The gallant — Regiment now and here halts in the midst of its friends for a parting word of benediction and good cheer. And I know that I speak for all our people when I say that our thanks, our prayers and our Godspeed will keep even step with all their movements, until, crowned with the laurels of victory, and with no duty unperformed, and with no stain upon their colors, and amid the plaudits of even a greater assembly than this, we shall see them come marching home.

We are saying good-bye, not to a company, but to a whole regiment, which in its field and staff, and its rank and file, represents the brightest intellect, the best business talent, and the most chivalrous, intrepid and patriotic elements of this imperial county. The wealth

of Luzerne is not all beneath the ground. Her best jewels are her gallant sons.

Soldiers of the —— Regiment, from this moment until the war is ended, you are to represent and stand for the community of which we are a part. And you must not forget that whether bearing the burden of the march, or chafing under the weariness of the camp, you will always be present in our thoughts, and always be the objects of our affectionate sympathy, and our most sincere respect. To-night we put aside all differences of opinion as to the necessity of the policy of conflict. Domestic discord ceases when the flag floats for foreign war. The flag represents all that is dear to the American heart. It is your mission to follow that flag; to fight for it. And now we commend it to your keeping, and bid you an affectionate farewell.

*A Presentation Address to a Foreman by a
Workman.*

On that most eventful morning of the world's history, when Almighty God sent on earth His beloved son, the wise men came from the East and made him presents of gold,

frankincense and myrrh. On that morning the custom of which I am about to speak originated. Christmas presents are something within the reach of all, young or old, rich or poor. About this time people are reviewing the past year, and naturally think of those to whom they are indebted for some act of kindness and the payments come in the shape of Christmas presents. Parents remember their children, children their parents, and lovers their sweethearts, for at no time or season of the year have they a better opportunity of showing to advantage their affection, and following out the words of Moore that "There is nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream." I have been speaking of generalities, now I shall try and become more personal. Men who have worked under you for years will bear me out in the assertion that no man ever came to you with a grievance and went away dissatisfied. While you have always been zealous of the interests of the company, at the same time you always looked after the interests of your men. And these are not the only things that endear you to us, for there is not one within the sound of my voice who has not at some time received at least one act of kindness

from you. I would be an ingrate if I would not bear witness to the fact that during some of the darkest hours of my life you were my friend.

Allow me to present to you in behalf of my fellow-employés this chair as a token of the respect and esteem which they hold for you.

Take it cheerfully and remember not one cent that was paid for it was taken by compulsory methods or coercion. It was given as freely as God's sunlight is given to us on a day in June. Accept it not for its intrinsic value, but as a reminder of our feelings toward you. May Almighty God grant you long life to enjoy its comfort and may your years be as easy as the down which composes its cushions. I hope that the pleasant conditions which have existed between yourself and your men in the past, will remain so for the future.

EDUCATIONAL.

The Higher Education.

It is not the least of the glories of our period that a liberal education has become popular, and the university the ambition of all the

people. For nearly one thousand years the university was only for the select few. The plain people had no lot or part or interest or opportunity in its advantages. The mediaeval foundation which is the ancestor of the modern college was only for the benefit of a fraction of the population. Originally it was only for the church. It took centuries to embrace in a liberal education what are known as the professions. It is only in our own time and in America that journalism has been recognized as one of the liberal professions. There is nothing so conservative as the college. It follows last in the procession of progress; it distrusts innovations and discredits theories. Its faculty, by the very peculiarity of their existence, learn to respect the traditions and the teachings of the past. They point to the long line of men, eminent in every department of human thought and activity, whom the colleges have created, and they naturally inquire most critically into the innovation which promises to improve upon the Abelards and Bacons, upon the Miltos and the hundreds of others who have illumined literature; upon the innumerable line of statesmen and orators and the grand body of teachers and thinkers. The

university in Europe has about it the mediaeval flavor. It is not a school of the people. It is still an institution for the classes, and not for the masses. Its training and its objects are for the professions, the sciences, literature and hereditary statesmanship. It is the American development which has brought the college home to the people. Harvard and Yale, the parents of all the American colleges, were founded originally simply to educate men for the pulpit.

It is a curious fact that for one hundred years after the landing of the pilgrims on Plymouth Rock there was not a lawyer in New England. In every community the minister was not only the pastor of his flock, the curator of souls and the administrator of the church, but he was also the authority in political matters and the judge in neighborhood disputes. His sacred office, his education and his superior training made him the leader of the people in all matters affecting their relations with each other or with their God. There are nearly four hundred colleges in the United States to-day, and their number evidences the aspirations of the farm and the workshop for a higher education for their boys and their girls. This rapid

evolution of the university toward popular ideas and popular bases in our country has made acute the question whether our education should be specifically for the pursuit which the student has selected as his vocation, or whether upon ancient and tried lines it should develop him first by discipline, by training and by teaching to the full growth and command of all his faculties, and then let him select his pursuit.

I acknowledge the position and the usefulness of the business college, the manual training school, the technological institute, the scientific school and the schools of mines, medicine, law and theology. They are of infinite importance to the youth who has not the money, the time, or the opportunity to secure a liberal education. They are of equal benefit to the college graduate who has had a liberal education in training him for his selected pursuit. But the theorists, or rather the practical men who are the architects of their own fortunes, and who are proclaiming on every occasion that a liberal education is a waste of time for a business man, and that the boy who starts early and is trained only for his one pursuit is destined for a larger success,

are doing infinite harm to the ambitious youth of this country.

The college in its four years of discipline, training, teaching and development makes the boy the man. His Latin and his Greek, his rhetoric and his logic, his science and his philosophy, his mathematics and his history have little or nothing to do with law or medicine or theology, and still less to do with manufacturing, or mining, or storekeeping, or stocks, or grain, or provisions. But they have given to the youth when he has graduated the command of that superb intelligence with which God has endowed him, by which for the purpose of a living or a fortune he grasps his profession or his business and speedily overtakes the boy who, abandoning college opportunities, gave his narrow life to the narrowing pursuit of the one thing by which he expected to earn a living. The college-bred man has an equal opportunity for bread and butter, but beyond that he becomes a citizen of commanding influence and a leader in every community where he settles. Within his home, however humble it may be and however limited his income to support it, he has enjoyment among his books and in the grasp and discus-

sion of the questions of the hour, which are denied to the man who has not drunk at or refused to go to the fountain of knowledge and the well-spring of inspiration which flows only in the college or university.

The best proof of the value of a college education in all the pursuits of life is to be found in the eminent success of those who have enjoyed it in the higher walks of the professions, of statesmanship and even in business. As De Tocqueville pointed out and as Bryce has discovered, ours is a lawyers' government. The vast majority of our presidents, our cabinet ministers, of the members of our House of Representatives and of the Senate have been lawyers. The reason has not been because the lawyers are better fitted to make laws or to legislate than the farmer or the business man, but because the lawyers have been better trained from having been in the past almost universally educated at the college. The legislation of the Parliament of Great Britain during the past fifty years has been as liberal and as advanced as that of any government in the world. It has been a constant succession of measures for the emancipation of suffrage, the emancipation of trade and

the emancipation, upon philanthropic lines, from the penal laws which represented the barbarism of the Middle Ages. Very few of the members of Parliament have been lawyers, but ninety-one hundredths of the members were graduates of the great universities of Great Britain, and there they secured that university training which gave to them that broadness of understanding, that fulness of grasp, that touch with the questions of the hour, that knowledge of the present and of the past, an insight into the future which made them the statesmen of the British Empire.

Dedication of a School Building.

(An Address of Welcome.)

Ladies and Gentlemen: It is my most agreeable duty to welcome you to the exercises of this hour. It is not only a duty which I cheerfully perform, but I consider it a rare honor and a high privilege to stand here before you in the cause of education.

Every thinking man and woman of our city rejoices to-day in the completion of this beautiful building dedicated to the great cause of

the training of the young. Not only do they rejoice in the architectural beauty of the structure here erected which will have potent though silent influence upon every student gathered in its walls, but they rejoice because we have another splendid monument in our community, setting forth to all eyes the great fact that our citizens are alive to the importance of educating the young for the service of their generation. And the generosity which has marked the action of our people in their devotion to this great cause gives the best evidence to all that we possess an enlightened, civic responsibility.

As you pass through this splendid building and look over all the appliances for the comfort, convenience and health of teachers and pupils, you will have a right to be proud of your work. And you will note also how great is the advance made since some of you sat as scholars in the little one-story frame school-house where neither the cold of winter nor the heat of summer could be kept out, and where you sat,—oftentimes between four bare walls, sleepy and tired from bad ventilation. Here on the contrary has been expended the best thought upon the science of heating and

ventilating, and you have the assurance that the health of the young is protected in every way. Upon the walls of the school-rooms choice pictures look down upon you, and you will need no assurance from me to confirm your own observation that not only the health but the mental improvement and the aesthetic development of the young of our city will be our constant care. I rejoice with you all and bid you welcome to the exercises of the hour.

Wealth and Progress.

The most important thing that a community can do is to accumulate wealth. You will notice, particularly notice, I hope, that I do not say the individual, but the community — by which I mean the nation — and perhaps the whole human race.

A man may get wealth, and nothing else, and that man is poor, indeed. Another man may get wealth, and with it win self-reliance, and approving conscience and a love of his kind — which may bridge over the chasm between him and Lazarus — and the two may be companions in Abraham's bosom. Another man may stake his whole life against a bare

living, and hardly win it, and yet may have the fame of Goldsmith, the strength and dignity of Samuel Johnson, or live like Burns, in the tender memories of all the world. But this world, if it were created with reference to the human race, was not created for the millionaire, or even for Goldsmith and Johnson and Burns, but for all of us.

There is nothing like the equality of nature. She treats geniuses and fools alike. They are both part of the human race and nothing more.

The elemental powers cut off André Chénier, by the guillotine, who might have bloomed into the great poet of France; destroyed — in a drunken brawl — Marlowe, who might have been the rival of William Shakespeare; killed Burns before his prime, and Chatterton in his marvelous boyhood, as remorselessly as they do the rudest laborer who breaks stones in the streets or the silliest butterfly that ever fluttered in a ball-room. Men pass away, but the race goes on, and what of glory or of wealth we have missed may descend upon our children or our children's children. In our eagerness to console ourselves for loss of individual wealth, we are very much in the habit of talk-

ing, quite contemptuously of lands where "wealth accumulates and men decay," as if the wealth of a land was the cause of decay and was a misfortune to the people. We mix up our individual disgust and our individual envy of those who have what may be called "the money sense" with the question of the combined wealth of the nation, which is an entirely different thing.

A single individual man might grow rich, and his riches be of no help whatever to his town, for he might be a miser—a mere human magpie, collecting gold and silver and bonds, instead of bits of tin and glass; but the whole community cannot increase in wealth, however badly it may be distributed, without the whole community receiving the benefit thereof in a thousand ways, some of which I shall enumerate.

Another source of confusion of thought comes from our not considering the question of the accumulation of wealth apart from its distribution, which is an entirely different thing. While the distribution is not what it should be, and certainly not what it will be, even under our imperfect system, the greatest good which has happened to the world has

flowed from it. Even if we should never improve our system, and all the signs show that we are sure to do it, all that will be said in this discourse would be absolutely true. Of all the great comforts and causes of happiness among the rich, the greatest are those which they have to share with the poor. Railroads, horse-cars, pavements, sewerage, well-lighted streets and pure water must be for all or for none.

We all admit the wonderful growth of civilization and the remarkable improvement of the human race during the past century, and this last century has been the one most remarkable for the steady growth of wealth throughout the world. We very seldom put these things together in the relation of cause and effect. We prefer to attribute our growth, not to mere material things, but to the exhortations of our saints and sages, to the noble sentiments of our poets and authors. Yet there have been saints and sages, poets and orators, since the foundation of the world. Noble sentiments and high ideals did not wait for our day, but are scattered all over all ages—in the sacred books of the far-off Hindoos as well as in the pages of the Bible—in Plato and Cicero as

well as in Webster, in Browning and in Shakespeare.

That wealth has something to do with our progress is easy to see when you make some extreme comparisons, such as one might make between the early men, whose bones we dig up and out of whose surroundings we conjecture their lives, and even the poorest creatures in the poorest tenement houses of our day. Those earlier men lived their lives in daily and hourly hand-to-hand encounters with death. They were either pushed to the wall or pushed somebody else to the wall. There was little chance for social amenities between men when the death of one might be necessary to the life of the other. In that day there was no spare food to give away, no spare clothing to share. To-day there is abundance — not the abundance we shall have in the coming ages — but enough and to spare. No panic can be so great, no crop failure so complete, that there can be anywhere in the whole civilized world wholesale starvation, and its concomitants — the black death, the plague or widespread pestilence.

Contrast this with lands that are not civilized — or what you will find to be much the

same thing—lands which have not accumulated wealth. A river overflow in China means not merely the deaths which are caused by drowning, but those which are caused by starvation and the pestilence which walketh at noon-day. With no railroads to convey supplies, and no supplies to convey, the innumerable hordes can do nothing, and hardly think of doing anything, for those who suffer. And yet, scholarship, such as it is, is the foundation of distinction in that realm of uncounted and uncountable millions. Our own Mississippi is as uncontrollable and uneasy in its bed as the worst Chinese river that ever flowed remorseless to the sea. We have not yet stayed all its ravages, though we are beginning so to do, but when they come, the surplus wealth of the country flows instantly to the relief of the unfortunate, and starvation and pestilence are warded off. Without the wealth of railroads, of steamboats and roads, succor would be impossible, and the lands on the great American river would be shut in with all the horrors of an Asiatic devastation.

Perhaps I had better tell you what I mean by wealth, for you may be thinking of gold and silver, bonds and notes of hand, stocks and

title deeds, and the things that are put into safety-deposit vaults and are the belongings of men who are the subjects of our just human envy. That is not quite what is meant. By wealth, I am going to mean — whether it be a scientific definition or not — everything which human beings have made and can make to satisfy human desires — whether they harness the rivers to do the work, or turn coal energy into steam, or use the subtle forces of electricity or the fertility of the field, or the products of the great ocean.

As soon as the race of man learned enough to keep itself easily alive it began to accumulate wealth. Pretty poor picking it must have been at first! . . . But, however hard the early struggle was, however prolonged and desperate, the moment man began to have wealth he began to march upward.

All our great comforts of to-day flow from accumulated wealth. A hundred years ago in London, when that city was not so big as Philadelphia now is, it would have been as hazardous an experiment as it is for our Minister to stay at Pekin to-day, and for similar reasons. There were no lights, no policemen, no sidewalks; robbers everywhere. As London

has grown in wealth, outdoor London, London of the streets and alleys—London as it belongs to all—has felt the civilizing power of the accumulation of the past and the production of the present. And not London only, but every city, great or small, all over the civilized world, has felt the stirring and stimulating power of the increasing riches of the world.

How essential increasing wealth is to increasing progress this generation and the one which has just passed away have had better chances to know than any which preceded them—for our century is the century of steam and electricity. Wealth makes possible steam cars and electrical railroads and telephones. Nothing else can do it.

Think what a blow it would be to the civilization of this country to wipe out the wealth which is in railroads alone. Reverse the thought and think how much the wealth accumulated in railroads has added to the happiness and progress of our people. If there were here, in this audience, as there may be, some man who crossed the plains with three months of toil and terror fifty years ago, he would make the contrast in language which would make mine seem trivial indeed. We have substituted for

what equalled the horrors of a polar expedition a three days' pleasure trip. Yet railroads are but a small part of the accumulation of wealth of which I speak. Neither railroads, nor street cars, electric lights, nor well-paved streets would be possible without a wealthy community.

But perhaps some one learned in history will say, does not this growth in wealth bring us nearer to decay? Carthage was mighty and is a ruin. The glory of Rome departed with growth in riches. There were vast empires of Egypt and Assyria, and they have passed away. But the wealth of Rome, of Egypt and Assyria was poverty itself compared with the wealth we already have. They were nations of nobles and slaves; we are all freemen. However faulty our distribution of property may be, it is incomparably more just than in the days of the fallen Empires. No hordes of barbarians hover over our boundaries to watch our dissensions and help our quarrels. So utterly changed are our conditions that I venture to prophesy — being at a safe distance from the event — that no such fall will happen to us. Turning and overturning in the early ages of the world were absolutely essential to the progress of mankind. To-day it is no

longer so. Peace is now having the victories of war.

With all these advantages which have been enumerated and which must suggest to thinking men so many of like character that have flowed from wealth after it has been accumulated, the pursuit of wealth has led to a thousand more. What tremendous human energies have been put into commerce, the exchange of commodities among men!

But it has not been in commerce alone, or in trading to far seas, that human energies have been cherished and developed. Wherever men released from the sordid pursuit of mere existence, have striven to satisfy their desires, the struggle has called into being inventive powers — powers of intellect and judgment, and the whole mental armory and arsenal of progress.

What the factory system and the mechanic arts have done for the education of the race will bear full comparison with the work of colleges and churches. Let me not forget to say, though I do it in but few words, that not only has the accumulation of wealth rendered possible shorter hours of labor and more leisure for all mankind, but the still further accumulation will enable the world, without loss of the fulfill-

ment of its desires, to go still further in that direction in the not distant future.

With all these changes of civilization which have marked the slow accumulation of the wealth of the world, it is curious to see the changes which it has made in the relative position of the different classes of men. First of all came the warrior class. So long as the great object of living was to keep alive, so long as nations warred continually, his place was foremost, and he held it long. But for the ameliorating influence of the priests, his reign would have been unendurable.

Perhaps in no country in the world have the lawyers and politicians had such sway as in the United States. But they are slowly, but surely, giving way to another class. The business men are taking their turn, and are possessing the earth. And this is for the good of the earth. The warriors had their day, and we owe them preservation and all the progress possible in their day. To the politicians and lawyers we owe much.

In the very old days all the brains of the world were under the casque or cowl. Then statesmanship and law took their turn. But neither war, nor statesmanship, nor law reaps

the great rewards of this century. The engineer, the projector, the manufacturer, the railroad man, the merchant, have placed before them the highest prizes of our day. Hence, what I may call in one word "business," is more and more absorbing the brains of the country.

The victories of peace are no less renowned than those of war, but not yet the victors. The glamour which the battlefield and the counsel board cast over the imaginations of men has not yet past away, and may never pass away, yet it may well be hoped that at no distant day the names of James Watt and Sir Henry Bessemer, Cornelius Vanderbilt and Thomas A. Scott will take their places beside those of the great warriors and statesmen, because, like them, they did in their day and generation conspicuous service for the progress of the human race.

*Presentation of the Keys of a New School
Building by the Architect.*

Mr. President, as the architect selected by your committee to plan and superintend this building, I now with great pleasure hand to

you, upon its completion, the keys. Permit me to congratulate you upon the admirable public spirit manifested by you and the committee in its undertaking. In the midst of great business cares the building committee has intelligently and assiduously promoted the best interests of the city in the construction of this edifice, and personally it would be unpardonable in me to fail to acknowledge your stimulating presence, your counsel and your gentlemanly consideration.

You were good enough to approve heartily the plans of this building which I submitted to you and I appreciate the high compliment you pay me. But how incomplete this occasion would be were I not to commend the intelligence of the builder and the skill of the workmen who have carried out the plans laid before them with personal interest and care. To them is due the credit of this thoroughly equipped and splendidly built structure which I confidently say is not surpassed by any building of its kind in the state. It is suited to its requirements and worthy of the great cause to which it is dedicated to-day. I have great honor and pleasure, Mr. President, in handing to you these keys with the hope that

you will find that the confidence which you reposed in me has not been misplaced.

Address to a Graduating Class by a Teacher.

Members of the graduating class: You have come to an important period in your own lives and of deep interest to us. As the representative of the board of trustees and the faculty I have a few words to say. Our lives having been thrown near you, you have become dear to us and we have learned to love you. I don't suppose that it will be possible for you to go so far from us, that the lines of love and affection molded here will be forgotten. The idea of development has been prominently brought out in these exercises. Your education has not yet been completed—it has only begun. Your school days here have been only a start to increase your development. It has been only a stepping-stone, and as you step out into the avenues of life you must look for new food, as there is ample to be sought. The late lamented W. E. Gladstone, the statesman and humanitarian, was a remarkable example of this growth. All his life was a study, and when he laid down the cares of this life he stepped

into a life of unlimited development. Don't shut your eyes to the truth and do not enshroud your lives in a cloud that will keep out the light. In the pilgrimage of life don't let any canker worms gnaw the sap of life away. The future is beautiful, broad and entrancing to you, and we trust you will make the most of it. We trust that you will get to the very summit of usefulness and honor, and we sincerely hope that that summit will be only the commencement for reaching another summit, where life is all grandeur and happiness. May God bless you.

*Brief Remarks to a Class of Young Ladies on
Graduation Day by a Visitor.*

I need not say to you, young ladies, that your chief attraction will ever be in the graces of the mind and heart. Regard no flowers sweet in the garden of life which you may not bring to your Lord, no ointment precious which you cannot pour on his head and feet. We read of Mary: "She hath done what she could." This should stir the heart of all womanhood. Think what a monument Jesus of Nazareth has erected to the memory of

Mary of Bethany. Kings and queens have stood around before that monument; martyrs, confessors, preachers, poets, prophets, ten thousand times ten thousand, great and good and true and beautiful women and men have stood with eyes full of tenderness and hearts full of love and gazed at that epitaph "She Hath Done." The best thing I can wish for you, young ladies, who graduate to-day, and those of you who remain in the school, is that you may always be able to do some sweet and beautiful thing, to draw on you the look of the Master's loving approval.

Address to a Graduate Class of Nurses.

The well-recognized fact that nursing is not only an art, but a profession (without the help of whose members the physician stands confessedly helpless), has, in most instances, assured you a position of respect and consideration in the household.

What shall you do in the household? Anything and everything for the good of your patient; it may be that only your legitimate work will be needed—the actual care of the patient and the hygiene of the sick room—

and again you may have to cook, scrub, shop, keep house, entertain, nurse the whole family or do the mending—all actual experiences related to me by nurses to whom they came, and by the best they are met earnestly and bravely fought; sometimes dire need making worse task than those mentioned.

If she is a true nurse she will cheerfully undertake anything which may arise which she can do; if she is a wise woman she will endeavor to fit herself to any emergency or circumstances which come her way, and not stop to question or stand on her dignity, realizing that necessity may make any work hers for the time being. The disinfection of the room after contagion belongs to you, and even the scrubbing which follows should be done under your supervision.

The question sometimes arises, how much authority a nurse shall have. To most of us the presence of those dear to us is often more beneficial than medicine, and everything personal should be put aside to save life or help convalescence. Shall you bar out the immediate relatives and take complete possession, that not even the mother, wife or sister be allowed to watch and help? The only person to solve

this question is the physician, for he only can say what will harm the patient. You will need plenty of that very scarce virtue — moral courage — in your lives as nurses, and you must learn to govern people without their knowing it, or at least without their objecting to it. Many cases of discontent arise from minor faults among private nurses, untidiness in your work, lack of system, and sometimes carelessness in little matters of cleanliness.

If the sick room is not perfectly neat, clean and well ventilated, the patient's friends not only blame the one nurse, but, as a rule, the school she represents.

Don't give way to the temptation of being spoiled by praise and presents, too freely given by patients' friends, when laden with gratitude for a spared life. Some can rise above it — many cannot. More than one good woman has been so uplifted by overgenerous patients and their friends that she never comes down to the quiet level of ordinary mortals, but lives uncomfortably on the pedestal of superiority, a dreadful warning to her sister nurses, and a horrible example of indiscreet generosity.

Avoid any form of talking shop with your patients and never tell your own troubles.

Do not, I beg of you, give up the wearing of your uniform in the sick room, for so many reasons it is better that it be worn: first, from a sanitary standpoint, it is easily washed and plainly made, is light and comfortable; the apron is quickly adjusted and can be changed twice a day if necessary. The cap covers the hair and is a great protection during an operation and while nursing in cases of contagion.

Be economical in the use of the property of your patient. Remember that often it has required a greater effort than you have dreamed of at all, and that besides the added household expenses always connected with illness, as well as the services of the physician and yourself, the waste or careful use of supplies on your part may add or lessen very greatly the outlay.

Your hospital training has done much for you; the rest you must do for yourselves. If you have taken advantage of your surroundings you have had opportunities often denied to the medical student or young physician, and remember, if you fail in the future to gain success, the fault is not in your staff, but in yourselves.

Address to a School Graduating Class by a Clergyman.

It is our privilege and duty to compliment the faculty of this school and the men of the class for the degree of proficiency they have attained. I hope you will advance and become prominent. The twilight of your lives has passed away. You stand this evening in the dawn of manhood, and the great day of life stands out before you. We may make a forecast of what the day shall be. Those traces of character which you have had in the twilight may remain with you all through the day of life. I hope a righteous influence will be with you. In the first hours of dawning morning the day's work is blocked out and so it is for you. In the dawn of your manhood you are to block out and mark out the future. So many miss the mark. They start wrong and continue wrong.

Long periods of life are lost and gracious periods of influence are lost because we do not grasp the opportunity at the right time. Aim high. Try to see the target before you shoot. Have a lofty aim and try to reach it. Let not

one year of your life pass away or be lost. Improve the hour. By so doing you will acquire that distinction which you have aspired to in the dawn of life.

The morning hours are the hours for beginning the duties of the day. The man who wins the most, who wears and fights the best, who succeeds, is the one who prepares for the fight early in life. Young men, you stand in the dawn of manhood.

I cannot attempt to mark out your future. But you must not expect that in the life before you, you shall have all victory and ease. You will have to carve your future, sometimes in rough places. Use wisely the dawn of manhood, and you will find that you will surmount every difficulty that shall environ you. Shadows are as inseparable in life as are the shadows in the perfect painting produced by the great artist. A lofty ideal should be your conception and then endeavor to live it out. The great law of compensation holds good, that as a man soweth so shall he reap. Put into life lofty principle, a lofty adherence to principle, and you will extract from life a pleasurable and a profitable experience. Remember the influence of our life upon the lives of those

about. Seek to accomplish a serenity which will be to you a solace in the time of life's work. By your example stimulate others to carve their names on a high plane. The life that gives to those that come after us legacies that shall be appreciated and beneficial will be a successful existence. Let the first principle that shall guide you be the Divine will in everything you do. Careers of all kinds are open to you and you may follow them by giving over your best energies. In the dawn of manhood lay down the principles as expounded by the Savior, and you cannot go amiss.

From the dawn of manhood consult the Divine will and may it be your constant guide. Draw from life the best it can yield to you, and though clouds and shadows will overcast you when the evening comes, may your life's sunset in a glow of serenity and heavenly honor.

Dedication of a Public Library.

The riches of scholarship, the benignities of literature, defy fortune and outlive calumny. They are beyond the reach of thief or moth or rust. As they cannot be inherited, so they cannot be alienated.

Have you ever rightly considered what the mere ability to read means? That it is the key that admits us to the whole world of thought and fancy and imagination; to the company of saint and sage, of the wisest and wittiest at their wisest and wittiest moment? That it enables us to see with the keenest eyes, hear with the finest ears, and listen to the sweetest voices of all time? More than that it annihilates time and space for us; it revives for us without a miracle the age of Wonder, endowing us with the shoes of swiftness and the cap of darkness, so that we walk invisible and witness unharmed the plague at Athens, or Florence or London; accompanying Caesar on his marches, or look in on Catiline in counsel with his fellow-conspirators, or Guy Fawkes in the cellar of St. Stephen's.

Southey tells us that in his walk one stormy day, he met an old woman, to whom, by way of greeting, he made the rather obvious remark that it was dreadful weather. She answered philosophically, that, in her opinion, "any weather was better than none!" I should be half inclined to say that any reading was better than none, allaying the crudeness of the statement by the Yankee proverb, which tells us

that, though “all deacons are good, there’s odds in deacons.” Among books certainly there is much variety of company, ranging from the best to the worst, and the first lesson in reading well is that which teaches us to distinguish between literature and merely printed matter.

The choice lies wholly with ourselves. We have the key put into our hands. Shall we unlock the pantry or the oratory? There is a choice in books as in friends, and the mind sinks or rises to the level of its habitual society. Cato’s advice, *cum bonis ambula*, ‘consonit with the good,’ is quite as true if we extend it to books, for they, too, insensibly give way their own natures to the mind that converses with them. They either beckon upwards or drag down. A man is known, says the proverb, by the company he keeps, and not only so, but made by it. Milton makes his fallen angels grow small to enter the infernal council room, but the soul, which God meant to be the spacious chamber where high thoughts and generous aspirations might commune together, shrinks and narrows itself to the measure of the meaner.

Character the Basis of Credit.

(Address to a Graduating Class by a Financier.)

Young Ladies and Young Gentlemen: Some of you perhaps have read that weird and mournful story entitled, "A Man Without a Country," which depicts the wanderings and changeful life of a man who was banished from the United States never again to set foot on these shores. This story made a deep impression upon my mind; and if you have read it, I am sure it could not have failed to inspire you with a strong feeling of affection for our beloved country, with all it means to every true American. Since I perused this story I have often wondered if I could not write one, having for its title, "A Man Without Credit." I have pictured to my mind what such a man would be—a man who would neither give nor receive credit from any one. Did you ever stop to think what such a condition of affairs would be in your life? You could hardly exist. Take a simple illustration: your breakfast must be prepared on credit. The cook trusts or credits you for her services for the time she devotes

to making ready the morning meal. You could of course, after a fashion, cook your own breakfast; but imagine the spirit in which you would begin the day's labors under such circumstances. An employé extends credit to his employer, trusting that he will pay him his wages or salary at the end of the day, week or month; and if he did not give credit to the extent of the value of his services, he would have no earning or producing power. You might, however, say: "I may have property left to me in the shape of stocks, bonds and money in the savings bank and therefore do not seek credit." Very true, but in such a case you virtually loan the corporation issuing the stocks and bonds, or the bank, your money, when the stocks or bonds are purchased or the money deposited, and you are consequently giving them credit to that extent until such time as the principal and interest are paid.

But, you say: "I can get an education without credit at the public school." You must, however, give credit to your teacher when you entrust your mind to his care, and you expect him to impart to you the knowledge he has acquired.

I might go on in this way indefinitely, and

by careful analysis demonstrate to your satisfaction that your life and mine depended on credit from the very beginning. To find a man utterly without credit, would be to find one whose very existence is imperilled. This being the case, it must follow, that to live in the truest sense of the word and to accomplish all that God has given you to do in your place at the end of the nineteenth century, you must do all that lies within your power to establish your credit upon the highest plane, so that it may be of the very best.

Notice that credit is not money. There is a wide difference between money and credit. A thief who has stolen a million dollars may have money, but he certainly has no credit. A great deal is said nowadays about capital and labor. Some have more money; others have less. Credit we can all have in greater or less measure.

The three component parts of credit are character, capacity and capital—these three, but the greatest of these is character. Character counts continually for credit. It is an individual matter. You cannot have another's character. You may try to imitate the character of some great man; but to the man him-

self, who is his own master, his character standeth or falleth. Character is that something within you which receives and impresses upon your mind and writes in indelible letters on your heart, your thoughts, words and deeds. Character is the fine tone of your heart strings, or else it is the dull thud of life which seems to chill you through and through. Character is that something which points you onward and upward in life's dregs. Some one has well said, that "character is not something that is added to your life, but is life itself."

Character-building is not the work of a moment or a day. You cannot jump into a character as you would into a suit of clothes, unless it be an assumed character. The man with an assumed character is a hypocrite, whom we all despise.

Character-building is a slow process. It must be worked at continually, and we are building even when we are not conscious of it. We are adding to it each day by little things — little deeds of kindness, loftier ideas, and thoughts of our better moments, as some one has truly said. Character-building may also consist of little wilful misrepresentations, impure thoughts, mean motives, hours of stolen

pleasure, and doing things that your own conscience disapproves. The right kind of character is created by hammering one upon another of the sheets of gold leaf of opportunity which weld together and build higher and higher one strong piece of solid gold. This character will stand the test of fire. But the character that will fail might be likened to that reared upon tinfoil, which, while to all appearances welds together for a time, will not sustain the test of years.

Why should I cultivate and add to my character the best there is in the world? Phillips Brooks well said: "Sad will be the day for any man when he becomes absolutely contented with the life he is living, with the thoughts he is thinking and the deeds that he is doing; when there is not forever beating at the doors of his soul some great desire to do something larger, which he knows that he was meant and made to do, because he is a child of God." I believe that each one of us is placed here for a definite and distinct purpose in life. To fulfil this purpose should be our highest and best aim. Take the highest, purest and best as your standard. Remember one thing in building your character. You cannot make friends

by attempting to destroy the character of others. Remember that no moral coward can ever become a really great man. Too many of us know what is right, but we lack the true courage to do it. Our lot may not be that of a soldier gallantly fighting upon the field of battle, but our lives may be replete with worthy efforts and even glorious deeds. God grant that peace and prosperity may ever abide with this noble nation, and that no scenes of carnage may ever disturb the domestic tranquillity for which our forefathers have bled and died. Our everyday life is a battle-ground where we have the opportunity of displaying heroism and true nobility of character.

“What is noble? ’Tis the finer portion of our mind
and heart

Linked to something still diviner than mere lan-
guage can impart;

Ever prompting, ever seeing some improvement yet
to plan,

To uplift our fellow-being, and like man to feel for
man.

What is noble? That which places truth in its en-
franchised will,

Leaving steps like angel traces that mankind may
follow still.

E'en though scorn's malignant glances prove him
poorest of his clan,
He's the noble who advances freedom and the cause
of Man."

*Foreign Influence upon American University
Life.*

(*Address before an Educational Convention.*)

Students and reviewers of American history and American institutions always experience a difficulty in successfully describing our university system. The circumstances which have attended the founding of our educational institutions in no wise resemble the events which have given rise to the great universities of Europe. Princely favors or papal decrees have never figured as factors in the development of American colleges. Their birth they owe to private munificence and denominational zeal; their development has been a feature in the history of a people whose educational enlightenment has been as marked, as was their political freedom sudden. To a foreigner, much of this seems incomprehensible. Finding so few elements in common with the European schools, the foreign reviewer is apt to regard

our university system as *sui generis* and thus to underestimate the influence which foreign seats of learning exert over us. Too often is this the fault of our own writers. Absorbed with the idea of our peculiar individuality, self-reliant in our strength and ability to work out our own destiny; and, perhaps, tinged with that national conceit which in the past was so satirized, we are slow to appreciate the influence which the institutes of the older countries exert in shaping our educational methods.

Yet, interwoven in our university system may be found characteristics of the majority of the foreign seats of learning. In their absolute freedom and general popularity our universities resemble those of Scotland. In form of government, and in a rapidly increasing pride in architectural splendor, we may trace the effects of contact with life at Oxford and Cambridge. To the French university we must attribute that political enthusiasm which has lately imbued the spirit of several of our Eastern colleges; for amongst all the European universities, that of Paris best illustrates the power which may be wielded by an organized body of students, whose broad information and disinterested activity in political questions en-

title them to a voice in the administration of public affairs. Untrammeled by imperial restraint, which so often refuses utterance to the German or Russian student opinion ; free from that inherited, ponderous conservatism which distinguishes the English universities, the University of Paris encourages the study of political history and political methods as means to enlightened citizenship, and gives free voice to its opinions on all national topics.

This fact was evidenced during the recent political stir in France, when the persistent and sarcastic attacks of the students did so much towards destroying the puny idol who basked for a day in the favor of a French mob. It was the hands of the students of Paris who so effectually draped the mantle of buffoonery around the shoulders of Boulanger. It is a significant fact that during the late presidential campaign that cause which shall go down to history by the name of "Mugwumpery" found some of its ablest and most enthusiastic champions in the ranks of our Eastern universities, notably at Harvard, where a French tone prevails, and where the *Conférence Française* disseminates political precepts and evinces a lively interest in French affairs, thus furnishing an

admirable school of political methods. This, however, should be a matter of national congratulation. When American politics have been re-enforced by the best talent from the ranks of our university men, when that lofty sense of patriotism for the triumph of a just cause shall move our scholars to work side by side with the professional politician, then, and then only, shall we reach that plane to which American politics should be elevated.

But it is German influence which predominates in our university life. We are apt to look upon German influence in American affairs, as consisting solely in the effects produced by the enormous immigration to this country, which has so advanced our brewing interests, developed our musical taste, defeated prohibitory legislation, and given a continental character to our national Sunday. But these changes have resulted from contact with those from the humbler walks of German life; for our immigrants are, as a rule, the peasant class, and, with one or two exceptions, have never won any distinction in national affairs.

It is my province to mention a loftier influence which is being exerted by the German savants over our cultivated classes.

The great majority of American collegians who go abroad for study, pass by Oxford and Cambridge, or the University of Paris, and connect themselves with one of the famous German universities. Thus have our university graduates become thoroughly imbued with the German spirit and German methods, which in after-years, as teachers in American colleges, they transmit to a rapidly increasing undergraduate class. I have mixed freely with American students at the German universities, and, with few exceptions, all have expressed enthusiastic admiration of the thoroughness, the zeal for study, the industry and patience which characterize the German students, and which have raised their schools to such a glorious pre-eminence. The good effect of this intercourse with the German university system has been clearly demonstrated in the admirable work being done in our own colleges. In the past decade our universities have made wonderful strides toward the accomplishment of a higher intellectual development. American students are lending their best energies to the development of a line of special studies, proficiency in which can never be applauded by the masses, though it will bring enviable fame to

him who conducts the research, and add glory to his Alma Mater. The development and encouragement of this spirit—the highest attainment of university life—we owe to Germany. I can think of no more emphatic proof of this assertion than to point to the history and accomplishments of our foremost university, Johns Hopkins. There, more strongly than in any of our colleges, is the German spirit of study and research applied, and the spirit of German university life evinced; and there amongst the professors and post-graduate students, are to be found our brightest and most brilliant exponents of historical, political and economical truths.

Mr. Bryce, in his "American Commonwealth," referring to our literary accomplishments, says: "Indeed, it is remarkable how far from showy and sensational is the bulk of work done in America. It is mostly work of the German type, solid, careful, exact, not at all the sort of work which theorists about Democracy would have looked for since it appeals rather to the learned few, than to the so-called general reader." This is an enviable admission to win from a scholar of such attainments, and it becomes a matter of congratulation that our uni-

versity men have ever seen the wisdom of modeling much of our collegiate life after that of the Germans. Particularly should we adhere to that principle by which the line of special studies has been developed; for distinction in this means universal fame.

Germany stands to-day, amongst all the other countries, as the greatest promoter and encourager of devotion to a special line of thought, study or action. To the development of this idea she owes her present proud position as the arbiter of European destinies. As her scholars and thinkers have ever been the closest students of the characteristics of ancient nations, so have they learned to profit by this study and apply useful lessons to their own national government. This master plan of "specialization" is one of the most successful results of their deep research into the histories of other nations. It has been carried into every department of the national German government. Her scholars, her diplomats, her soldiers, her artisans, all represent the best in their province. No one has done more to make this appreciation of special ability a national characteristic than the great Chancellor; and surely we may predict that no one will do more

to carry this idea to perfection than the brilliant young Emperor who now presides over German destinies.

I think one fault of our university system has been, that we failed to appreciate this concentration of energy upon one line of thought. Proud of the reputation for versatility and general information which has ever been awarded our public men, we have expected the same general excellence in our college professors, and have not, perhaps, been alert to recognize special merit. Not so the German. Imperial marks of distinction do not rest upon that professor whose lectures attract a crowd of students from a general, pleasing charm; they rather seek him whose deep and persistent research in some special line of thought have made him an authority whose views may be depended upon, whose counsels may be safely invoked. In many minor matters, of which we cannot treat, our university life is closely allied with that of Germany. It is interesting to note the resemblances between the German Studenten-Corps and our Greek Fraternities. In a spirit of good-fellowship and brotherhood, and from a social standpoint, they are largely the same. But here the resemblance

ceases. The Studenten-Corps makes no pretension to literary work. Their extra energies they expend in that boyish folly of duelling. The military spirit which pervades every phase of German life, accomplished admirable results in the German lecture-room, namely, a promptness in assembling, strict attention to the lectures, and a ready disposition to hiss any late-comer, who is justly regarded a "disturbing element." I would we might obtain the same results. But with our spirit of quick observation, these and other elements worthy of emulation must be added to our university life.

Keen observers of European events, possessed of a versatility which will enable us to quickly appreciate the various influences which are being exerted over us, we should carefully retain these elements of proven merit, rejecting features which may retard the progress of a system already the wonder of students of our history. In spite of the difficulties which attend the history of a new people, our universities have achieved a signal success in their influence upon our national character, as well as in the place they have taken amongst foreign seats of learning. Confident of a brilliant literary pre-eminence by the history and ardor of our

teachers, supported by a rapidly increasing cultured class who are anxious to reach that goal in intellectual attainments which shall surely be ours, assured of a sound financial basis from the liberal spirit of our philanthropists, and free from any serious retarding influence, our universities are, amongst all our institutions, most deserving of liberal praise from the reviewers of American history, and most inspiring to the contemplative student of our future greatness.

Success in Life.

In our period, no young man and no young woman can hope to succeed in any vocation unless thoroughly trained for it. The day has passed for luck to succeed, and the day has passed for untrained ability to get on, except under exceptional conditions. The world always adjusts itself to the period, and adjusts the men and the women in it to the period in which they exist.

If you come down to the Middle Ages, no man could hope to accomplish anything in the way of success in life until he had trained his muscles so that he could carry an iron coat,

iron sheaves upon his legs, and an iron pot upon his head, and a big shield upon his arm, and a big spear in his hand. Unless he could accomplish all that, and then wield his weapon with a skill, vigor and strength greater than any one else, he had no hope of success in life; and the people of those days who had to live by work had to know how to make iron coats, iron helmets, iron shields and iron spears. When civilization changed, the employment of these people disappeared, and the most beautiful and the most exquisite work in Toledo of that day would be absolutely worthless in any market of the world to-day. Those people would be wholly out of employment. So, as the revolving cycles of centuries come along, the world changes. So the shifting scenes of civilization compel men to learn new trades, and become skillful in new occupations. In the early period of this country, skill was not necessary in order to succeed in business. Agriculture was the great pursuit, and most of the boys grew up to be farmers. Those who came to be business men found limitless opportunities occurring in a new country partially developed where there is always something for a man to discover in which he can make

money without having been trained to the business by which that money is made.

Our fathers found that they did not require either a college education, or a technological education, or a scientific education. All the great successes, if you count the accumulation of money a success, like Commodore Vanderbilt, George Law, Daniel Drew and many others in the past, had no training whatever for any of the pursuits in which they accumulated their vast fortunes; but with invention, and with machinery, with electricity and the development of steel, with the application of the powers and forces of nature to the energizing of the products of industry, it has become now so that no man can hope to get on in this world above the ranks of common labor, unless he has a training for the business which he undertakes to do. If he wants to be a musician, he must be thoroughly trained for it, because our ears are cultured to know what music is. If he wants to be a business man he must be trained for the business which he makes his life work, or trained in that general way by which he can drop into that business no matter what it may be. In the early days a lawyer could succeed by studying in the office of an-

other lawyer; but in these days unless he takes advantage of a law school he is frightfully handicapped for success in his profession. In the earlier days a doctor could get on by taking his course with another doctor, but no doctor can hope to reach any place in his profession to-day unless he goes through one of the great medical schools, and has the abundant opportunities of the hospital. The same is true of journalism, and of the multitudinous pursuits which have grown up within the last fifty years.

Now most of you are looking about with one idea in life, and that is, success in life. What is success in life? I suppose if you should go through the streets of this city and ask every man under thirty years of age what is success in life he would say a million of dollars; and yet that is a very poor ideal of success in life. It is well enough to work for a million of dollars, and it is well enough to try and get a million of dollars, but how many get that? Mighty few. A man who should set out with no other purpose than to get a million of dollars would make a miserable failure, even if he got it. I have known and been intimately associated with all the very rich men of my time.

Though my professional duty has called me in one particular relation, yet the alliances of that relation have made me in one form and another the counsel and adviser for scores of very rich men. Very few of them in my judgment could be counted successes. I have seen a man the envy of everybody because he had accumulated millions, and I have seen young men stop and look at him, and then take a drink and say, "What is the use; we never could get where that man is." And yet that man had the dyspepsia so that he couldn't eat a meal and hadn't for years; he couldn't enjoy anything in this world, because he was in constant pain and misery, which he had brought upon himself in order to get his vast fortune. I spent an evening with an enormously rich man who was the envy of everybody, and surrounded by flatterers, toadies, sycophants, and when they were all gone he said to me, "These men think I am a happy man; I am not. I had no opportunities for education in my youth. I have been too busy to utilize the opportunities that have come to me in my manhood; and now when I have got this enormous fortune and I am thrown in contact with people who are the product of our universities,

and our academies, and when I want to do my part in the world and be their equal, I feel my ignorance and deficiencies, so that I would give all I have to-day if I had such an education as I am giving to my son."

So happiness doesn't come with a million of dollars, nor with half a million of dollars. Any man who has got to a point where he is self-supporting, and where he is dependent upon nobody to pay his board bill or to buy his clothes, or to carry him along and to make a good appearance in society, that man is already a success, and the rest is accumulation. . . .

We have heard recently preached the doctrine that the avenues for success in this world are closed just now, and that it is so difficult to get on, that we have got to have revolution in the country in order to re-open these highways. Men die and women come on to take their places, and the avenues of success are always just the same; they are open for those who travel them with indomitable purpose, with inflexible integrity, and with untiring energy; and only those get on. If anybody asked me what is the secret of success in life, and what is the secret of happiness in life, I should say: work, work, work. I do not mean that there

should be all work and no play, but I do mean that man is the healthier, and that man is the happier who every night when he goes home, or when he goes to bed, feels that all the work that his hands and mind have found to do has been rounded up and finished.

Now when you have selected your profession, or your business, or the path you intend to pursue, stick to it. A rolling stone—you have heard all about that. The answer to that has been, that a setting hen lays no eggs. So pay no attention to proverbs. You can find out after a little while whether you were made for the things you have tried. One of the best of the many good things that Abraham Lincoln said was, that you could not put a square peg into a round hole. Now if you are the square peg, don't fool about a round hole, find a square one. You will discover it after a while. I never yet have known an instance where a man was determined to get on, provided he had the health, that he did not.

There is another condition necessary to success in life, and that is that you should save something. I have been a hundred times met with the statement, how can I save on fifty or sixty a month, or forty or one hundred dollars

a month? Well, I have known men who could not save on fifty thousand dollars a year.

Now, you want to save something or other to interest you outside of your business. Get as good a library as you can; find out if your taste is historical research. If it is you will be delighted in the long hours of the evening, or on holidays, or in the recess of Sunday in pursuing that line of study, and feel yourself expand and grow with your better knowledge of the great events of this world, and the great men who have governed it. If it is in the line of nature, the field is limitless. As an illustration of the good that comes of this, Hugh Miller, a stone mason, became one of the greatest geologists of his time, and one of the best writers.

Join some church. There is no church that leads a man into bad and evil ways; there is no church that does not elevate him in some way. Church association is found not only to be helpful for one in his spiritual life, but enormously helpful in his surroundings, in his business, but especially helpful in cultivating that sort of conduct in society that constitutes a gentleman, deference for others, obedience to a higher power, and consideration for the wants

and ways of our weaker and more helpless brothers and sisters. Above all things, don't let yourselves get ever in that frame of mind where you think that everything is bad and everybody is bad. I tell you that ninety-nine one-hundredths of the people of this world are good, and if you go with them in the right spirit, you find good in them. Remember when you are thinking of humanity that you had an angel for a mother and have an angel for a sister, and want an angel for a wife. I believe in the good and the true and the beautiful. After all this is a good, a true and a beautiful world; and any man who lives rightly and worthily in it, no matter how firm his faith in the promises of the world to come, will postpone just as long as he can to climb the golden stairs.

An Address to a College Graduating Class.

The days of our youth are numbered. The last golden sands of the hour-glass have run out. After this night you are to lay aside the silken gown of the college student and put on the "toga virilis," in token of the more exacting labors and higher responsibilities which await

you in the wide, wide world. Through a score of years it has been the mission of parents and teachers to lift you from the helplessness and incapacity of that individual life into which you were born, and to place you step by step in communion and fellowship with the collective life of the race to which you belong. In schools of language, in schools of science, and in schools of philosophy you have learned how to plant the roots of your mental being in the rich subsoil of the learning, literature and art that have come down to you from all the generations of the past. From a thousand streams of intellectual influence you have gathered into your minds the power of thought and action which you are hereafter to turn on the great problems of human inquiry and of human life. If you have not yet reduced to your possession the priceless heritage which the choice and master spirits of all time have bequeathed to you, you have at least learned where it is deposited and how it may be had for the due and diligent seeking. If, indeed, your minds have been imbued with the broad and liberal culture of the true scholar, you have been naturalized into the citizenship of the world—as with all the rights of that citizenship, so with

all its duties. Realizing, as you must do, that the best part of the mental life blood which courses through your veins is that which you derive by virtue of your organic connection and vital sympathy with the great thinkers, scholars and writers of the former ages, you are henceforth to show that you have drunk into their spirit by thinking thoughts and doing deeds which shall be worthy of your high intellectual lineage. It is, indeed, a cloud of glory into which you have entered and by which you have been overshadowed, as with toilsome steps and slow you have climbed the hill of learning by "the right path of a virtuous and noble education," as Milton phrases it ; and woe to you, if, as you commune on that hill with the mighty dead, it do not prove to you the mount of a great mental transfiguration. In the still air of quiet studies, you ought to have learned to clarify your minds from the delusions of ignorance and from the prejudices of a scant and narrow training. If to you the sign of the Macrocosm has been revealed, as it was revealed in mystic wisdom to the eyes of Faust, let us hope that you have learned to read it with reverence and with humility, that so when, like Faust, you shall turn your eyes

from these high contemplations to scan the sign of the earth, you may address yourselves to the daily duties of your terrestrial life, not with the iron leer of Mephistopheles scowling over your shoulders, but with a calm serenity drawn from fellowship with the saints as well as the sages of human story.

During the period of your long novitiate you have been rather the recipients than the dispensers of intellectual benefits. Out of the helplessness of childhood, out of the frowardness of youth, you have emerged into the stature of men, and at each stage of your progress you have found kind hands to lead you where the way was dark, and strong arms to lift you where the way was rough. Henceforth you are to be givers rather than receivers. Indeed, to this end have you received so much, that hereafter you may know, in the words of the Great Teacher, how much "more blessed it is to give than to receive!" And to you the gospel of culture comes with a summons like that which the Master gave to the disciples of a higher gospel—"Freely ye have received, freely give."

It is not to "a fugitive and cloistered virtue" that you are called by the scholarship of this

living age. You are not to sit, like Atticus, in the lettered ease of your libraries, with the bust of Aristotle looking down upon you, as though it sufficed to draw refreshment and support from books alone. If you should enter the walks of authorship, it is not expected of you that you should take into your hands the small lute which Petrarch thrummed in the solitude of Vaucluse. The times in which your lot is cast call for men of stronger mold and of sterner stuff. You are to prove all things, and to hold fast that which is good. Against error, wherever you find it lurking or stalking, whether "squat like a toad" in the guise of false philosophy, or brazen, lofty and loud, like Goliath of Gath in his coat of mail, you are to wield the spear of Ithuriel and the sling of David. Against evil and wrong, however high and broad may be the defenses behind which it is entrenched, you are to swing the hammer of Thor. If, like Oxenstiern, we send you into the world to see "with how little wisdom it is governed," we charge you to make the world better and wiser for your living in it, for thus only can you fill up the measure of your opportunities and meet the measure of your responsibilities.

Go then, with the blessings of your Alma Mater on your heads, and in your hearts may you receive the higher blessing of Him to whom the shields of earth belong.

Inaugural Address.

There is strength for a school as there is for a state in the “forces gathered by duration and continuity.” There is endowment and inspiration and glorious augury in past achievement. And there is an unimproved lesson for this university in these truths. The portraits that cover the common halls of the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge; the portraits and tablets and busts that adorn the memorial buildings of some American colleges, not only fitly commemorate the greatness and achievements of dead alumni; they impart noble ambition and strength of purpose and faith in high character, to living pupils. I venture the hope that the day is not distant when the walls of this chapel, or of some special memorial building, will remind every young man who enters this school, into what a fellowship he aspires to enroll himself, and by what great and lofty traditions he is bound to prove himself worthy of that fellowship.

“Ever their phantoms arise before us,
Our loftier brothers, but one in blood.”

But there is another lesson to be drawn from this past and especially earliest history. An institution must adapt its teaching, its courses, its spirit to the needs of the youth who seek its halls and to the age and region in which they are to act their parts. What were the courses of instruction, the text-books used, the methods and discipline of the old academies, we may never fully know. We do know that books were few; that life was simple and hard; that libraries and apparatus were almost unattainable. Yet they turned out men, men who proved their power and fitness for leadership on the highest and sternest fields of human action—“sufficient men, officers equal to the office.” There was clearly something in the training; there was doubtless more in the personal influence of teachers, that toughened the fiber, lifted the character and called out the stronger virtues of youth. Those who believe that the greatness of a school is to be judged by its bigness, and that numbers of pupils, not the quality of its instruction or the elevation of its standard or the strenuousness of its spirit, are to gauge its standing, can here, as else-

where, learn that a school which gives impulse and force to a few really strong men does a greater service to humanity than one which swarms the country with weaklings. Great schools that number their students by thousands and their teaching force by hundreds, possess many advantages unattainable elsewhere. But they sometimes miss the greatest of all forces, the vivifying force that comes from the close relation of teacher and pupil. The power of a real teacher to lift men out of their contentment and the dominion of their weaker natures, and to give rule to what is noblest in them, even through the printed page or the formal lecture, is well known. How much more surely and directly by close personal contact! Tyndall attributed his career to the works of two men, Emerson and Carlyle. "I must ever gratefully remember," he said, addressing the students of University College, London, "that through three long, cold German winters, Carlyle placed me in my tub, even when ice was on the surface, at five o'clock every morning, not slavishly but cheerfully, meeting each day's studies with a resolute will, determined whether victor or vanquished not to shrink from difficulty."

Undoubtedly the present generation has witnessed a growth, expansion and improvement in our entire educational system, and especially in our higher institutions, that have kept fully abreast of the world's unparalleled progress in other fields, and with the economic changes which have made the past thirty years an epoch of greater general progress than many centuries of previous history.

In this educational progress the South has had to overcome difficulties and adverse conditions that seemed too great for the resources at her command. But in spite of them all it may truly be affirmed that her institutions of higher learning are better in 1897 than they were in 1860, and she has called into existence and developed systems of primary and secondary free education, through the resource of taxation on an impoverished people, that are frequently marked by a high degree of excellence. . . .

But neither the resource of taxation among an exhausted people nor of sacrifice among religious denominations was withheld, and by advances, inevitably slow, by accumulations that seemed mean and beggarly, such progress has been made, in a single generation,

that the vast and sparsely settled region from the Potomac to the Rio Grande is becoming dotted with schools, colleges and universities, in which the ability, zeal and self-sacrificing spirit of teachers are supplying as far as possible the lack of large resources, and carrying forward, with increasing momentum, the work of universal and of higher education. It cannot be expected in a thinly settled agricultural region, with few large cities and no great manufacturing development, that schools can secure such endowments as constantly and generously pour into the treasuries of other institutions. Happily they are able to live on much smaller incomes, necessarily aiming not so much at immense range and specialization of instruction as at the best work in the most important and immediately useful branches of education. But these institutions have one very important omission in their course of instruction which may be probably dwelt upon, on such a platform as this, however reluctant we may be to point out deficiencies where there is so much to praise and to kindle enthusiasm. I mean the general lack of schools, or of adequate schools, in historical, economic and political studies, such as now form so large a part of the course

offered in the great universities and colleges of other parts of the country. . . .

The supreme necessity for such studies, if we are to perpetuate government by the people and bear our freedom unscathed through all the perils that beset its progress, needs not to be dwelt upon.

As population and wealth increase; as science and invention sweep onward; as civilization grows more complex; as new states join our Union and cities multiply, and a new creation of artificial personages is called into being, to carry on the great commercial and industrial enterprises for which natural persons, even in association, are unequal, problems of government, both of policy and administration, become more difficult, and statesmen, whether as law-makers or as administrators, must not only be learned in the science of government, enlightened by the lessons of human experience, but must be often dependent upon experts whose services they must be able to command and know how to use.

What we are beginning to see our fathers saw clearly, and the founders of states were the founders of colleges. Washington, Jefferson and Franklin all founded schools which

they meant to be not only nurseries of sound learning, but training schools for citizenship and for public service. . . .

I know how great is the work that the colleges of Virginia and the South are doing with the means at their command, but narrow as those means are, pushed to the edge of their possibilities as their teachers are, we fail in duty to our young men, to our section, to our whole country, if we do not provide that education in the science of government which Washington rightly deemed the most important knowledge in a republic. We must preserve and make more fruitful the old learning. We must broaden, as rapidly as possible, our facilities for scientific instruction and research, having in view not only general culture, but the bread-winning necessities of our people, and to all those we must add sound preparation for citizenship in a self-governing republic.



Let it not be understood that such studies are designed to train recruits for any partisan camp, still less to mold them to the views of any teacher. I am no disbeliever in sturdy partisanship that seeks through political orga-

nization the highest good of the country ; but it is to generate and develop the desire and the power of independent, original research, to foster the habits and the ability of independent judgment, to acquaint men with the origin and historic growth of our institutions, with the fundamental principles of government, and so to enrich them with the results of human experience that they can decide on this or that policy as it may strengthen or weaken our freedom, upon this or that economic doctrine as it may advance or impair the general welfare ; above all, to make them intelligent and strong leaders, not servile and ill-formed followers of popular opinion or selfish beneficiaries of popular delusions, that such education is designed.

. This is not only to advance the cause of higher education, but the cause of free government, by helping to prepare and to retain for the service of the country that "better mind, which is said to be growing more and more alienated from the highest of all sciences and services, the government." For such education the example and the inspiration are all around us, nowhere more than in the past history of this commonwealth or in the names as-

sociated with the origin and past history of this school.

We throw away the richest part of our endowment if we do not bring these examples and inspirations to the education of our young men; if we do not mold into their very stamina the patriotic principles of these fathers and these founders and these illustrious pupils of the past, and such loyalty to those principles as will not barter or surrender them to any ambition for personal advancement or to any fear of personal consequences. They need to learn that it is harder to preserve freedom in peace than it is to win freedom in war; that it is as disloyal and as shameful to falter or desert in the one struggle as in the other, and that it may require a courage as high and thoughtless of self as that which nerved William Campbell and his fellow-students of a century ago to scale the slopes of King's Mountain.

Neither can we pass over to others, no matter how fair and honest they may be, the task of writing our own local history, of vindicating and establishing the just credit and contribution of our state and our section to the achievement of American independence, to the founding of our constitutional government, to the

expansion of our territory or to the past greatness and glory of our Union. Still less can we pass over to others, however patriotic and capable they may be, any share of our own part in the task and duty and the abiding honor of governing our common country, of perpetuating its freedom, of promoting its prosperity.

*An Address on Receiving the Degree of Doctor
of Laws.*

The compliment, especially the mark of confidence you have now bestowed upon me, is deeply appreciated. Who could fail to value such a token of good-will from this University, a university which has a noble inspiring past, a rich abounding present and a bright expansive prospect for the future. I feel as if I had not achieved anything to merit such distinction at your hands. I can at least cherish the fact of its bestowal as an incentive, a stimulus — a stimulus to endeavor that no future action or conduct on my part shall lead you to desire to recall your action to-day. Meanwhile with pride and satisfaction I need hardly say that I shall don the University hood on all suitable occasions. I shall do so with the pleasant as-

surance that I at any rate shall not incur the accusation that was once brought against an individual who was once wearing an academic hood on a certain occasion when Bishop Wilberforce was present. To him a gentleman came up in some excitement and said: "My Lord, there is a man going about here wearing a hood to which he is not entitled." "Oh," said the Bishop, "that is bad; but perhaps you had better not make a commotion about it now." "Indeed, your Lordship," said the other, "I think it is a very serious matter, the man is wearing a lie on his back." "Oh," said the Bishop, "isn't it rather a strong way of putting it, might you not say a false-hood?"

I have spoken of the past of this University. Old traditions and historic fame which certainly are always capable of beneficial use, seem especially to be cherished in the case of a university. They furnish that sense of responsibility which should accompany the possession of a heritage handed down to us by those who have worked before us, while at the same time leaving full scope for fresh enterprise and development in accordance with the requirements and adaptations of succeeding phases of the national life. The essential purpose of the

college course should not be to see how much learning or information can be stored into a young man's mind during the years he spends in college, but rather that these years should be fruitful in thought, culture and mind-building. It has become a truism that education must continue throughout life. The important thing is that the structure—the stocking and furnishing of which is to be continued indefinitely—should be adapted in the best possible manner for the purpose.

My concluding words are these: that among the various traditions and responsibilities of your University one seems to stand eminent, namely, the mission of maintaining a firm stand upon the fundamental religious principles, together with an insistence on their recognition as a prevailing influence, understood even when not expressed, in the various phases of the university life work, and with this an open-minded, tolerant spirit doctrine. In this, too, we should rejoice, but with watchfulness and self-searching, for there is danger that in assenting to new presentations of old truths we should allow a relaxation of our hold on that which is permanent and vital in relation to a high tone and a high aim—in short, to duty.

Such a reference at once suggests to many of us the name, the example of one who was the personification of the widest sympathetic charity, combined with the noblest child-like singleness of aim and purity of life—I speak of Henry Drummond. He was known and loved here, as indeed he was wherever he came in contact with vigorous young manhood, and if his voice could be heard among us to-day would it not be to utter that which his own life declared and exemplified in so striking a degree: “Keep innocence and take heed to the thing that is right, for that shall bring a man peace at the last.”

*The Presiding Officer's Address at a Public
Debate.*

I am glad that the debate has come in again for a place with the football game, because in the arena of education there are undoubtedly times when the gray matter should have a chance.

But I believe it would not have been possible to revive interest in debate had it not been for the intercollegiate debating athletic contests. More than twenty years ago there swept

over the colleges of this country, as by common sentiment, the feeling that the debating contest belonged to the academy and the district school, and that it was beneath the superior dignity of the college to engage in such strife. These societies, however, were useful, for they had trained men who went forth and became illustrious and great representatives of their Alma Mater. Those societies went out of commission because of that sentiment, and with their death, oratory and the art of public speaking languished. This fact can be seen in every place in the United States where a public speaker is needed and where a public speaker should be. There is, and there always will be just as great a demand for public speaking, and just as great an opportunity for it as was the case in what is known as the "days of the great orators." But the last twenty years of college history has produced not a single famous orator in the United States. This is seen mostly in our courts, upon the political platform, and in the decadence of popular oratory in the Senate, in Congress, and in the various halls of legislation of our country. But I look forward to the revival of the debating society with the

expectation of seeing a new generation go forth from our colleges, not only panoplied with a magnificent and superb education, but able also to utilize it in the thousands of places where the educated man is called upon to make use of his power in the defence of right and securing of justice, in the director's meeting, in the courts of law, in the pulpit—everywhere and anywhere—lucidly and carefully expressing the judgment he had formed.

The Influence of the Great Teacher.

It is much that a scholarly teacher publishes, that his thoughts, his methods, his contributions to science and learning go abroad to men who are far away, but there is something much more significant in personal contact with such a man. We must here take into account that mysterious transfer of power from life to life, those intellectual and spiritual contagions by which the strong and great impart their strength and greatness to others. By some subtle communion we feel in terms of influence certain qualities of nature's noblemen with whom we associate. There is an inspiration of power in their very presence.

The ideal situation for this transfer is that of discipleship. There is no dream of mysticism that is not realized in the working of mind upon mind and spirit upon spirit in this relation. Our finest experiences come to us in this way,—the joys of discovery in the intellectual realm, the sense of added power in the realm of personal force. There's healing in it, there's new birth in it. When it comes at the word or the look of the greatest of teachers; when the hem of his garment is touched and the flow of blood is staunched, we call it miracle, and so it is; but it is a miracle which, in its lesser manifestations, recurs in our daily experience. There is a teacher's touch at which the scales fall and the blinding eyes receive their sight; and many an Elisha takes the mantle of the master, and with it parts the hindering elements, making a way for himself, in which he walks in the strength and the spirit of the greater man who taught him.

Such was the influence of Socrates and Scaevola, teaching doctrine no doubt, but mainly giving inspiration and the infusion of their spirit and their personal power.

So we may best represent the work of liberal education not by aggregations of massive

college buildings, not by libraries even or laboratories or costly apparatus, but by the teacher imparting himself by personal communion.

Such a teacher, rich in the treasures of mind, made so by experience and reading and observation and thought, with a sincerity and force of character that give weight to his every word, and make his very presence a benediction, gathers class after class about him, becomes venerable before years make him so, and lives under a widening halo of tender memories. Such was Dr. Arnold, Dr. Nott, Dr. Hopkins, and such is Dr. March,—not an aged man, but venerable in the eyes of hundreds of strong and brave fellows who can trace to him the best influences that have ever come into their lives, making them what they are in knowledge, in conviction, in manliness.

This influence, so far as it is connected with the pursuit of studies, is not the result of any peculiar trick or turn of mere method, but rather of a straightforward scholarly and manly sincerity, going directly by the instincts of a clear understanding to the heart of the matter in question. The student loves a clear and honest thinker— one who has something to

tell them and who can give his thoughts clear and precise expression.

One important aim of every good educator is to arouse thought, to excite interest in special lines of desirable investigation, and thus stimulate the intellectual activities of the student. It is a great point gained to thus start inquiry; but such activities must be judiciously guided. Mere random thinking without result is of a little avail. Thought is for search, and search is for finding. These activities of inquiring minds, urged on by deepening interest, guided by a sense of right and fitness, must find anchorage somewhere in the havens of truth, else the excursions of thought will turn to aimless drifting and lead to indecision, worse than ignorance, worse than inactivity. The judicious teacher therefore, having roused thought, will often seek to give it limits in certain directions by stating briefly and clearly as conclusions, the best results at which he can arrive.

A student may in some cases outgrow his professor, and find that the class-room hero of his college days has dwindled a little; but not so the teacher who kindles in his students the love of truth, and then ministers the judgments

of wisdom to their awakened souls. The respect and veneration of student days in such cases is rather increased than diminished by lapse of years.

Response of a College Professor to a Complimentary Resolution.

I wish I could express my thanks for all the kindnesses of to-day. A college professor has a good position — for friends. New troops arrive each year to keep him always young; and when he reaches his jubilee he finds he has a wonderful unearned increment. Here are great men — Representatives, Senators, maybe a Governor, Mayors, Judges, great lawyers and doctors, heads of railroad corporations, manufacturers, inventors, discoverers, authors, teachers—all sorts of eminences. The professor of forty years ago has also the unearned increment from the growth of the institution. The corporation grows, the professor grows with it. I find also surprising advance from having a department dealing with an opening field like the English language. One is also happy in an earnest pursuit of something useful to mankind. We look to the future. We

like to help our Alma Mater. The scholar's foster-mother by eminence is his mother-tongue; and one has a peculiar delight in doing anything to improve it, to make our English more simple, symmetrical, convenient, beautiful. In youth new views are often forced upon us by others so rapidly and vigorously that we think each last one proves all the others false. It is delightful to find as one grows old that progress is not destruction, but building up. The more we know, the more we enjoy simple truths, elementary knowledge. We see them in their environment. Each generation prizes higher than the last, Homer, Shakespeare, the Bible, the blessed record of God's providence and promises.

FESTIVAL DAYS.

A Thanksgiving Speech.

November has one day which is sacred in the family calendar. It is a day of memories and renewals of fellowships and family goodwill. It is a day to which allusion was made in Mosaic times, in the words of Leviticus:

"Then shall he offer with the sacrifice of thanksgiving," and it is again adumbrated in the words of the angels: "Blessings and glory and wisdom and thanksgiving and honor and power and might be unto our God forever and ever." All the way through this chapter of Old Testament times there is frequent mention of such a state of mind and heart as might reasonably result in a gladsome Thanksgiving Day, when the Pilgrims reached the New World and when Puritan rigidity melted in the glow of Puritan faith.

The observance of Thanksgiving Day has been common in New England ever since the days of the *Mayflower*, when the self-exiled band of devoted Christians reached the shores of Cape Cod, where they rejoiced in the goodness which had preserved them while they crossed the ocean in search of religious freedom. How often our hearts have thrilled as we have sung or heard others sing of the far-off Pilgrim days, when the heroic men and women of that pioneer company lifted their hearts and voices in thanksgiving and praise.

“Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea,
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
With the anthem of the free.”

Their reasons for thanksgiving have remained to this day, and to them have been added many others. For two centuries, perhaps, this day was observed mainly in New England. Governors there issued yearly proclamations—that of the Pilgrims' own state always with the words: “God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!” But after the civil war had knit so many hearts all over the land in defence of “the dear old flag,” and especially when peace had come to unify the states, Thanksgiving Day became a general day of praise, with proclamation by the President and everywhere a legal holiday.

In many states it is observed with religious services. In all there is much thankfulness displayed by enjoyment of the bounties of harvest time and by a generous sharing of the good things of life with those less favored. The feathered token of Thanksgiving Day finds its way from employer to employé, and tables laden with edibles brighten the poor man's home and make the day one of the

pleasantest of the year, while the rich man learns that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." The hearts of both are better qualified for the praises that belong to the brightest of the November days. Bryant wrote of this month as if it were a sombre one. He immortalized the phrase, "The melancholy days" in his couplet:

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the
year,
Of wailing winds and naked woods and meadows
brown and sere."

But who thinks of dreariness when the family gathering on Thanksgiving Day is a foretaste of that blessed time when the families of earth shall gather in the heavenly home to keep the long and glad and bright Thanksgiving Day of eternity!

The New Englander as a Citizen.

(A Thanksgiving Day Address.)

"No seers were they, but simple men;
In vast results the future hid;
The meaning of the work they did
Was strange, and dark, and doubtful then."

I am desirous of establishing some kind of relationship, because so much depends upon it, as is illustrated in the incident told of Archbishop Whateley. He was, as you all know, an extremely dignified old gentleman, but would occasionally unbend, as, I am told, all dignitaries will when unobserved. It was this good man's custom to take a very early morning walk in Phenix Park, with his great dog at his side. When well within the park, hidden, as he supposed, from curious eyes, he would have a frolic with the dog, throwing sticks and stones for the animal to bring back to him. One morning two Irish women caught sight of him, and after watching him for a while one said: "And do you know who that is?" "No, but how easily he is amused." "That is the archbishop." "The archbishop! Bless his soul! What an innocent creature he is!" "But he is not our archbishop. He is the Protestant archbishop." "The Protestant archbishop. Oh, the old fool!" You see, gentlemen, why it is necessary that I should establish a friendly relationship at the outset.

As a matter of fact, the Puritan New Englander does not lend himself easily to close inspection. The people who try to examine

him with the microscope are generally disappointed. I know of no historic character that can so little endure analytic criticism. The philanthropic find the Puritan heart defective. The scholar wonders at the direction of his ideas. The poet discovers lack of imagination; and the nineteenth-century Christian grieves over the narrowness of his conscience. The Pennsylvanian had more human sympathy, the Virginian more intellectual brilliancy, the Carolinian more sentiment, the New Netherlander more charity, but the combination of heart and head and conscience in the Puritan New Englander made one of the sublimest characters of history; and like all truly great figures he needs perspective and must be seen in his entirety. Regarded in this way he towers above every other American colonist, and justifies the commanding influence which he has exerted from first to last in shaping the destinies of this western world.

Now the power of every great personality issues in some particular direction. It is that which gives unity and impressiveness to the character and accounts for its far-reaching influence. And so we do not comprehend the New Englander until we understand how all

his energies came together for the expression of one idea, the propagation of one great truth. One dominant characteristic describes every man who is worth describing. He may be many things incidentally, but he is supremely one thing, a poet, or farmer, or politician, or preacher, or merchant. And what any man is supremely is that into which he puts his brain, his affections, his moral sense. No man ever becomes a great merchant, for instance, who gives his intellect only to his business. He must love it also, and not only that, he must put his conscience into it. Wherever these forces of life express themselves persistently in one direction you have a commanding personality, a leader among men. The division of these forces into separate channels or the separation of one of them from the main channel destroys the possible power of the man and despoils him of the leadership that might have been his. It is just this failure to combine the vital energies that accounts for the fact that many are called, but few are chosen. No one energy, however great it may be, is great enough to accomplish what it was intended the whole man should accomplish.

If I seem to dwell upon this unnecessarily it is because it is the only principle that will enable us to understand the Puritan New Englander. It shows why his influence has been greater in America than that of the Cavalier or Hollander, or (dare I say it here) the Friend. When we ask what the Puritan was we find that he expressed himself in many different ways. He was a merchant, none more thrifty; a religionist, none more zealous and sincere; a fighter, none more brave. But it was not as a merchant, or a sectarian, or a soldier that he expressed himself supremely upon American civilization, because not one of these represented his ruling passion that which united all the energies of his nature.

The Puritan movement in England was so strongly colored with religion that many have regarded that as its distinguishing mark, but while it was undoubtedly religious in tone and spirit, it was essentially and predominantly political in its purpose and aim. The Puritan was a Protestant incidentally against ecclesiastical authority over his conscience, but supremely against the arbitrary authority of the civil power over his person and property, his rights as a man and a citizen. He was the

first in modern history to stand erect before a throne and oppose the divine right of kings with the diviner right of manhood, the first persistent and determined champion of justice and judgment as the habitation of any throne that pretended to represent the Almighty King. The Puritan movement was the uprising of the people for the rights of common citizenship. It was the historical beginning of the sublime cause of popular government, not the real beginning, for every great cause gathers its forces at first in secret, and slowly through generations; but with Puritanism, the principle of popular government took visible form and substance, and became an historical movement to be followed in the clear light of day.

Of all the colonists he alone represented and incarnated supremely the spirit of citizenship, and because of this he became the dominant influence in shaping the life that was to issue at last in the strength and glory of a great nation, illustrating before all the world a "government of the people, and by the people, and for the people."

But I have not yet indicated sufficiently why the Puritan gained this controlling influence.

It was because the whole man went into the work of conserving and establishing human rights. First of all he loved the cause. It represented his supreme affection, that for which he was ready to lay down his life. If to us he seems lacking in affection toward wife and children, we must not forget his devotion to an idea. All the sentiment he had seemed to wrap itself about a governmental ideal. He clothed it with beauty and adorned it with flowers. He became its knight, its bold champion, its chivalrous defender. To those who accept the popular conception of the Puritan as grim visaged and stern, such a picture may seem incongruous, but no cause ever yet triumphed that was not enshrined in the human heart idealized and worshipped. Our humanity is so constituted that no life ever yet became sublimely heroic without the inspiration of some profound and abiding sentiment, and I am convinced that we do not understand the Puritan and cannot account for his influence until we recognize the knightliness of his devotion to a principle of government, the presence beneath that hard exterior of a sentiment beautiful and strong, uplifting and ennobling. But this is not all. Not only did the Puritan

give his heart to the cause of political rights, but he gave it his intellect also. He thought and studied, he planned and discussed. His mind may not have been prolific in ideas, but such ideas as it produced were lusty and practical. They had the fiber of convictions and the potency of large results. What they lacked in tropical luxuriance they gained in hardiness.

But beyond this the Puritan conscience was enlisted. That conscience which has been the jest of the thoughtless and an offense to the conscienceless, was the mightiest force that went to the making of America. With all its narrowness and bigotry it was still the moral sense which felt its way through all questions of a day to some eternal principle beneath. It was the moral energy that brushed away the sophistries of expediency and laid broad and deep the foundations of righteousness. The Puritan's conscience? Thank God for it. Without it his love of liberty would have been a mockery, his theories of government a delusion. It is not in the power of mind or heart, or both alone, to build enduringly. The test of conscience is the touchstone of reality, and it is the deathless glory of the Puritan, the secret of his supreme control over the destinies

of this republic, that he brought mind and heart and conscience to the work of creating a state.

The whole man expressed itself in his citizenship. That, as nothing else, tells why he has been dominant; for America is dedicated to citizenship. That defines in a word its history and its mission. It stands before the world as the highest representative of a political system that gives each individual an equal share of authority and responsibility in government. Its wealth and its intelligence are but agencies to conserve the rights, the privileges, the essential dignity of man as man apart from all other considerations. This, at least, is the American ideal. This the principle that voices itself in our constitution and speaks in all the struggles of the past. But the idea is still unrealized in all its fulness, the principle vindicated by experience, glorified by sacrifice is not yet established as firmly in practice as it is in belief. With all our theories of human rights evidence of injustice and oppression still confronts us. It is doubtless inevitable that it should be so, for in all civil and social evolution practice never measures up to theory; and it is just because of this that the

work of patriots is never finished. Each successive stage of progress brings new problems calling for new devotion.

Moreover, wherever there is life there is growth. A vital principle is an expanding principle—that is the proof of its vitality. The theory of citizenship is larger to-day than yesterday. Beginning with a declaration of rights it has developed into a declaration of obligation. From the principle of independence it has advanced to the principle of co-operation. The inalienable right of the individual to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness has been merged into the no less inalienable duty of the individual to share his life, liberty and happiness. This is the new and larger meaning of citizenship, coming to expression in the social struggles of the present; and it is no less an advance upon the former conception than that was an advance upon the conception of Tory England before the days of the commonwealth.

If America is still to stand for the principle of citizenship; if this larger ideal is to find here its vindication and its increasing realization; if the higher life to which it invites and the richer blessing which it promises represent

the yet more glorious testimony of this republic, then the spirit of the Puritan must be revived, and we, the living, must repeat his devotion until with a holy enthusiasm begotten by living faith in a loving Father, we bring heart and mind and conscience to the work of making America more manifestly, more completely, a nation of freemen—a nation of brothers, where justice is even-handed, and need, a claim, and love, the fulfilling of the law.

Exercise around the Christmas Tree.

This exercise may be made effective at a Sunday School Christmas Eve entertainment. Two Christmas trees may be upon the stage, and a toboggan-slide. The friendly gnomes should be concealed in various parts of stage behind or in something that will represent the quarters of the earth from which they come, as for instance the gnome from the East may come from a Bedouin tent.

When the lights are being made gradually brighter on the stage, the fairy, in the person of a little girl, appears from beneath a fur cape. The gnomes appear at her call clad in characteristic dress. At the end of the North

gnome's speech a great ball covered with cotton rolls down the toboggan-slide, and while the gnomes run to open it, Santa Claus steps from behind it, and after a little address to the children assembled opens the great snow ball and takes out gifts of all kinds for distribution. The exercises may be made very effective by a good Santa Claus.

FAIRY.

O merry are the hours
When I dance with the flowers
'Neath the boughs of the greenwood tree,
And happy are the days when I flit with the fays
In the chase for the lark o'er the lea.

But all the flowers are dead,
And all the fays have fled
To the boughs of the greenwood tree,
Where their brown cradles swing
Till the lily bells ring,
And May comes a-singing o'er the sea.

I am come at your call,
But I cannot tell at all
Who this Santa Claus you love so much may be,
For at this time of year
I'm so fast asleep, my dear,
That I couldn't tell a man from a tree!

But I'll call the friendly gnome
From out his winter home
From East and West, from Southland and from North,
And one must surely know
Where the trees of Christmas grow
And how to find your Santa Claus — Come forth !

EAST.

In the Orient afar,
Where the Bedouins are,
And the horses of the desert are fleet,
Do I dwell in my mound,
While the earth turns round,
And the song of the stars is sweet.

For the shouting and the clang,
And the rattle, rattle, bang
Of that noisy little upstart of the age
That you call your Santa Claus,
I haven't time to pause, —
My contemplation's bent on tho'ts more sage.

WEST.

I have learned of dear Kriss Kringle
Even heard his sleigh bells jingle,
And the patter of the reindeer
On the snow.

I have seen the heaps of toys
That he's brought to girls and boys,
But I never seem to see him come or go.

And he never leaves a track,
Though he's many a heavy pack
To distribute all the way to Germany.

I'm most ready to believe
He's a story to deceive
All the folk that love a Christmas tree.

SOUTH.

I never heard the name before
This tree is very strange ;
This land is topsy-turvy ;
You ought to make a change.

My trees at home bear rubber-juice,
And sometimes coffee-berries ;
The blossoms here are little gifts
And corn and candied cherries.

Do the reindeers hang like monkeys
In the tree-tops by their tails ?
Is snow a rain of cotton ?
Has Santa's sleigh got sails ?

NORTH.

If you want to know of Santa Claus,
You'd better come to me ;
I've known him many hundred years,
And all his pedigree —
He's the laziest rascal on the globe ;

This unconscionable shirk
That seems so busy all the year,
Does only one night's work.

That night he gathers all the dolls
His patient wife has made,
And all the toys his workmen wrought
And in the store-house laid.

And fills the bottom of the sleigh
With Yukon nuggets yellow
To buy more goods along the way —
This easy-going fellow.

I've seen him do this very thing: —
If yet you don't believe,
Say, why are storemen up so late
On every Christmas eve?

I'll tell you more, —
Oh, here's Santa Claus, etc.!

A BANQUET MENU

"But hark! the chiming clocks to dinner call." — POPE, *Moral Essays*, iv.

MENU

BLUE POINTS

"The firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster." — *Antony and Cleopatra*, i, 5.

CONSOMMÉ

LOBSTER BISQUE

"I do perceive here a divided duty." — *Othello*, i, 3.

RADISHES

CELERY

OLIVES

Cum grano salis.

SALMON, WITH CUCUMBERS

"My wife and I bought a bit of salmon for 8d. and went to the Sun
Taverne to eat it." — *Pepy's Diary*.

SWEETBREAD PÂTÉS

GREEN PEAS

"Not to know me argues yourself unknown." — MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, iv.
"How green you are and fresh." — *King John*, iii. iv.

ASPARAGUS

"Have you this spring eaten any asparagus yet?" — BROME, *The 'Spa-
rus Garden*, ii, 2.

FILET OF BEEF

MUSHROOM SAUCE

"Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you." — *Measure for
Measure*, v, 1.

SORBET

"To give satiety a fresh appetite." — *Othello*, ii, 1.

REDHEAD DUCKS

LETUCE SALAD

"Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass." — *Julius Caesar*, ii, 1.

"Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl
And, half suspected, animate the whole." — SYDNEY SMITH

NEAPOLITAN ICE CREAM

"Any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook." — *2 Henry IV*, v, 1.

ROQUEFORT

BRIE

"Pray, does anybody here hate cheese?
I would be glad of a bit." — SWIFT, *Polite Conversation*, ii.

FRUIT

"Give cherries at time of year or apricots; and say they were sent you out
of the country, though you bought them in Cheapside!" — B. JONSON, *Silent
Woman*, iv, 1.

COFFEE

"I have not slept one wink!" — *Cymbeline*, iii, 4.

"Serenely full, the epicure would say,
'Fate cannot harm me,—I have dined to-day!'" — SYDNEY SMITH.

Thanksgiving Song.

Sing out, O heart of mine! sing out
A welcome to this festal day!
Tune thy glad pulses till they throb
In time with Nature's grateful lay;
Its rhythm floats along the winds,
It echoes in the surging sea,
While in the dim and voiceless wood
It breathes in tender, minor key.

The budding joys that lit the wood
When hill and dell were all atune;
The sweet suggestions of the May,
The luscious promises of June
Are crowned with rich fulfillment now
In stores of corn and sheaves of wheat,
And fruitage of the vine and tree,
That rained their treasures at our feet.

Dear festival of happy homes
And reunited household bands,
Thine is the joy of throbbing hearts,
Of clinging lips and clasping hands.
Yes, heart of mine! sing out, sing out
Thanksgiving's paean loud and clear,
And welcome in, with prayer and praise,
The gladdest day of all the year.

MISCELLANEOUS ABSTRACTS.

Abstract of an Address at the Dedication of a Hall of Science and Art.

The free man cannot long be an ignorant man. The aspiration for knowledge is the corner-stone of learning and liberty. With true culture—not feigned or proud—come gladness of heart, refinement of manners, generosity of impulse, the Christian desire of helping others and the Christian character of charity to all. Library study, musical instruction, the cultivation of art and the serious contemplation of the wonders of nature in rare museum collections are a source of delight and instruction to patrons and visitors, and they help to make a better citizenship, and in so doing constitute an impregnable bulwark for law and order.

Abstract of a Response to a Toast: "Noblesse Oblige."

A noble man is one who stands for nobleness. When one prefers pedigree to person-

ality, epaulets to sword, when his crest is on his panel and not on his brow, he can lay no claim on nobility. The mere pride of ancestry, the thinking that nobleness of descent is everything makes a man in society a Brahman, in politics a machinist, in the Church a Pharisee. Nobility obliges. Nobility asks that it may give and do, not that it be done for. The essence of true obligation is that it cannot be made an option. The theory of ethics recognizes the vital and unescapable relations we bear to our fellow-beings. Culture is a means to vital ends. If our virtue does not go forth from us as it ought to, of what benefit is it? We are but the trustees of scholarship, the debtors to give what we know to the world. Genius is generosity. A thousand men may have more genius than Shakespeare, but he disappeared himself in the light he had created.

Of all the books the deathless books are those that come to the realm where the last is interpreted not as culture, but as sympathy. The time calls for men of vital intent, hallowed knowledge, and soldierly manner, that can arise from mediation to action. New crusades await a new Coeur de Lion, and he will come.

Abstract of a Grand Army Speech.

Blessed is the country whose soldiers fight for it and are willing to give the best they have, the best that any man has, their own lives, to preserve it because they love it. Such an army the United States has always commanded in every crisis of her history. From the war of the Revolution to the late Civil War the men followed that flag in battle, because they loved that flag and believed in what it represented.

That was the stuff of which the volunteer army of '61 was made. Every one of them not only fought, but they thought. And many of them did their own thinking, and did not always agree with their commander. A young soldier in the late war was on the battle line ahead with the color guard, bearing the Stars and Stripes away in front of the line, but the enemy still in front of him. The general called out to the color bearer, "Bring those colors back to the line," and quicker than any bullet that young soldier answered back, "Bring the line up to the colors." It was the voice of

command; there was a man behind it, and there was patriotism in his heart.

“So nigh to grandeur is our dust;
So near to God is man,
When duty whispers, ‘Lo, thou must!’
The youth replies, ‘I can.’”

And so more than two million brave men thus responded and made up an army grander than any army that ever shook the earth with its tread, and engaged in a holier cause than ever engaged soldiers before.

What defenders, my countrymen, have we now? We have the remnant of this old, magnificent, matchless army of which I have been speaking, and then, as allies in any future war, we have the brave men who fought against us on Southern battlefields. The army of Grant and the army of Lee are together. They are one now in faith, in hope, in fraternity, in purpose, and in an invincible patriotism. And, therefore, the country is in no danger. In justice strong, in peace secure, and in devotion to the flag all one.

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